

ARABIAN TALES:
OR, *Stuart*
A CONTINUATION
OF THE
Arabian Nights Entertainments.

CONSISTING OF
STORIES

RELATED BY THE
SULTANA OF THE INDIES,

To divert her Husband from the performance of a rash Vow;

EXHIBITING

A most interesting View of the RELIGION, LAWS,
MANNERS, CUSTOMS, ARTS, and LITERATURE,

OF THE

NATIONS OF THE EAST;

and

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Newly translated from the Original Arabic into French,

By DOM CHAVIS, a native Arab, and M. CAZOTTE, Member
of the Academy of Dijon.

And translated from the French into English,

By ROBERT HERON.

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THE ARABIAN INDIAN

OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

AND THE EAST INDIA HOUSE

OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY



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ARABIAN TALES;

BEING A

CONTINUATION

OF THE

THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS;

The History of Habib and Dorathil goafe, or the Arabian Knight, continued.

WHILE the Arabian Knight was taking measures to secure the tranquility of Dorathilgoale and her subjects, preparations were made in the palace, and in the city of Medinaz il ballor, for the triumphant entry of their victorious deliverer and avenger, who was soon to become their sovereign. The lovely Queen strove to divert her impatience and tender solicitude, by making Ilzaide repeat whatever she knew of her dear Knight; his minutest actions, his words, and even the most trifling circumstances that the young lady could recollect with regard to him, were eagerly listened to by the Queen.

As night had come on, Habib was conducted to his apartment, through the most superb illuminations. The royal magnificence, displayed on

this occasion, might admit of description; but words are insufficient to describe the transports of joy, and respectful love, which inspired Habib, or the tender sensibility of the young and beautiful Queen. Never did love light up a purer flame, never did Fate conjoin two hearts more perfectly congenial. So much beauty, so many virtues and accomplishments, were scarce ever united to such merit and valour.

Habib felt an ecstasy of joy, and declared his happiness to be complete. Dorathil-goase, who was no less pleased, exclaimed, "Have I then no more to offer you, my dear Habib, than my heart, my hand, and my crown? A poor recompense these, for such important services, and for the dangers you have encountered for my sake! A reward how inadequate to such heroic virtue!"

The evening of their meeting was also that of their nuptials. The same night that brought them together as happy lovers, also witnessed the ceremony which perpetuated their union; and the morning sun beheld the completion of their felicity, and the joy of the whole island of Medinaz.

But the happiness of Habib did not make him forgetful of the obligations he had come under. The Prince Dal-Illha, husband to the Lady of the beautiful Tresses, still languished in the dungeons of the Black Isle; and that unhappy country, though no longer infested with the enormities and the presence of Abarikaff, was still, without doubt, in very great disorder.

Habib had pledged his word to the Lady of the beautiful Tresses, that he would deliver her husband from his oppressor. He is destined by the stars to establish peace in the whole dominions of Dorathil-goase; nor needs he employ other



means than those which Fate has put into his hands, to pursue and accomplish his adventures.

The three daughters of the sea were in the palace of Dorathil-goase, who loaded them with favours, when Habib thus addressed the eldest: "We have," said he, "some vessels here, which might convey us to the Black Isle; but I prefer your invention, which has already been so serviceable to us. When an affair is regulated by Fate, its accomplishment is often made to depend on circumstances so trivial, and on the employment of means apparently so insignificant, that weak man knows not to what he should attribute the success. Endeavour then, ladies, I pray you, to find our raft, if it be not easier for you to form another. I shall never be at ease, till I have dried up the tears of the Lady of the beautiful Tresses, and till I have removed the disorders which still disturb the repose of my remaining subjects in the Black Isle."

The three sisters received this proposal with joy. They saw themselves associated in the glory of Habib. Ilzaide had appeared rather dejected since the marriage of the hero; but as her esteem was sincere, she still loved him with all her heart, tho' she saw his hand bestowed on another, whose superior beauty and merit she could not dispute.

Habib called his charming Queen to assist at the council he held with the fair companions of his adventures; and it was resolved, that they should set out on their journey as soon as the raft was ready. Dorathil-goase, however, proposed that she should mount on her roc, and hover above the raft to give notice in case of the approach of danger. Il-Baccaras, one of the genies who was most attached to her, and for whom she had the greatest esteem, together with two other

genies, were appointed to attend her on the journey.

Next morning the raft was ready, and Habib put to sea about sun-rise. The dolphins by which it was drawn, seemed to redouble their exertions and swiftness, and the coast of the Black Isle soon came into view. Il-Baccaras observed with pleasure, and made the Queen also remark, that the coast was entirely free from those black vapours, which had formerly rendered the aspect of the place so dismal.

Habib landed without difficulty or opposition. He met only with a few of the wretched and half starved inhabitants wandering about the shore. He called them together, and enquired what news they had of Abarikaff their tyrant. "He is vanquished," said they, "at least we have reason to think so, from the terrible cries of his attendants. 'Twas but the day before yesterday we were obliged to flee to the mountains. In an instant, a multitude of the most hideous sea monsters had covered the coast. Their fury was inconceivable; they fought and tore each other in pieces, and the sand on the shore is yet stained with their blood. We who have been so long the unhappy slaves of those monsters, were glad to escape their fury, and to turn our eyes from a spectacle so horrible. Their roaring, their yells, reiterated by numerous echoes, still resounded in our ears, and continued to terrify us, when suddenly we thought we saw a glance of lightening, and the whole noise ceased. We passed the night in the greatest disquiet, and in continual alarm, from the impression of terror which still remained on our minds; but this morning we could perceive nothing else than the infectious vapours that arose from

from the blood which those monsters had shed. Had it not been dried up by the sun, and happily driven off by the wind, the island might have been rendered uninhabitable."

While Habib held this conference with the inhabitants, the roc hovered over the island; and the unhappy people, terrified by so many prodigies, lifted their eyes towards that object with an air of consternation and solicitude. But the Knight removed their fears. "You see nothing here," said he, "that should alarm you. I am the husband of Dorathil—goase your Queen. The object you see in the air, is the roc on whose back your Queen, my royal consort, is seated: She comes with me to afford you that assistance which you need so much at present, and to establish peace and good order among you. But," asked he, "Where is Abarikass's palace?"

"Sir," answered the inhabitants, "we are, ourselves, at a loss what to think on this subject. It stood here, on this plain, and now we cannot discover the least vestige of it. It assumed various fantastic shapes, and changed its form almost every day. When it was on the land, it sometimes looked like a fierce mastiff of enormous size: In the air, it usually had the appearance of a prodigious bird; and in the sea it resembled a whale."

"He had some prisoners too," continued Habib, "What has become of them?"—"Sir," returned they, "if any persons have been so unhappy as to be detained in his gripe, they must be in a very languishing and miserable state. The tyrant would not suffer them to die; but neither would he allow them to live."

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"Do you know the Prince Dal-Illsha?" resumed Habib. "We have heard of him, Sir. He was loaded with chains, on account of his wife's beautiful hair, which the tyrant and his attendants wished to obtain; but which he would never consent to grant them."—"Go," said Habib, "search for him every where. I shall reward the man who discovers to me the unfortunate Prince."

The inhabitants obeyed, and soon found Dal-Illsha stretched on the grass, on the spot where the dungeons formed by the enchantments of Abarikaff were situated, near his palace. They instantly made a sort of litter, and bore the emaciated Prince into the presence of Habib and his companions.

The daughters of the sea were not backward in affording their assistance to an object so worthy of their compassion. Dorathil-goase observed from her elevation, the stir which this affair occasioned. Curious to know the cause, and secure against every apprehension of danger, by the presence of her hero, she made the roc to descend near the busy scene which had attracted her attention. She immediately joined the three sisters in their care of the unfortunate Prince. Il-Baccaras too offered his help; and by means of powerful elixirs, they so far restored the husband of the Lady of the beautiful Tresses, that he was able to rise up, to speak, and thank his benefactors for their good offices.

He was made acquainted with the happy deliverance of his spouse, and of his subjects: He learned that it was owing to the Knight who stood before him, and who was now the husband of Dorathil-goase his kinswoman. He expressed the
deepest

ARABIAN TALES.

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deepest sense of gratitude to his benefactors, and the joy which he felt at seeing them ; he added, that he was impatient to fly to embrace his spouse.

It was necessary in the mean time, that Dorathil-goase and Habib should settle the government of the Black Isle ; and this was devolved on Il-Baccaras. Here an opportunity was offered of rewarding the daughters of the sea ; and the Arabian Knight accordingly bestowed the hand of the eldest on the new Viceroy.

Ilzaide, without envying the good fortune of her sister, rejoiced at the match. She, indeed, thought no marriage desirable, unless it were with a hero: She joined heartily in the mirth and festivity at her sister's wedding, without losing sight, however, of her favourite project of espousing none but a brave Knight.

The island had been desolated during the reign of the rebel genies ; and the nobles assembled in order to concert with their new chief the means of restoring confidence and happiness to the people. Dorathil-goase having taken these precautions, resolved, that in the course of visiting the several islands under her dominion, she should carry the Prince Dal-Ilsha to the Green Island, stopping, as he passed, at the Blue-Isle, in order that he, when he joined his spouse, might be enabled to take proper measures for re-establishing an intercourse by sea between those islands.

Next morning Habib and the two sisters put to sea in the rait. The roc ascended into the air. Dal-Ilsha, somewhat recovered from his long and severe sufferings, accompanied the Queen ; and the rapidity of the voyage was favoured by the calms which prevailed at that season.

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The two Sovereigns, and the Prince their tributary, found the people of the Blue Isle diligently employed in rebuilding their dwellings. Anxious to guard against troubles like those which they had so frequently experienced, the inhabitants wished nothing more than a re-establishment of those wise laws by which they were governed before the rebellion.

A fisher's boat, the only vessel in the Green Island, had been dispatched by the Lady of the beautiful Tresses, with an assurance, that she would soon be ready to divide with her friends the treasures found in the tyrant's steel castle; and that she only waited till a vessel was built in which she might venture to sea.

Dal-Isha acknowledged the prudent foresight of his spouse. Habib and Dorathil-goase approved of it no less, and they agreed to set out instantly for the Green Island.

Now were the tears of the Lady of the beautiful Tresses to be dried up; now was she again to see her beloved husband, who had been so cruelly ravished from her. The two charming cousins embrace, shed tears of affection, and their valiant deliverer participates in their tender emotions.

It was next resolved to visit the White and Yellow Isles. The two kinswomen were inseparable, and this seems to have been a condition agreed upon at undertaking the voyage.

When the travellers arrived at the White Isle, Dorathil-Goase, who was constantly enquiring into the particulars of Habib's adventures and exploits, turned her eye toward the summit of Mount Caucasus, which was partly concealed in the clouds.

"Is it not there," said she, "where dwells our faithful M'Haboul? Since we are thus far, my
my

dear Habib; and since we have discovered the retreat of our best friend, how can we return without paying him the tribute of gratitude for the many services he has done us? Leave your raft to the daughters of the sea, mount with us upon the roc, and to vary our pleasures, let us now go and taste the sweets of friendship." The desire of the lovely Queen was seconded by the ardent wishes of her husband, and the journey was determined on.

As they approached the steep cliffs which face the sea, on the side of Mount Caucasus, Habib pointed out to his Queen the place where, after his escape from the caverns, he received assistance from the daughters of the sea. The tender Dorathil gasped and trembled at the idea of her lover's situation in such a horrible abode. While they hovered over the summit of Caucasus, he made her remark a part of the deserts which he had traversed. "I am charmed," said he, "that my Queen can thus see at what price I have purchased my present happiness; but that is so great, that I now forget the pains and trouble it has cost me."

In the mean time the vast bird glided over the highest top of Caucasus, and lowering his flight, set down the travellers at the entrance of Il-Haboul's cavern. That good genie had already been informed that something approached in the air, which seemed to come towards his abode; and to whom else could such a visit be intended, in a place absolutely inaccessible to the human race?

He stood near the rock which concealed the entrance to his cavern. According to his custom, he perfumed the air with a pan of incense, which,
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by enchantment, mitigated the rigour of the climate in that region of eternal frost. He was soon informed by one of his servants, that Habib and Dorathil-goase were the guests he was to entertain. This also made him acquainted with the union of those lovers.

He came up to receive the Queen, assisted her to descend from her roc, affectionately pressed the hand of Habib, expressed his satisfaction at seeing Dal-Ilsha and his spouse, made the whole company enter into the interior part of his dwelling, and seated them at a table already covered for them.

The roc, which had been bred on Caucasus, was no stranger in this place. H'Haboul soon learned the principal events of the successful expedition of his young disciple against the revolted genies. He already knew the greater part of them. The gates of the cavern which faced the sea had been, for some time, opened every hour for the reception of prisoners who were sent in the name of Habib. The criminal Abarikaff, and the whole revolted chiefs, were among the number.

When he had learned from his guest every thing he thought worthy of enquiry, when they had all enjoyed the pleasures of friendship and mutual confidence, he conducted Dorathil-goase and the Lady of the beautiful Tresses to a commodious apartment, fitted up for their reception. He then took aside Habib and Dal-Ilsha, and thus addressed the former: "My dear pupil, for I must henceforth esteem it an honour to have been your instructor, you have hitherto acquitted yourself well in the noble though laborious parts which Fate has allotted to you. What remains
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for you now to perform, is only to satisfy the feelings of duty and natural affection. I must, therefore, make you acquainted with a part of the history of your family which will, no doubt, be very afflicting to you."

Habib looked on him with astonishment and anxiety. "Continue," said the genie, "to show yourself worthy of Dorathil-goose, of the great Salamis your father, of the favours of heaven, and the peculiar protection of the Prophet Solomon. Arm your soul with new courage, fortify yourself against an excess of sensibility. He alone who can bravely suffer under misfortune, is fitted to encounter and surmount difficulties."

After this preamble, I'Haboul informed Habib of the account which the twenty Knights had given to Salamis on their return. At the same time he described the affliction and despair of his tender and virtuous parent, on hearing of the death of a beloved son, the only hope and comfort of his declining years. "His grief," said he, "was so severe, that his eyes became two fountains of tears, the acrimony of which soon extinguished his sight."

"Being unable, by reason of this defect, to exert his wonted activity and courage, a tributary Prince, whom he had formerly subdued by his arms, raised the standard of rebellion against his master, and engaged others in the revolt. Those who remained faithful to him were defeated in several battles; and as he has received little aid from his allies, he is now in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy."

While I'Haboul made this recital, Habib felt the strongest emotions; for his soul was swayed by the most violent as well as the noblest passions; but

but he suppressed his feelings, being already armed against them.

"Command me! my dear tutelary genie," cried he, "and you shall see that I still know my duty." "Mark then what I shall say," answered H'Haboul, "You have an easy mode of travelling, and you must set out for Arabia immediately. Your father, it is true, has lost his sight; but his eyes are not entirely destroyed. The remedy by which they will be restored must be applied by the same hand that occasioned the misfortune, that is the hand of Dorathil-goafe."

"This secret remedy is to be found among the treasures of Solomon, and there you must go and search for it. It is now neither dangerous nor difficult for you to approach them. The word written on the talisman is the only key necessary; besides, the Labourer of the Prophet has an undoubted privilege of being admitted to his shrine."

"But," said Habib, "if I depart with my Queen, what must become of Dal-Isha and his spouse? How can they attend us, while their presence is so necessary in their own kingdom; and who could quiet the fears of the people in mine, during our absence?"

"When you advanced towards Caucasus in your distress, my dear Habib, how did I contrive to lend you my aid? The same means still remain with me. I can send back the Lady of the beautiful Tresses and her husband, in safety to the Green Island. The same slave of the Prophet who reconducts them on the roc, will convey information concerning you to H'Habousatrous your grandfather, and to your Viziers. You may therefore proceed with tranquility on your way to Arabia. I cannot now accompany you thither.

ther. My duty retains me in this place, and my business has been more than doubled since your expeditions. I found it, indeed, altogether impossible to comfort your affectionate father, by telling him what news I could of your exploits.

"If you are willing," continued Ip'Haboul, "to follow my advice, you will not alight at first in your father's territories. You will conduct your spouse to the little cottage in the mountain, which was once our retreat. As nothing there could excite the avarice of the plunderers, it has escaped their fury during the rebellion. The furniture which Dorathil goes along with her travelling pavilion, will serve for her accommodation; nor need you fear that the granddaughter of a genie will suffer from want, where there is such plenty of fish, game, and delicious fruits.

"You will be under the necessity," added the genie, "when you enter the treasury of Solomon, there to deposit the scymitar which you was permitted to use in subduing his enemies. It is not an ordinary weapon; and I know you desire no other advantage over enemies who are your equals, than such as may be obtained by prudence, experience, and superior courage. But you must not venture into the camp unarmed; for hostilities may perhaps be unavoidable. I will, therefore, present you with two complete suits of armour, formed in the Parthian manner, and resembling those I wore, when I appeared in the front of your camp; to this shall be added trappings and coverlets for your horses; and of these things you can make whatever use your prudence may suggest."

"My dear IPhaboul," said Habib, "my heart yearns towards my father. Henceforth I shall hold my life of no estimation, till I have brought him relief. Shew me, I pray you, the path which may conduct me to the talisman; that shall restore sight to the author of my days. A moment's delay would pain me to the heart; and I am sure that Dorathil goase will participate in my impatience."

The charming Queen was, no doubt, well disposed to enter into the views of a husband, to whom she was entirely devoted, and in whose concerns she was so deeply interested. Preparations were therefore made for the journey.

Habib descended into the cavern, where were deposited the arms of Solomon. None presumed to dispute his entrance. When he approached the trophy of arms, to which he was to affix the scymitar, he observed, on the casque, two beautiful opal stones, of a flat shape, which were connected by a gold wire, and of a size sufficient to cover the eyes of a man. His sight was dazzled with their lustre. He knew them to be the talisman for which he looked, took them up and retired, regretting that he could no longer remain in a place where he was likely to reap so much instruction. His sense of filial duty, at that moment, suppressed his curiosity. His only wish was to see Dal-Isha and his spouse depart, that he might fly instantly to gratify those feelings of natural affection by which he was irresistibly impelled.

But one care still remained to make him uneasy. He had left the two daughters of the sea in the White island. He, therefore, engaged the Prince
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and his fair spouse to halt at that island, in order to carry the two young ladies along with them.

Next morning, at day-break, the two rocs ascended into the air, and took opposite courses.

Towards the evening of the third day, the children of Salamis came in sight of his tents. The prodigious bird on which they sat, alighted near the palisadoes which guarded the entrance to the little cottage, formed by Habib and Il'Haboul, as a place of retreat.

The happy pair entered it. The genie, who guided the roc, unloaded the animal, turned him out to search for food, and instinct taught him to find it. Habib and Dorathil-goose impatiently waited the return of day; and as soon as it appeared, they lost no time in proceeding to their purpose.

It was thought necessary that Habib should be disguised when he entered his father's tents, that he might not too suddenly surprise his fond parents. He soon obtained a disguise suitable to his design.

He accidentally found, among his ancient utensils, a pair of old sandals in which he used to work; these were his shoes: The skin of a goat slung over his shoulders, and another girt about his loins, made up his dress.

He stained his face and neck with a yellow coloured earth, which concealed the natural tint of his skin; he disordered his hair and his beard; and, having a dagger in his girdle, a staff in his hand, and a basket of fruit on his arm, he passed the entrenchments, and arrived at the entrance to the tents which belonged to his mother's slaves.

He there espied a large flat stone, on which he sat down; and placing his basket of fruit between his feet, he leaned forward as if asleep.

Several slaves passed and repassed; but he had not yet seen her to whom he intended to communicate his secret. At last she came, and he called her by name, for she had been his governess: "Esek! Esek!"—"you know me then, young man," said the good old lady. "Yes," answered Habib, "and if you will follow me behind that great tree, I'll tell you news that will rejoice our masters. Put my basket into your tent; and if you are not satisfied with my discourse, both it and the fruit it contains shall be yours."

The old woman, more from curiosity than avarice, took the fruit, and retired with him behind the tree, which was close by the back of the tent, and concealed them from the view of passengers during their conversation. "Come," says she, "what have you got to tell me, pray begin?"

"Will you promise," says he, "in case what I may say shall give you extreme pleasure, that you will not cry out, nor make the least noise?"

"Very fine indeed," returned the old lady, "you are then so eloquent, are you? One could not guess it, truly, from your cloak or your sandals. Pray, have you often made people cry, only by talking to them?"

"No, good woman; but if you don't take care, you will be the first."—"But," thinks she, "how comes it that this vagrant with his basket of plumbs, talks so familiarly with me and calls me good woman, yet I am not offended!—Have done," says she, aloud, "Tell me quickly this secret, which you say will give me so much pleasure."—"Did you love poor Habib?"—"Then you

you come here to make me weep!"—"On the contrary, if you love him, be comforted, for he still lives."

While he uttered these words, he seized her by the hands, and prevented her from crying out.

"Silence, silence, my good old friend! make no bustle, I myself am Habib. I will show you the mark on my neck, and the other on my breast: I will sing you the little song with which I used to entertain you."

"How! how!"—cried the old governess, in transports, when she heard the sound of his well known voice; but Habib suppressed her cries, by putting his hand upon her mouth.

"Beware," said he, "you will kill my mother with surprise. I come to deliver my father from the hands of his enemies; but my design would be defeated, were they to discover that I am here."

"Be silent, then; for God's sake be silent, my dear governess. Shew me where I may conceal myself. If I cannot enter by the door, I will find a passage some other way. I must instruct you in what manner you are to communicate the news of my arrival, so as to occasion no sudden surprise to my father and mother. It is necessary, too, that it should remain a profound secret among us four."

The faithful slave of Yamira was almost suffocated with her tears. Unable to utter a syllable, she could only lead her dear Habib into her tent, where no person happened to be at the time. He there taught her how to prepare his mother for receiving the glad news; and concealed himself in the best manner he could. His governess,
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in the mean time, went to watch an opportunity of speaking to Yamira, who scarce ever quitted Salamis.

Habib remained alone, indulging melancholy reflections, and comparing the formidable state of his father's camp, at the time he left it, with its present pitiful condition.

Scarce a fourth part remained. He was no longer contented with ordinary barriers; he was surrounded with strong entrenchments. Whatever military operations were going on seemed to be merely defensive.

It is impossible to describe the impatience of the hero to embrace and to console his afflicted parents; to restore sight to the honoured author of his life; and to punish those mean and ungrateful rebels, who, taking the advantage of their Sovereign's infirmity, had thrown off his allegiance, and even threatened his personal liberty.

Happily, those painful reflections were soon interrupted by the return of the old governess.

Sleep had for some time suspended the cares of the venerable Emir; and Yamira retired into her own tent to take a little refreshment and repose.

Her faithful slave followed her. When they were alone, "Madam," said she, "I know you put some confidence in my dreams. I have long had none but such as were unhappy, and those, alas! have been too often verified; my last, however, has filled my mind with comfort and hope.

"The twenty Knights, who accompanied our child to the desert, have been first cowards, and afterwards liars. Our dear Habib is not dead. He is well.—I kissed the marks he bears on his neck and breast.

"And

"And will your dreaming that you kissed those marks," cried Yamira, make the Knights to be liars, and restore our child to life?"

"O! Madam," answered the good woman, "I embraced him in my arms, and he pressed me to his heart, which beat very quick; it was not the heart of a dead man, Madam, I assure you."—"But where, when, did you dream all this?"—"Just now, Madam. Drink this cup of cold water, and I will tell you the rest."

Yamira drank the water. "Well," said the old woman, "there will be no danger now to speak plainly: But beware, Madam, of an excess of joy."

"Know then, that I did not dream; I saw him; I embraced our Habib himself. He is here, and resides in what he calls his little mountain retreat: There stands a basket of plumbs which he has bought from thence. He came disguised into the camp, like a poor peasant, with his face bedaubed with clay. He is resolved to make himself known to none but his father and us. He told me it was for the good of his father's affairs to keep his arrival secret. Our Habib, you know, is wise; his advice must be followed."

Notwithstanding the precaution of the glass of water, Yamira's spirits began to fail. She cast her eyes on the basket, and could only utter those words: "Here are plumbs from his garden!" The governess then made her smell some fragrant essences. "Take courage, Madam," said she, "much happiness awaits us, which may compensate our past sufferings: My Habib told me so. Your eyes shall this night behold the heavens, and you shall not there find a star that is not for us!"

"But

"But where, where is he?" said Yamira, when she recovered the use of speech.—"In my tent, behind the great bulrush-hamper, which contained the stuffs you received from Chiraz. Take heart, Madam, come with me and see him. We will shut ourselves up with him; we will comb his hair; we will wash his face; and I am much deceived if we do not find him more beautiful than ever."

Yamira made trial of her strength. She was conducted with difficulty to the tent of the kind governess. There, after using every necessary precaution to prevent being discovered or surprised, the hamper was taken down, and Habib prostrated himself at the feet of his mother, who was seated on the old governess's couch. The essences were again had recourse to, for reviving the spirits of both the mother and the son, who had mutually sunk into a trance.

When they were somewhat recovered, "Ah! my dear Habib!" cried Yamira, "by what favour of gracious Heaven are you thus restored to my arms?"

"By that, Madam, which was promised me by the stars. You see before you the husband of Dorathil goase, the King of the Seven Seas; the instrument, (though unworthy), of the great Solomon, the Conqueror of the enemies of God and his Prophet. But I would only bewail my successes, did I not bring with me a physician who is able in a moment to restore sight to my father."

"Restore the sight of Salamis!" exclaimed Yamira, "Yes, Madam," answered Habib, "and that physician is my wife herself, commissioned by the decrees of Heaven to perform this miracle."

"Your

"Your wife!" returned Yamira, "and where is she?"—"In the cottage in my garden. She waits for an Arabian dress. You will, therefore, order two dresses to be prepared, one for her, under which she may conceal her sex, and another for me, in which I may pass through the camp without being discovered.

"It is proposed, Madam, to introduce to my father, in the view of the whole camp an Arabian physician with his slave. Order then the most trusty of the Emir's grooms, and he in whose prudence you can repose most confidence, to follow me to my retreat, with three mules. Let him take care that the barriers be left open for him on his return.

"You will inform your slaves that you have called a physician, for whose accommodation a tent must be provided this night. We will arrive about sun-set, and we shall need no other than my kind governesses to serve us.

"Till that time, Madam, you may prepare my father, by relating such stories as may raise in his mind some hopes of my safety. Inspire him with confidence in the skill of an Arabian physician, who requires no more than to see his eyes, to touch them with his fingers, and who engages, by that means, in a moment to restore his sight. For my own part, I will remain concealed till after the operation."

Every thing was executed according to Habib's directions: He instantly set out for his retreat, followed by his father's groom, with the three mules. He had led the way in silence; but when they approached to the palisadoes, he called to the man by his name. The groom seemed struck with the sound of his voice.

"Fear

"Fear not," said he, "I speak to you with Habib's voice, for I am Habib himself. When you come into the cottage, you will find what may surprise you more. You will there see the Queen my royal spouse. Prepare yourself then to execute whatever we shall command for the service of the Emir my father."

The groom could scarce persuade himself that he was awake; but the work he was ordered to perform, soon convinced him that he was not under the illusions of a dream.

Habib commanded him to load two of the mules with the armour and the horse-trappings which he had received from the hand of Il'Haboul. He and Dorathil-goose then put on their disguise.

The young physician mounted the best mule; her slave on foot, conducted one of the loaded mules, and the other was led by the groom.

The armour was covered with those skins of lions and tigers, which had served as furniture in the cottage; and this little troop, in the dusk of the evening, presented themselves, and were admitted within the lines of the camp.

In the mean time, Yamira and the governess attended Salamis, who was now awake. They addressed him in a tone less mournful than usual; and the worthy Emir was comforted by the cheerfulness of their discourse.

"God has been pleased to humble me," said he, "I was too proud of his gifts, and all has been withdrawn, that I may learn my own insignificance. Yet I bless his name, since you, my dear Yamira, seem as resigned to our destiny as I am myself!

"Deprived

"Deprived as I am of power and glory, and cut off from the enjoyment of the light, I can brave every danger, and even the slavery with which I am threatened, while you assist me in supporting my misfortunes. My enemies no longer fear my arms; but they will be pursued by the vengeance of the great Prophet, from which they cannot escape. We shall, at last, rejoin our dear Habib, and be happy."

"Yes, yes," cried the governess, "there is no doubt of it, after the dream both my lady and I have had. I am sure we shall rejoin our Habib."

"What dream?" demanded Salamis. "Who ever heard of two people having the same dream?"

"We have, however, both dreamt the same thing," answered the governess, "and that exactly in each particular. We have seen Habib. He was beautiful, was a King, and possessed a Queen, charming as the Houris. He still loved his father and us with all the tenderness of his nature. He hoped soon to come here, and show himself to you, and——"

"Show himself to me," interrupted Salamis, "that can never be, at least, in this world; for my eyes, alas! are shut for ever."

"You may, perhaps, be agreeably deceived, my Lord," returned the governess, "as to this particular. We have heard of a wonderful physician, whose skill is so great, that if the eye-ball but remain entire, he can restore the sight in a moment, and without occasioning the smallest pain."

"I have already been too long abused by quacks and astrologers," cried Salamis.—"He is
neither

neither one nor t'other," said she. "He offers to pledge a thousand pieces of gold, before undertaking the cure. If he does not succeed, or if he does the smallest injury, he is willing to forfeit the sum."—"Let him come, then," cried Salamis. "I shall be glad to gain a thousand pieces of gold, that I may distribute them among my poor subjects, who have been plundered of their flocks. It will only cost me a little patience, and the empiric will be justly punished for his vain pretensions."

This complaisance on the part of Salamis, was all that Yamira wanted. Habib and Dorathilgoase arrive; are introduced into the apartment of the Emir, and the groom there places the two suits of armour, covering them with the skins in which they had been wrapped.

The operation on the Emir's eyes is now to be begun. But no strangers are suffered to intrude. A supper is already prepared, which is to be served up by the governess alone. The groom stands as sentinel at the door to restrain the impertinent enquiries of the crowd.

Yamira announces to her husband the arrival of the physician; and at the same time puts into his hand a purse filled with gold.

"Weigh it," says she to the Emir, "Satisfy yourself, that nothing is wanting of the sum, and keep it in your possession, to make sure of it, in case the operation shall fail."

"But as you are a Sovereign, this generous physician is unwilling that you should hazard your person, in the view of so paltry a compromise: That the bargain may be more equal, he entreats that you will suffer him to pledge his head for his success."

"My

"My dear Yamira," says Salamis, "would you have me dream, as you and the good old woman there, do so often? Would you make it a dream for three?"

"I hope," answered she, "my honoured Emir, it shall soon be a dream for five; the most delightful, the truest dream imaginable.—But here comes the Physician."

"Come near me," said the Emir. "Is it true that you are so certain of my cure?"—"As certain as of my existence."—"Ah! you have the voice of an angel, not of a man. Are you the messenger of Heaven, who brings me so unexpected a favour? for it is from Heaven alone I can hope for such a miracle."—"You are mistaken as to the nature of my essence; but you conjecture aright as to my commission."—"I know not how it is, but your words enchant me, and shed a ray of hope on my soul. Look on my eyes."—"I see them. Permit me to touch them, and for an instant to apply my thumbs upon them."—"I feel an agreeable warmth: What a pleasing sensation! Some happy change has taken place which is communicated to every nerve, and my whole frame is invigorated——"

"The operation is finished, my Lord. Look up without fear. The rays of the sun will no longer be offensive to your eyes."

"O Heavens! *I see*," cried the good Emir; and before taking notice of any object about him, he fell down with his face to the ground, and thanked God for his deliverance.

Having finished his prayer, he arose, and looked around: "Where is this physician," cries he in a transport, "Where is this messenger of God?"—"Here I am."—"Divine creature"—"I am

not divine, my honoured father, I am Dorathilgoase, your daughter, devoted to you by Fate. I am the wife of your son Habib."—"Wife of Habib! draw near.—Yamira support me; my son is married, he lives! Where, where is he?"—"At your feet," cries Habib, embracing his knees.

"O gracious Heaven!" exclaims Salamis, "thou hast restored my strength; but much is necessary to sustain this excess of joy." He remained for some time deprived of sense in the arms of his son and the young queen. But this was no more than a momentary crisis of tenderness, which gave vent to the torrent which soon gushed from his eyes. His tears were mingled with those of his children and of his wife Yamira; and the good old governess, emboldened by the warmth of her attachment, presumed to join in the tender scene.

Natural affection here operated so powerfully, that for some time curiosity and every other sentiment remained in suspense.

At last Yamira recollected that she ought to offer her guests some refreshment; and the governess, on receiving her orders, prepared to serve them.

The father is seated at table, between his two children; Yamira sits opposite, and enjoys the inexpressible felicity of beholding the re-union of so many objects of her love.

For a long time her breathing had been interrupted by continual sighs; her mouth was seldom opened but to utter a complaint; her heart was wrung with sorrow, her mind haunted with terrors. She shed the bitterest tears, was dead to every pleasure, and grief prayed on her virals. Every step she made seemed marked with misfortune.

In a moment all is reversed. The flood of tears that pours from her eyes is a delicious enjoyment, Her soul is filled with enthusiastic joy ; and her lips can give it utterance.

“ Let my heart taste of pleasure, it is not now a time to resist the impressions of delight ! Let my heart open and furnish abundance of tears !

“ When each tear I shed was accompanied with a heavy groan, who could have persuaded me, that I should one day, find such pleasure in weeping ?

“ O, laughter, how deceitful art thou ? Thou canst not express the joy of the soul. Thou art a stranger to sweet sensibility. Go, distort the faces, and mark the insipid mirth of the fools who court thee : Begone from those who can taste the tender delight of weeping !

“ Dorathil-goase ! Habib ! how charming are your tears ! How they exalt every beauty, how they improve every feature of those angelic faces !”

Yamira might have proceeded longer in the language of poetry ; for the happiness she then felt had inspired her with all the vivacity of youth ; but the situation of the objects on which her attention was fixed, began to change. The repast was short ; the governness had retired ; and it was now time that Salamis should learn from his son's own mouth in what manner he was restored to him by the kindness of Heaven.

The young hero recounted to him his history, from the moment he set out on the expedition to Mount Caucasus ; he described the behaviour of the twenty knights till the instant they left him, exposed in the desert to the rigours of the climate, to famine, to thirst, and to the rage of ferocious animals.

He described all his exploits in the most natural colours. Even the fault he termed unpardonable, which he committed before leaving the caverns, and the consequences that followed that error.

He proceeded to relate his meeting with the Daughters of the sea, a meeting which was, no doubt, ordained by Fate. He described in what manner his labours were facilitated by their assistance, and how they had, in a manner, saved his life. In short, he expressed the extreme felicity he enjoyed since the moment of his union with the charming Dorathil-goase.

He concluded with mentioning the reasons which had led him to return to Mount Caucasus ; how he there, for the first time, learned from Il'Haboul the unhappy situation of his father, of his mother, and of the whole tribe ; and how, on this, he took the resolution of hastening to Arabia.

Salamis eagerly listened to his narrative, without interrupting him. When he had done, " My son," said he, " Have you not resolved to punish those treacherous knights, who have so basely plotted your destruction ?"

" Father," answered Habib, " I think it unnecessary. I leave them to the stings of internal remorse, and to the vengeance of Heaven. Such despicable monsters, are so mean, so far beneath me, that I cannot stoop to punish them."

" Your sentiments," rejoined Salamis, " are truly magnanimous ; your answer is worthy of a hero ; but you should also judge as a king. Vengeance ought always to pursue crimes, and the guilty are not proper objects of mercy. But, after their infamous treachery to you, what wonder is it, that their cowardice has been the chief cause of all
the

the disorders which have desolated our tribe: For not one of them had courage enough to face an enemy.

"They have oppressed my people with every species of injustice. The crimes they have committed against you and against myself, are so enormous, that you expose the whole tribe to danger in suffering them to live. Besides, as you are now to discover yourself, their villainy must come to light, and public justice will demand their punishment. I might add, did I not know that you are superior to such fears, they would still be dangerous enemies."

Habib yielded to these reasons; and intreated his father to acquaint him with the particulars of that unhappy revolution in Arabia, which I'Haboul had mentioned to him only in general; and of which the sad effects were too visible on the face of the country.

"O my son!" resumed the virtuous Emir, "I call on you to execute vengeance on wretches whose existence is a disgrace to humanity; and while I excite you to repress your generous feelings, that you may secure the welfare of a people over whom you will hereafter bear rule, it is a task truly painful, to set before your eyes the unpleasant picture which must banish for the time, those sentiments of universal benevolence, that should always inspire the heart of a true Mussulman."

"When the Arabians saw me deprived of sight, when they could no longer hope to triumph by my arms, nor share with me in my conquests, they regarded me as an outcast unworthy of life. The Emirs I had appointed in my provinces, forgot that they owed their elevation to me. They all deserted their allegiance. They quarrelled among

among themselves, nor would they even listen to my counsels.

“By my conduct and military skill, they had subdued the formidable tribe of Kleb, who were infidels, worshippers of the sun and the stars. We were obliged to reduce them to servitude, by imposing heavy contributions, which rendered them impatient of the yoke.

“A warrior started up among them named Zir; a man of enormous stature, and extraordinary strength; he was naturally ambitious, enterprising, brave, but quarrelsome, and cruel.

“Zir had excited his brethren to revolt; they flew to arms; and while the Emirs were disputing with each other about the vain honour of command, they were routed, their forces dispersed, and their flocks driven off. The few that were not entirely subjected by him, are now wandering in the neighbouring deserts.

“Thus freed of every enemy whose force he had reason to fear, the terrible Zir advanced to my camp to accomplish the most important part of his project.

“The tribe of Benihelal, who rendered such important services to our Holy Prophet, was, above all the others, odious in the eyes of the infidels. Zir was ambitious of subjecting them to the same degree of slavery from which he had delivered his own people; or even, if he could, of cutting them off, root and branch, from the face of the earth.

“The favourable situation of our camp, between two steep hills, the exact discipline which I have enjoined, and the means I have suggested of repelling attacks and avoiding surprise, have hitherto prevented my defeat; but we are daily losing ground, and the few cattle still remaining with us,
can

can scarce find pasturage sufficient for their support.

“Had you not, my dear son, arrived so seasonably ; had not Heaven been pleased to restore my sight, no other prospect was before us, than death, or the most humiliating slavery.

“Though the enemy, from a knowledge of our position, have ceased to attempt to force our lines ; yet they daily present themselves at our barriers, and exultingly reproach our warriors with cowardice. None of them have courage to resent those cruel insults ; and one might imagine that the whole tribe of Benihelal was reduced to women and infants.”

This recital kindled a flame in the breast of Habib. His father forsaken ; his tribe dishonoured,—these were ideas altogether insupportable : But, above all, the ungenerous advantage which Zir had taken of his father’s weakness, filled his soul with indignation and fury.

“O ! my father,” cried he, “I hope, before to-morrow’s dawn to begin our vengeance.

“Under these tiger’s skins, which, perhaps, you have not yet observed, are concealed some pieces of armour of no ordinary kind, which were given me by Il’Haboul when I last visited Caucasus. Your groom shall prepare me a war-horse. I will fly to the barrier, there to await the insolent bravados of our enemies, and give them a proper reception.

“If the enemy does not appear, I will rush on to the tents of Zir, and dare him to the combat.”

“And where shall Salamis be,” cries the generous old-warrior, “if he fails to accompany his son in so glorious an enterprize ? Here are two suits of armour under the tigers skins. I pray thee tell me,

was

was this intended for your wife or me? What Arab is able to bear these arms, or even to lift this lance?"

Having said this he took it up, and brandished it in the air in a terrible manner. While he wielded the enormous lance, it looked, in his grasp, like a reed in the hand of a child. "O Mahomet!" exclaims he, "Thou hast restored two chiefs to thy tribe; restore also to the people their courage and their strength!"

Yamira and Dorathil-goose, far from being alarmed for the safety of their husbands, were delighted to see them assist each other in adjusting their armour, and to observe the graceful manner in which they, by turns, tried the weight and the temper of their weapons.

When they were completely armed, they embraced. "Thou art my son," said Salamis, "I am thy father. To day we are brothers, and rivals in the field of honour.

"Pity it is, we have none to contend with but slaves! Let us, however, take comfort: We fight for the Great Prophet, and our glory is connected with his."

Salamis then called his groom. "Prepare for us," said he, "two horses of the noblest breed; let them be caparisoned in these trappings, and conduct them to your tent. Keep them in readiness till day-break, when we shall mount.

"God has been pleased to restore my strength, as you see, together with my sight. To-morrow my son and I go to receive the challenge of the rebel knights, from the army of Zir.

"When we set out from your tent, you will follow at a small distance. You may answer to those in the camp who enquire who we are, that
"these

these are two strangers knights come to offer their services to Salamis."

The groom retired to do as he had been commanded ; and the darkness of the night enabled him to execute his orders without being perceived.

The guards who kept the passages to the Emir's tents, saw the groom enter without suspicion ; and, as they knew him to be the Emir's servant, suffered him to take from thence two horses without the least disturbance.

At day-break, the two warriors, armed cap à pée, after taking the most affectionate leave of their spouses, went out unobserved. They came to the groom's tent, mounted their horses, and rode up to the barriers to wait the approach of Zir's warriors, who came there daily to renew their insults.

Nor had they long to wait. Six knights in complete armour, soon made their appearance ; and, followed by a small party of their attendants, advanced towards the barriers of the camp. One of them alighted, and thus addressed the guard who kept that post :

" People of Arabia ! are you mad ? Would you remain ingloriously penned up like your cattle, on the last of which you now feed ? Would you suffer famine and death for the sake of a poor blind man ? Our chains are honourable, and are destined to be worn by the bravest people of the earth. Submit then to the common lot of the nations conquered by our arms. You shall be permitted to become a footstool to the throne of the mighty Emir Zir, our glorious sovereign. Leave then, for shame, this feeble old man, who can only share with you his disgrace and inbecillity. You shall even be allowed to mix with our tribe, and there forget the ignominy of your own. Why not forsake a
prince

prince abandoned by Heaven, who has not among his friends one knight bold enough to face the weakest of us?"

"Thou liest, vile slave of a rebel slave!" cried Habib, who had suddenly started from behind the palisade. He then struck the visor of his casque with one of his gauntlets, as a signal of defiance.

"I here defy thee," said Habib, "and challenge thee to engage a knight of the great Salamis!"

In the mean time, the valliant husband of Dorathil goase, overleaped the barrier, and came up with his adversary, before he had time to remount his horse, or lay hold of his shield.

Habib threw away his, disdaining the least advantage of that sort, and the fight began. But the victory was soon decided in favour of the son of Salamis; Habib scarce struck a blow that did not pierce the armour of his antagonist, and he fell dead at his feet, before the other knights of the tribe of Kleb could advance to assist their companion in arms.

He who first came up, forgetting the laws of war and of honour, tried to overthrow Habib, by rushing on him with his horse. The brave son of Salamis avoided the shock, and with a mortal blow, smote, his adversary to the ground.

Salamis, who had just passed the barrier, met the third knight, and dispatched him. Habib, who had now taken his horse, joined his father, and both fell upon the three remaining warriors of the tribe of Kleb.

These knights would have sought safety in flight, had not the shame of being seen by their attendants restrained them. Fear, however, had seized their hearts; they suffered themselves to be disarmed; and the fate of their companions completed their terror.

Salamis

Salamis and his son returned to the camp. Every one who bore the title of knight in the tribe of Benihelal, came about them half armed. Joy mixed with suspicion and shame appeared in their faces. They asked, who can they be? From whence are those wonderful strangers who have displayed such intrepidity against our enemies, who have so easily triumphed in the unequal contest of two against six?

The two knights did not remove the visors of their casques. They answered those who praised their valour, only by a graceful inclination of the head. They observed a profound silence; and the groom, who spoke for them, told the people that they were two noble and valiant strangers, who were come to offer their services to the Emir; and that they had requested to be conducted to his tent that they might be introduced to him.

The two heroes again mounted their steeds, and proceeded to the tent of Salamis. The groom led the way, went on before them, as if to announce their arrival, and afterwards introduced them, with a mysterious air.

They were received with open arms by Yamira and Dorathil-goase. The steel in which they were clad, seemed to yield and become soft, in the tender embrace.

A victorious knight is an object of the highest delight to his lady. Can any title be more pleasing, even amid the most endearing caresses! These two happy pairs, indulged their mutual fondness without restraint; for love, tempered with virtue, knows no bounds, and never can arrive at excess.

The heroes were assisted in putting off their arms by their fair spouses; who, with their own hands, served them with a repast. Salamis was informed that

that his tent was surrounded by a multitude of inquisitive people of all ranks. He gave orders to tell them, that, having passed the night uneasily, he had need of repose. At the same time, he commanded proclamation to be made in the camp, that he would hold a great council of all his knights immediately after mid-day prayers.

The rumour had been spread, that a physician had arrived who was to operate on the Emir's eyes ; but both he and his slave had disappeared. It was believed by some that the Emir, having no confidence in the operation proposed, had abruptly sent away the person who came to attempt it.

Others, again, asked when, and in what manner, two knights in complete armour could have been introduced into a fortified camp, and penetrate to the Emir's tents without being seen by the guards, or any other person.

While people were perplexing themselves with conjectures on these subjects, Salamis, Yamira, Habib, and Dorathil-goase, retired to refresh themselves, after so much fatigue, with a short repose. All who were to be present at the council, prepared to hear something new and wonderful, whatever it might be, and none failed to attend exactly at the hour appointed.

Salamis received his knights, seated on a sofa, leaning his forehead on his hand, that they might not remark the new lustre which re-animated his countenance.

When the assembly was full, and every one had taken his place, he thus addressed them : " Emir and knights, who were the glory of the tribe of Benihelal, before it incurred the wrath of the Great Prophet, I scarce could have flattered myself with the hope of discovering the cause of
our

our punishment, nor of seeing an end to the progress of misfortune.

“ Placing my hope in God alone, I was always resigned to his will ; and he has at last been pleased to reveal to me the dreadful crimes of which some brethren of our tribe have been guilty. These have provoked Heaven, and drawn down its vengeance on our heads.

“ O Emirs! and more especially, ye Arabian knights, who now hear me ! You have among you some base and false hearts,—souls stained with the blackest treasons, and the most horrid crimes !

“ As soon as their enormities were committed, Mahomet withdrew his favour. The heavens were reversed, and every star was against us. We became a prey to the infidels.

“ Myself, being your chief, though innocent, was struck with blindness, and found my power wrested from me, and my counsels despised. Even your natural courage has forsaken your hearts, and you can no longer face an enemy. You are become the subject of their raillery. Those who once exulted in their strength, have felt their knees tremble, and have crept behind their entrenchments.

“ The tribes who were subjected to me have thrown off their allegiance ; without, however, escaping the disasters which guilt has brought on the tents of the Arabs. Their enemies, as weak as ourselves, but still more imprudent, have by their internal divisions suffered their brethren to sink under the sword of their rebel slaves : And those who have not attempted to gain advantages by rebellion, have fled to the inhospitable deserts of this country, there to seek a miserable and inglorious asylum !

"Our misfortunes; arrived almost at the highest pitch, have, at last, excited the compassion of Heaven; and divine justice now only demands from us the punishment of those crimes, for which it had, with regret, pursued the innocent with the guilty, in order that a more severe chastisement may be inflicted on the camp of the enemy.

"Consent, then, instantly to deliver up to justice those who are found worthy of punishment,—those wretches who have drawn down the vengeance of Heaven on the faithful Mussulmen of Arabia!"

The Emir had pronounced this speech with a tone of firmness and authority, that his audience could scarce have expected from one in the humiliating situation in which they still supposed him. They gazed on each other in silent astonishment. Some looked down, fixing their eyes on the earth; but the unanimous voice of the assembly seemed to declare, that the horrid crimes which had provoked the wrath of Heaven against their tribe, should be expiated by the death of the guilty.

"Are proofs wanted?" said the Emir, while Habib stepped from behind a curtain where he stood concealed: "Come forth, my son, convict these nineteen knights who stand before us, of the false report they made of your death, both to myself, and to the whole tribe."

Then turning to the criminals: "Base and cruel impostors, can you deny, that I entrusted you, in preference to others, with the care and protection of your young Prince; that you, adding treachery to cowardice, resolved to abandon him; and that, to escape my vengeance, you left him in his sleep, destitute of every resource, and even of his arms,—
exposed

exposed to hunger and thirst, to the fury of the elements, and the rage of wild beasts !”

The sight of Habib was like a stroke of thunder to the guilty knights. Salamis thus proceeded :

“ Knights of the tribe of Benihelal ! to you it belongs to pronounce the sentence, and order the execution of the criminals. To you it belongs to avenge the children of Mahomet, on those who have brought dishonour on his favourite tribe, and the scourge of divine justice on the whole people.”

The criminals were mute, nor could they offer a word in their own defence. They were surrounded, bound, and their armour torn off piece by piece : Being immediately delivered over to the executioners, they were led out of the camp, their heads struck off with a sabre, and their bodies left exposed as a prey to ravenous beasts.

Rabir had been saved from the infamy of this punishment by his death, which happened soon after his return. The horror of having consented to such an enormity had hastened his end, which might otherwise have been regarded as premature.

Having thus done justice to their royal chiefs, the knights made haste to testify their joy at the return of Habib.

While Salamis spoke to them, the importance of his discourse so entirely captivated their attention, that they had not remarked the sparkling orbs which now re-animated his looks.

On their return, Salamis addressed them one after another, with graceful condescension ; and all remarked with astonishment the return of his sight. “ have you not heard,” said the Emir, “ of the physician who was last night introduced to me, and whose secret remedy has, by the grace of God and

his Prophet, proved effectual. Nor is this the only favour which heaven has bestowed on us.

“The victory which my son and I obtained this morning, is the pledge of future glory. Brave Arabians! the stain of guilt is no longer upon you; Resume your wonted strength and military ardour; prepare to attack the tents of Zîr. I ask none to follow me but my valiant knights; my other warriors, may remain to protect our flock in the rich pastures I shall point out. A sufficient guard will also be left in the camp.

“Let all our subject-tribes who are wandering in the desert, be informed, that, by to-morrow, terror shall reign in the tents of our enemies, and fear shall be banished from the breast of all those who repair to the standard of Salamis.

“While we are collecting a body of forces, whose appearance may be sufficiently formidable to intimidate the enemy, and thus save us the pain of entering upon a bloody war, I hope you, my dear friends, and all the remaining people of Arabia, who serve the true God, will join with me, on this just occasion, in thanking Heaven for its favours.

“The return of Habib, and the recovery of my sight, are not, however, the only subjects of my happiness.—The Queen of the seven seas at the extremity of the East, the fair Dorathil-goase, the wife whom the stars had destined to my son,—she herself is the messenger of Heaven sent to restore the strength of my youth, and with it the power of lifting those eyes to heaven which were before involved in darkness!

“Let this news be proclaimed in every country where the laws of the Alcoran are obeyed, that all people may give thanks to God and his Prophet.

“Let

“Let days of thanksgiving be appointed. But these religious festivals are not intended for the indulgence of sensual appetites; it is the soul that should rejoice at the return of those blessings, so unexpected and so wonderful.

“May our expressions of pious gratitude, and our shouts of joy, be re-echoed in the tents of Zir, and cause the hearts of our enemies to quake with terror!”

The ceremonies of the thanksgiving were publicly and unanimously celebrated in the camp of Salamis, with all the solemnity and pomp which the present circumstances permitted.

Dorathil-goose received the blessing and the homage of the whole tribe of Benihelal; and the camp resounded with acclamations of joy, which were intermingled with the noise occasioned by the general festival.

The camp of Salamis now wore the appearance of the highest prosperity. The happy news spread abroad, and attracted many knights of the other tribes, who had been separated from their Prince during his misfortunes.

Salamis received them graciously, and made Habib and his spouse also shew them mark of kindness. He anticipated the excuses, and saved them the confusion of offering an apology for their conduct, by referring all that had happened to the chastisement of Heaven. In fifteen days the Emir saw himself surrounded with a respectable and numerous train of knights, glowing with desire to repair, by feats of arms, the shame of defection on the one hand, and the disgrace of inaction on the other.

Zir was not ignorant of this revolution. The defeat of his six warriors had made him expect such
a piece

a piece of news. Three of them fell in the field of battle; three were prisoner in the camp of Salamis. The latter had communicated to their tribe the news, which had reached them even in their prison. Zir was struck with astonishment at hearing of the sudden cure of Salamis, and the return of Habib with a fair Queen, whom he had married.

He now understood who were the two strangers who had fought against his six knights; and he regretted that he had not himself appeared before the enemy's lines, that he might have sustained the shock, where his warriors were so unequal to the contest.

His confidence in his own strength made him believe, that he would have come off victorious. But he resolved to wipe off the dishonour which that action had cast on his arms, by challenging Salamis to single combat, in the face of his own camp.

Yemana, his sister, a princess distinguished for good sense and beauty, though she believed her brother's strength and courage to be more than human, yet dissuaded him from the rash attempt.

"My brother," said she, "you will perhaps regard my opinion as influenced by principles which you are not willing to admit. How formidable soever his strength may be, who has, long been called the Great Salamis, were I to attribute any thing to fortune, I would consider you as at least his equal match; but I attribute much to the aspect of the stars.

"Their malign influence has already been shed on the tribe of Benihelal. That tribe and all the people subject to it have been delivered into your hand, and you have hitherto triumphed.

"But, my dear brother, the heavens change, and the influence of the stars may also change.

"It

"It is a maxim universally admitted, that misfortunes never come single. We also reckon upon a run of good luck; but we never think of tracing the matter to its first source.

"Consider then the happy, and even miraculous events which have already favoured your enemies, and consult the surest means, according to the course of your destiny, and without taking your glory into the account, how you may assure your personal safety, on which the security of the whole tribe of Kleb absolutely depends."

"It will be time enough to think of all this, sister," answered Zir, "after I have conquered Salamis. His power is less odious to me than his glory. I have seen it overthrown, but it again springs up from its ruins. He has set up his son, too, as a fresh obstacle to my reputation.

"All Arabia is too narrow to satisfy my ambition: How then could I bear two rivals? Your stars, sister, may do as they please; but if they are against me, I shall make them become pale with fear for the champions they prefer to me."

While Yemana and her brother held this discourse, Salamis, at the head of his vassals, advanced towards the tents of the tribe of Kleb, which were only about three leagues from his camp.

This was but a short march; and Zir being informed of their approach, led out an equal number of warriors. The two armies now faced each other, at little more than a bow-shot distance.

The proud and gigantic Zir, mounted on a high mettled charger, insultingly pranced along the front of his squadrons. Salamis was advancing to challenge him to single combat: "No! my father, No!" cried the youthful warrior, "Heaven has preserved

preserved me, and sent me here, to take vengeance on your enemies."

"You are too young, my Habib," answered the tender father, "your limbs have not yet acquired a sufficient degree of strength to sustain a contest with a giant."

"Ah!" said Dorathil-goose, "our valiant father! Do not doubt that the hero who is sprung from you will show himself worthy of his high descent: Be contented with the glory you have already acquired, and entrust your quarrel to my Habib; you shall soon see that no giant is a match for him."

The joint entreaties of Habib, Yamira, and Dorathil-goose, at last made the brave Emir yield to his son the honour of giving the challenge.

Habib laid aside the Parthian dance, and took one of the form usual in Arabia, that he might be on an equal footing with his antagonist. He advanced with his visor lifted up, and presenting himself gracefully on his noble steed, gave the signal of defiance.

Zir came up, and assuming a tone of irony: "How sweet," said he, "is the silver sound of thy voice. Pray, art thou not a woman?" "You shall know me, by and by, for what I am," answered Habib fiercely.

"Ha! I remember you, my pretty baby! I have seen you dandled on Yamira's knees. How handsome you are! Your father, sure, did not send you to fight with me. He knows that I love youth. Go tell him that I wait for him; and that I will contend with none but men."

"My father," replied Habib, "scorns to fight with his rebel slave. I have learned, even in my mother's arms, to despise insolence."

"But,

"But, young man, I shall now be forced to bestow on your mother a mourning garb, which she need not hope to quit a second time. Go, I say, fetch me your father. However vain he may be of his former victories, would not the trophy of my arms, if he should triumph over me, be a noble ornament displayed upon his tent?"

"I have already told thee, slave, that my father will not do thee the honour to accept thy challenge. Thirty times hast thou followed him to battle, singing his victories over warriors more valiant than thyself; nor could thy defeat add any thing to his glory. Thou shalt not have the trouble of sending a mourning dress to my mother; nor can I do the like to yours. It is well known that you are even ignorant of her name: But I here promise to present a full suit to you sister Yemena."

"Rash fool!" cried Zir, pushing on his horse, "I have been led to battle singing the victories of your father, because the tribe of Kleb were slaves, and slaves must sing any thing. Your mother, and the adventurer Queen, you have brought from the deserts, shall sing mine to-morrow. They shall wear my chains, and be subject to my will; or their blood shall stain the earth, and be mingled with thine and thy father's." Having said this, he threw his lance with vast force against Habib.

The young warrior observed its direction, and, by a skilful and sudden motion of his body, evaded the blow. The lance passed over him, and fell at the distance of thirty paces.

Habib, lifting up his lance, presented it to the throat of Zir. "Thou hast dared," said he, "to pronounce the name of my mother, and my spouse in terms of insult, like a mean coward! Thou hast a sister who is very weak, she will be more so after thy

thy death, and shall be the more entitled to my compassion." Then gently tapping upon his shoulder with the point of the lance, "Go," said he, "take up your weapon, where your awkwardness has made you throw it. Armed, I despise thee; unarmed, thou art an object of ridicule." Zir, distracted with rage, flew to seize the lance, and returning to the attack, again threw it against Habib, with all the force that fury could add to an arm that was thought irresistible.

Habib, by the most dexterous movement imaginable, withdrew his body from the stroke, by passing his leg under the belly of his horse. The weapon glanced along within half a foot of the saddle, and its point pierced the trunk of a tree, at some distance.

Habib now threw down his own lance; and Zir was more than ever enraged at this fresh mark of contempt. He drew his scymitar, and assailed Habib with innumerable blows, which fell on every part of his armour as thick as hail.

In this contest the strength of the combatants might be nearly equal; but in skill and presence of mind, there was a great disparity. Every stroke given by Zir was foreseen, and warded off; but those of his antagonist always took effect, and never failed to carry away some portion of Zir's strong armour. Many passages were thus opened to the sword; and while the giant lifted his arm against the son of Salamis, the young hero with a reversed blow struck off his hand by the wrist. Zir attempted to save himself by flight; but a second stroke laid his head at the feet of the conqueror.

Both the camps, and even the women, were witnesses to the contest between Habib and the gigantic

gantic Zir. The knights of both parties were filled with the highest admiration at the discourse, and gallant behaviour of the son of Salamis. "What generosity! what moderation!" cried they, "So much activity, grace and skill, united to such strength and valour, must surely be irresistible!"

But though there could be only one opinion as to the merits of the combat, its consequences to the opposite parties were very different.

Consternation seized the tribe of Kleb; they thought themselves vanquished by a single arm. The knight-hood returned to their camp, that they might withdraw their most valuable effects from the pillage, which they regarded as the inevitable consequence of their defeat.

Already did the people disperse in small parties, consulting together how they might escape, by flight, from a state of slavery more dreadful than that which they had endeavoured to shake off. The followers of Salamis, on the other hand, advanced in good order, that they might avail themselves of the advantage gained by the son of their Emir, and the disorder of the enemy.

Habib, confident of his strength, courage, and good fortune, entered the camp of the tribe of Kleb followed by a few warriors, whom none ventured to oppose, and ordered that he should be conducted to the tent of the Princess Yemana.

That princess, accompanied by fifty guards who attended her person, had viewed the combat at a distance, mounted upon a *hodage**, which had been raised higher than usual on the back of her *hetnacka*.

* The Ladies of Arabia commonly ride on female camels, called *hetnacka*. The carpets that cover the camels backs are rolled into a sort of cushion, on which the Lady and her slave are seated. This is named *hodage*.

No sooner had she seen her brother stretched on the dust, than she returned to her tent to secure her valuable effects.

She had just received them from the hands of her slaves, when Habib entered. The guard made a motion, as if to oppose him; but she restrained them: "What are you," said she, "who pretend to resist the favourite of Heaven, the conqueror of my brother? Save your lives. I chuse rather voluntarily to become his slave, than be led about as a captive princess."

Then turning to Habib, "Brave Emir," said she, "he who has overthrown the cedar, will scorn to lop off the slender branches of the majestic tree that has sunk under his arm." At the same time she dismounted from her hetnacka, and supported by her attendants, seized the hand of Habib: "Prince," cried she, "you behold at your feet, a disconsolate woman, who, confiding in your virtue, surrenders to you at discretion."

The hero, with an air of respect, made her arise. "Madam," said he, "never did the son of Salamis learn from his magnanimous father to abuse his power over a helpless woman. I restore you to your rank and dignity, and I have no doubt of my father's approbation. You are free, Madam; you are Princess over your whole tribe. You know the temper of your people, and the best methods of quieting their minds. Teach them their duty; and my father, who is, (I say it with enthusiasm), a virtuous Mussulman, has no other wish than to make his subjects happy, even those who have blindly been led to rebel against him.

"Assist me, Madam, to check the present disorders, that are so favourable to the pillage which I wish to prevent. Command your guard, while I attend

I attend you in person, to call together all your warriors, and even the women, whom fear has made to flee. Speak to them as their mistress: Let your tents resume their usual splendour, and let those ornaments be restored of which they may happen to be despoiled."

Yemana was struck at this conduct so truly magnanimous; but less than another might have been; for she herself possessed a great soul. She assumed the tone of a queen, as Habib had authorised her, and gave the orders necessary to re-establish tranquillity in her camp.

The warriors who led on the party commanded by Salamis, came up to their young Sultan, who placed them about Yemana, and sent others to prevent pillage, and to recover whatever plunder had been already made by his people. At the moment Salamis was giving orders to pursue the detached bands of the tribe of Kleb, he was amazed to see the people come, peaceably, and range themselves under their tents.

He soon learned that this was owing to the prudent conduct of his son. He came into the camp, accompanied by Yamira and Dorathil goase, and was shewn to the tents of Yemana.

When they advanced, the Princess of Kleb arose, that she might present herself to them as a suppliant. Habib would not suffer her to kneel; but thus addressed his father:

"O! my glorious Sovereign!" said he, "I have promised your clemency to Yemana, Princess of the tribe of Kleb. She possesses every great quality that can fit her for the throne. Besides, if she swerved from her duty, it was owing to her brother, for she never took part against us; and she has requested to be reinstated in your good gra-

ces in a manner so handsome, so worthy of herself, that I have promised her favour in your name, in that of my mother, and of the charming Dorathil-goase."

Confiding in what his son had said in favour of Yemana, Salamis assented to whatever he had done for the Princess. He knew that she had none of the vices of her brother; and that she was even willing to embrace the doctrines of the Alcoran.

"Madam," said he, "I here ratify, with joy, all that my son has done for you: and," added he, "you appear so worthy, that I should be happy, if possible to add new favours to those which he has already conferred on you." At the same time Yamira and Dorathil-goase embraced the new Princess of Kleb with unfeigned affection.

They would have willingly conducted her, to the tents of Benihelal, there to console her, by their carresses, for the loss of a brother who was so dear to her; but her presence was necessary at his funeral, which was celebrated with all the ceremonies of mourning usual in that tribe, and likewise for establishing good order among the people of whom she had now assumed the management.

Habib, that nothing might be wanting, ordered a hundred knights to wait her orders. The venerable Emir now returned to the tents of Benihelal, with his family, and was received with songs of triumph.

The praises of Habib resounded from every quarter, and the subject of the song was his victory over Zir.

"But, good people!" cried Dorathil-goase, "What has my husband done? What else did you expect from the son of the Great Salamis? You mistake the object of your praise. Delicious fruit

fruit is pleasing to the taste; but it is the tree that bears it, which merits your esteem!"

For ten days nothing was to be seen in the tents of Benihelal but feasting and rejoicing. The most distant tribes of the Arabs, who had fled from the tyranny of Zâr, collected around the camp of their ancient Emir; their tents are pitched near him, and he again sees himself at the head of his sixty-six tribes, his strength restored, and his authority more firmly established than ever.

After the ten days festival, Yemana, attended by the chiefs of her tribe, came to pay homage to her Sovereign. She still wore her mourning dress, which greatly improved the softness of her charms. She was received by the Emir and Habib with every mark of respect that became her sex and quality. Yamira and Dorathil-goase also gave her a kind and familiar welcome.

Salamis had a nephew, the son of his brother, called Saphay, a young and promising warrior. The Emir resolved to bestow his hand on Yemana, creating him, at the same time, Emir of the tribe of Kleb. Yemana accepted this new mark of favour with suitable gratitude; and a remission of their tribute, was the royal present at the nuptials.

New festivities followed this happy event, which effaced every vestige of slavery from the tribe of Kleb. The knights who had followed their Princess were quite astonished at a reception so gracious.

"Knights!" said their new Sovereign, "It is thus that a faithful Mussulman takes revenge on his enemies. From this day let the people be less disaffected to laws which are productive of so many worthy actions. Henceforth let the tribe of Kleb renounce their ignorance and ferocity. They ought

no longer to admire heroes like Zir, whose sole merit depends on strength and violence ; and who think themselves only great, in so far as they can strike terror." After the departure of Yemana and her husband to their camp, Dorathil-goase and Habib felt some impatience to return to their own states, to succour the people, who had not yet recovered from the terror occasioned by the tyranny of Abarikaff.

Salamis knew too well the duties of a king to oppose their intention ; or require the sacrifice of their peoples happiness for his private satisfaction.

A day was fixed for the departure of Habib and his spouse. It was agreed that they should return to the little retreat where they first arrived, and go from thence, secretly, by the same means of conveyance they had employed in coming thither.

Salamis and Yamira would gladly have accompanied them, that they might enjoy their presence as long as possible : But this would have made too much noise. There are many things of which the people should be kept in ignorance, and their fondness for what is marvellous, often makes them forgetful of their duty.

The youthful pair, with tears in their eyes, took a most affectionate leave of the worthy old Emir and his spouse. They concerted means of communicating with each other, so as to render their separation the more supportable. They mounted a camel, and being conducted by the confidential groom, returned to the retreat. Next morning, before day, the roc bore them through the air, toward the heights of Caucasus.

Now were they again to see their faithful I'Haboul, and fill his heart with joy, by a recital of their
happy

happy adventures. Habib went instantly to replace the talisman in the treasury of Solomon.

At the entry to this mysterious cavern, he cast his eyes on a hieroglyphic which he had not before remarked. It attracted his attention so much, that he fell into a profound meditation. "These are emblematic figures," said he to himself. "Here is the pure expanse of heaven, brilliant with light. An eagle appears to rise rapidly in her flight, almost to the sun's disk, while an enormous serpent, creeping over the rocks, reaches the nest and devours the eggs of the noble bird."

Habib returned with a pensive air to his instructor, and told him the subject of his reflections, describing what he had seen.

"That is the picture," said Il'Haboul, "but what is the moral of it?" "Methinks I comprehend it," said Habib.

"By aspiring at too great elevation, we are in danger of being flushed with prosperity, and of losing sight of our true interests."

"Your answer," said Il'Haboul, "is worthy of my old pupil. None pass the door of the cavern of Solomon, without reaping some instruction. Pity it is that we must learn those maxims of wisdom one by one, and not all at once, by a great and comprehensive grasp of thought!"

They dedicated two days to the enjoyments of friendship, in the company of the venerable keeper of the Prophet's repositories; the roc then took his flight to the White Isle, and also to the Yellow Isle, where the exertions of the old genie Ibalhis, had, in some measure, restored an appearance of prosperity.

The royal pair next found themselves in the little court of the Lady of the beautiful Tresses and Dalilsha.

Dalilsha. Every thing here announced peace and abundance. The two daughters of the sea had been conducted hither ; and impatiently expected the return of the hero to whom they had so obligingly devoted their services ; especially Ilzaide, who, till that moment, had never experienced the least *ennui*, and who had now found it in every thing, how much soever she sought to avoid it.

Habib and his Queen remained a few days with their kind relations, and returned to Medinaz il-ballor, carrying with them Ilzaide and her sister, by a route through which their dolphins could not follow them.

The capital Island of Dorathil-goase's dominions had now every appearance of a happy and flourishing state ; and the return of their King and Queen completed the joy of the inhabitants.

The youthful couple, who were still lovers, added to the mutual felicity they enjoyed in each others company, the pleasure of contributing by every means in their power to the interest and welfare of their people.

Il'Habousarous too, rejoiced at the happiness of his family, and had the satisfaction of seeing his grand project rapidly advance towards its accomplishment.

Every day produced the legitimate union of a genie with one of the children of Adam. He saw them submit to a law, which, though it seemed to diminish their power, was, nevertheless, very beneficial to them.

Soon after their arrival, it was agreed, that one of the daughters of the sea should give her hand to a kinsman of Dorathil-goase. It was also proposed that Ilzaide should marry.

“With

“With whom?” cried she, “there are no knights here. You shall send me to Arabia; that is the country of heroes!”

“My charming girl,” answered Dorathil-goase, “we shall most willingly carry you there, when we return to visit our worthy parents: But thou wert born in the sea, and habituated to that element; how, then, could you live in a country, where little else is to be seen than vast plains covered with dry sand.” “Love can make every place agreeable,” returned Ilzaide with vivacity: “Even the elements are subject to its empire. If the knight, your dear husband, had feared them, you never could have possessed him; and could I hope for the conquest of such a heart, I think I could equal the best knight of Arabia in resolution and generosity.”

Observations by the French Editor, on the History of Habib and Dorathil-goase, or the Arabian Knight.

THIS story, which the Arabian compilers have put into the mouth of the fair and witty Scheherazade, is of a kind so interesting and peculiar, that the Editor cannot refuse himself the satisfaction of making a few remarks upon it; and this he shall do, while the Sultan of the Indies enjoys his repose.

This little piece, from its moral plan, and from the nature of the composition, which is partly in verse, and partly in prose enriched with the ornaments of poetry, might be rather regarded as a poem than a simple tale: But it is evidently a romance of chivalry, which unites the two chief characteristics of works of that sort,—amusement and instruction.

The

The business of the plot begins with bestowing on the mind and the body of the knight, every advantage and accomplishment; and the hero thus formed, steps forth a complete Knight-Errent.

The manner of his education resembles that of Telemachus. His instructor is a being belonging to the class of spirits, who acts the same part as Minerva under the form of Mentor.

His body is habituated to hardships and fatigue, agreeable to the advice of Rousseau in his *Emilius*: but as a true knight should be devout towards God and the Lady of his affections, the Alcoran is the first book put into the hands of the young Arabian. It may be remembered, that Rousseau earnestly recommends that the pupil should be early made acquainted with the Travels of Robinson Crusoe.

—This advice is here put in practice; and the same adventures that beset Robinson Crusoe, are ascribed to him, as often as his situation and circumstances afford opportunity.

Rousseau proposes that the heart of the pupil should be inflamed by the description of an ideal fair one. —The Lady of the thoughts of the young Arabian is not, indeed, an imaginary being; but he is made to become enamoured by the bare recital of her perfections.

From what is here said, we are by no means to conclude, that either Fenelon or the author of *Emilius*, were acquainted with this Arabian Manuscript, which resembles their works in several particulars; but this may convince us, that in every age, and in every country, men have thought nearly in the same manner on the same subjects.

The Arabian author, to hasten the conclusion of the plot, has proceeded in the action with much more rapidity than our modern writers. His hero

is sooner brought into action. The poet composes his verses without premeditation ; and the pupil receives no lessons, but such as are applicable to some action he is instantly about to perform.

This romance seems to have been composed posterior to the victories of Saladin, and is, perhaps, the production of some bard at his court. There is here such a mixture of the European and Arabian notions of chivalry, as could not possibly have entered into the head of any one who was not well acquainted with both : And this is not a subject on which it can be expected that the ideas of men in different countries, should be at all analogous.

When the Arabian has bestowed all the pains he can to complete the education of his scholar, he only represents him as *a'most* perfect ; for he is too young to have arrived at that state.

He places his father before his eyes, as a model worthy of his imitation, on the one hand ; and, on the other, sends him to view the hieroglyphics of Solomon, where he learns that perfection must be the fruit of maturity and application.

The character of Zir, which is for a little opposed to that of Habib, adds an additional lustre to our hero.

It was necessary that he should display all the virtues belonging to chivalry ; but when he is to give proofs of his fidelity in love, he does not, like Grandison, meet with a love-sick fool to vex him.

A young beauty is thrown in his way, of frank and amiable manners, whose sprightly character forms an agreeable contrast with those that appear more serious. She is in love without seeming to perceive it, and without troubling herself or others with the caprices or extravagances of the passion.

The

The gentle flame is raised and maintained by the merit of the hero's gallant exploits.

Clementina in the romance of Grandison, is a very interesting character, and at an early period of the story, becomes highly affecting.

The author of that performance perhaps, did not reflect, that, by subjecting the virtue of his hero to such a test, he also put the sensibility of the reader to trial too severely; and that some people might be so captivated with Clementina, as even to condemn those virtuous principles which were the cause of her sufferings.

While we are occupied with this love episode in Richardson's romance, the interest of the whole piece is absorbed in it. The character of Miss Byron is entirely eclipsed; even that of the hero himself becomes insipid. The principal characters are not here contrasted with others; they are destroyed: The principal plot is not merely suspended; it is annihilated.

It has been alledged, that if Grandison had but travelled six weeks in the company of Hazeide, even though she had not been so serviceable to him as to the Arabian Hero, he could not, amid all his gravity, have refrained from smiling at the lively sallies of her good nature and simplicity of heart.

In other respects, the principal characters of the two romances are not comparable*. Grandison is a hero already formed. Habib is one who needs to be instructed. Then the first never can commit the slightest error; whereas the other, by committing

* Grandison is the Emilius of the English; but he is an Emilius already perfected. His discourse and his actions are a continued train of precepts and examples. Miss Byron is the Lady in his affections; but one would prefer to her Dulcinea del Toboso, as soon as one knows the amiable, sensible, virtuous yet unhappy Clementina!

mitting a fault, for which love and the impatience of youth might have been an excuse, becomes so mindful of it, that ever after he is as modest as he is naturally brave and enterprising.

The only reason for comparing this little romance with works of greater extent and better established reputation, is to point out the resemblance that may be found among them. It is a slight sketch, in which it is pleasing to remark the happy strokes of the pencil; and for that purpose we must bring it under the same light with those larger pictures, that are likely to resemble it in design.

The Arabian author of the story of Habib, being a poet, has taken every opportunity of indulging his peculiar talent. He displays more learning without boasting of it, than the other compilers of the thousand and one nights. His invention is of a different turn; and he evidently aspires at novelty among his countrymen, both in his thoughts and imagery.

His demons, whose history diffuses a langour through some parts of the tale, are of a peculiar sort. His general ideas seem to have been, that the genies, in order to return at last unto God, should finish their course by becoming men. He has also a method peculiar to himself of handling the magic wand. Upon the whole, it would be presumptuous in the editor to decide absolutely upon the merit of this fable, although it appears to him to be inferior to none of the kind that have been offered in any collection for the amusement of the public.

THE Sultan of the Indies seemed somewhat dissatisfied that the story of Habib was so soon at an end.

During the recital, Dinarzade had listened with the greatest attention. "Sister," said she, "the verses

verses you have repeated are very pretty, but they are far more charming when you sing them.

"I confess I love to laugh, and I could not understand why laughers were so offensive to the mother of your hero; but you have now taught me the pleasure of weeping. I dropt but one tear with the tender Yamira, and that was so pleasing, that I was sorry to wipe it away.

"Another part of this story which I don't well understand, is how Zir, the enemy of Salamis, who had so amiable a sister, should be exposed to the reproach of never having known his mother."

"An explanation of that matter," said Scheherazade, "would lead me into a long detail, and I should need time to recollect the circumstances."

"You can do that at your leisure, sister," returned Dinarzade; "another story excites my curiosity more at this moment, and I hope you have not forgot it.

"Don't you remember, the terrible Maugraby, whose name so be frightened us when children? Our nurse used to tell us every day, that if we were not good, Maugraby would come and take us. I shall be glad to hear the history of this Maugraby, at whose name I have so often trembled, and I hope now to have no frightful dreams on the subject."

The fair Sultaneſs, who ſaw that the curioſity of her ſiſter was not diſpleaſing to the Sultan immediately began the following ſtory.

History of Maugraby, or the Magician.*

Maugraby, Sire, was the most detestable creature upon earth. Zatania,† to whom he had entirely devoted himself, had opened to him treasures of riches proportioned to the malice of his heart, and had made him powerful to do evil. Never had he a more faithful servant. The name of Maugraby spread terror during his life, and is used, to this day, as a word of execration.‡

This monster of wickedness went about the earth making conquests for his master; to accomplish which, he put in practice every stratagem that cunning, hypocrisy and malice could suggest.

When he heard of a match in any great family, where there happened to be no offspring, Maugraby immediately offered his services to remove the sterility, which was in general gladly accepted.

When it happened to be an heir to a throne that was wanted, he then redoubled his zeal and address.

Habed-il-Kalib reigned at that time in Syria, and kept his court in Tadmor his capital. Though born an idolater he had been converted to the Mahometan faith, by Bein-Habas, Mortazer-Billaz, the eighth Calif, who had made him lay aside the

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name

* This word signifies a *barbarian*, or one belonging to *Barbary*.

† The resemblance of this name to that of *Satan* is sufficiently obvious.

‡ The people of Provence, Languedoc and Gascony, use *Maugraby* as a term of cursing. *Maugrebleu* is used in other parts of France.

name of Sankir-Balleyn, and assume that of Habed-li-Kalib.

This monarch could collect three hundred thousand horsemen under his standard, and he always kept seventy thousand about him as his life-guard. His capital exhibited specimens of every species of architecture, and his palace was enriched with whatever the most distant countries could afford, that might add to its beauty and magnificence. His gardens were embellished with all the plants and the trees that spring in the luxuriant soil of Damascus.

He had sixty wives chosen from among the finest women of the East. But all his enjoyments were insipid. He was advancing in life, and in spite of his fervent prayers, he was still without hope of posterity.

Maugraby took this opportunity of insidiously offering his services. He appeared at the palace-gate, disguised in the dress of a peasant. He was blind of the right-eye, and his left was bleared and distorted: his whole figure, in short, made him an object of ridicule.

He carried a basket on his arm, and cried with vociferation, "Apples, apples, to make women fruitful!" The slaves about the palace laughed at him. "Why don't you cry plums rather than apples?" said they, "perhaps plums might do better."

At that moment the Grand Vizier happened to come up to the palace-gate, in his way to the King's apartment, whete he was going to consult on affairs of government. He observed Maugraby, and calling him, asked, "What have you got there to sell?" "My Lord, 'tis an apple that will make women fruitful."

"Why,"

"Why," says the Vizier, "you will soon be richer than all the monarchs of the earth, if you are possessed of such fruit."

"Not so rich as you think, my Lord," said Maugraby, "my tree only yields one apple in the year; but it is a fine and beautiful one."

"You carry it, no doubt, in that basket," resumed the Vizier, "Pray let me see it?"

Maugraby obeyed, and produced the apple, which was covered under a quantity of leaves. The Vizier seemed to examine it with pleasure, when a eunuch, who was the court-fool, stepped forward and said, "My Lord, don't buy any thing from that ugly blind fellow, who wants one eye, and squints with the other. His eye is infectious, and spoils whatever he looks upon. Pray," says he, addressing Maugraby, "you wonder-merchant, have you any secret that would render me prolific?"

"No," answered Maugraby, "but you have a very pretty nose, I think I could render it prolific, if you please?"

"Well, I agree," returned the eunuch, "for I am weary of my present condition."

"Take this nut," said the merchant, apply it to the tip of your nose, in any way you chuse, and pronounce these words: *For the price it cost me, and from the hand which gave it, I accept, with all my heart, the gift of Maugraby, (that is my name).* Your appearance was formerly comical; it shall now be more so I'll promise you."

The buffoon, thinking he would get a fresh opportunity of turning the countryman to ridicule, took the nut, and placed it on the tip of his nose. It there stuck fast, and exhibited the ridiculous ap-

pearance of a small nose which had grown out of the greater one.

The spectators could not refrain from laughing, notwithstanding their astonishment, when they saw that the nut was changed into flesh, and had actually taken root on the spot where it had been placed.

The eunuch being so foolish as to pronounce the words dictated by Maugraby, the charm instantly took effect, and the poor fellow was exposed to the railleries of the populace.

The Vizier who was witness to this adventure, made no scruple of boasting to his Sovereign of the infallible virtues of the apple, and advised him to procure it at whatever price it might cost. "This is not the first instance, Sire, of Kings having had recourse to magic when other means failed; and the wisdom of the motive may here justify the imprudence of the measure. You have, to no purpose, consulted the learned astrologers at your court; but here is a man more skillful than all of them. Despise not his services; the interest of the state requires it of you, since by his means you may be assured of having a successor."

Habed-il-Kalib was easily persuaded to make an experiment, which flattered him with the accomplishment of his most ardent wish. He ordered the apple-seller and the buffoon to be brought before him.

The buffoon first made his appearance. "Sire," said he to the king, "a malicious blind fellow is come here, with whom a thing is no sooner said than done: If he has a basket full of apples, your ladies may all look out for nurses."

The figure of the buffoon, which was rendered more completely ridiculous by the new acquisition

tion to his nose, joined to his odd manner, made the King smile. When the Prince had resumed his gravity, Maugraby was conducted into a closet, where none had access to hear his conversation with the King, except the Grand Vizier.

"Merchant," said the King, "show me that apple." "There it is, Sire." Never had the King beheld any fruit that could be compared with it in shape, colour, flavour, or transparency of the skin.

"When I am to purchase so valuable a piece of merchandise," said the king, "I wish that the seller should appear in a dress becoming the importance of his business.

"Vizier," said he to his Minister, "order the Grand Treasurer to send a robe and a turban suitable to be worn by the person who is to negotiate with me."

The order was instantly executed; and Maugraby retired to another apartment, where he was dressed like a nobleman, and again introduced to the private audience of the Monarch.

"Let us now enter on the bargain," said Habel il Kalib, "give me the apple, and as soon as I am assured that by its virtue I shall have children, I engage to pay you down four thousand sequins."

"I will pledge," said Maugraby, "a diamond worth ten thousand sequins, to be left in the hands of your Majesty. If the fruit I present to you does not produce the desired effect, I forfeit the jewel; but I will not part with my apple for gold, of which I have no need."

"What other price, then, do you expect for it?" demanded the king. "You feel your own wants, Sire, and I feel mine. I have a great

and important succession to leave behind me. I have no heir, and the means which will procure one to you, are insufficient for myself. My conditions are not, I think, hard ; all I demand is, that if your first-born child be a boy he shall be mine, if a girl, she shall remain yours."

The King could scarce restrain his indignation at this proposal : But the Grand Vizier, gently laying hold of his arm, led him to a sofa, which stood at the further end of the apartment. He there conversed with him in whispers, so as not to be overheard by the stranger.

"The insolent proposal which this man has made, Sire, is no doubt deserving of death ; but this being the only opportunity you ever can have of assuring yourself of an heir ; if you should promise to him that your son, in case you have one, should be his, what force can he employ to make you keep your word, you who can cover the earth with an army of three hundred thousand horsemen ? He wants an heir, and if he should take a liking to your son, would you oppose his enriching him with his vast treasures ? Dissemble, then, Sire ; —the promises of the great are only words."

Habed-il-Kalib, blinded by the too eager desire of having an heir, suffered himself to be prevailed on, and returned to bargain with Maugraby.

He consented to give up to him the first male-issuë obtained by virtue of the apple, and it was immediately delivered into his hands. It was now necessary to instruct him how to use the charm.

"Sire," said Maugraby, "in order that the apple may have its effect, your majesty must espouse a young virgin ; after having used the bath,

bath, and before you ascend the nuptial bed, you must divide the apple into two equal portions, giving one half to your spouse and eating the other yourself. Lastly, you are to pronounce aloud these words: *Sovereign power, that has given virtue to this apple, let it be exerted in our favour, and grant that we may have a child!*"

Having said this, the stranger made a profound bow; and added, before taking his leave, "Sire, If you happen to have a daughter, I promise you a second apple; you may rely on my word, as I shall do on that of your Majesty."

The beauty and the flavour of the apple delighted Habel-il-Kalib. "You see," said the Vizier, "what a treasure your majesty would have lost, had you put to death, as other monarchs less prudent than you would have done, a man who presumed to make a proposal apparently so insolent. By an ill timed violence, the apple might have been rendered of no avail, from not knowing the right manner of using it."

The King could not deny the justice of the remark. Impatient to make trial of the secret, he commanded the chief of his eunuchs to seek for him in Tadmor a beautiful virgin such as the stranger had described.

"She may soon be found," said the eunuch, "there is not in your majesty's dominions, a more amiable, accomplished and sensible young lady, nor one more worthy to give an heir to the crown, than Elmennour, the daughter of your Grand Vizier."

"I rejoice," said the monarch, addressing himself to his Vizier, "that you possess the treasure I need. Go prepare your daughter to give her hand

hand to her Sovereign. Never did I form an engagement of this sort, which was attended with such flattering hopes." The Vizier put his hands on his head in token of obedience, and departed. Maugraby was still at the gate of the palace, where the rabble had collected about him and the buffoon-eunuch, who was entreating the magician to deliver him from the ornament with which his nose had been enriched.

"I'll do no such thing, buffoon," said Maugraby with a malicious sneer, "I should ruin thee if I did. Is it not your profession to make people laugh? Were I to comply with your request, you might often miss your aim; at present, you need only present yourself, and none will be able to wear a grave face."

As professed jesters are never beloved, such bursts of laughter arose among the crowd, that Maugraby retired unnoticed amid the confusion, and the buffoon, with his trumpet-nose, escaped into the palace.

The Grand Vizier returned to his house not a little mortified at the commission he was bound to execute. Elmennour was his only daughter, and he felt much reluctance in bestowing her on an aged monarch as his sixty-first wife.

He was apprehensive that the news of her destiny might be very distressful to his fair daughter. Disquiet, agitation and embarrassment were evident in his looks. Elmennour, who saw that her father's mind was uneasy, prayed him to acquaint her with the cause of his trouble. When he had explained the matter, "Why father," said she, "should you be afflicted at the prospect of a match so honourable both to yourself and to me?"

"Habed."

"Habed-il Kalib, it is true, is thrice my age; but I esteem his virtues, and my heart is free to love whom I please.

"If this wonderful apple you talk of, shall have the supposed effect, then will the sixty first wife be the first of all, being mother to the heir of the Crown. I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you the father-in-law and grandfather of kings. My compliance may thus assure your fortune, and place you in a situation, where you need not fear those disgraces to which courtiers and ministers are so often exposed.

"Tell the king, that your daughter Elmenour thinks herself highly honoured, by the preference he has been pleased to show her."

The Vizier excused his seeming uneasiness, by imputing it to the tenderness he had for his daughter; and pleased to find no further obstacle, hastened to inform the king of the readiness of his daughter to comply with his Majesty's commands.

The marriage was celebrated with royal magnificence. After the usual feasts and ceremonies, the king led his bride to the nuptial couch. The apple of Maugraby was divided with exactness, and each of the parties eat a half, after Habed-il-Kalib had distinctly and audibly pronounced the words which were to assure the effect of the charm.

Scarce were the days of festivity at an end, when evident symptoms of pregnancy appeared, and continued to proceed with the happiest progress of the desired event.

At last, the nine months elapsed, and Elmenour was brought to bed of a son, beautiful as an angel. The child was put to nurse: He grew daily, and experienced none of the maladies incident to infants in the first stage of life. Every thing,

thing, in short, seemed to contribute to the happiness of the King and the Vizier ; and no circumstance recalled the image of the odious Maugraby, except the nose of the buffoon, the sight of which now and then awaked painful reflections.

But afterwards, when several years had passed, and when the Prince, being circumcised and baptised, was named Habed-il-Rouman, they had laid aside every apprehension of danger, and would often amuse themselves with the eunuch's ridiculous appearance, without reflecting on the cause. If they thought at all of Maugraby, it was as of an old wretch, who could no longer be in the land of the living.

It was now time that Habed-il-Rouman should be put to school. A learned Cheik, the most intelligent in the kingdom, who was Amam of the Grand Mosque, and at the head of the College of Tadmor, was chosen for his preceptor. This venerable old man kept him always in his eye, and only suffered him to associate with the young Princes about him, who were either sons of the vassals of the Crown, or of the first nobility in the kingdom.

The young Habed was now arrived at his fourteenth year, and equally surpassed his fellows in the progress he made in his studies and exercises, as in his strength and stature.

His good qualities made him the idol of his father and mother, and the hope of the whole nation. But amid so much happiness, an incident occurred which gave a general alarm.

Maugraby, dressed in a decent habit, partly like a lawyer, and partly like one belonging to the Mosques, came and demanded an audience of Habed-il-Kalib. He had covered his blind eye with
his

his hand, and the usher, being newly admitted to the place, did not know him.

The officer having obtained leave, introduced him to the King, who was then on his throne; his Grand Vizier by him; the chief eunuchs behind him, with the ordinary guard of the palace.

Maugraby approached, bowed thrice almost to the ground, and then standing upright, discovered his odious face. The monarch, struck with terror and surprise, exclaimed, "Who art thou; what dost thou want? Who permitted thee to come into my presence, without thy name being announced?"

"I know, answered Maugraby, "that they whose right is clear, may approach thee to demand justice, especially against yourself. It is thirteen years and more, since you have been in my debt. The son you have had with Elmennour is mine. You have enjoyed him long enough. You have educated him in your own way, and I must also instruct him in mine. When I have done my duty as a master, as you have done as a father, I may send him back to you.

The king was almost suffocated with rage. The Vizier, who observed his situation, undertook to answer.

"Whoever thou art, stranger! thou hast been guilty of a crime deserving of the severest punishment, in daring to require of a sovereign a son who belongs to the state!"

"Vizier," said Maugraby, "I speak not to thee; I address myself to the King."

"Insolent wretch," cried the Vizier, "Ho! guards, lead off this villain, and let him be instantly beheaded." The guard surrounded Maugraby, and

and conducted him to the common place of execution, in a court of the palace. But ~~that~~ ^{he} saw

Habed-il-Kalib took his station at a window, that he might with his own eyes behold that odious head struck off. One blow of a sabre severed it from the body, and it rebounded from the earth: But when the king expected to gratify his sight by viewing the head of a fallen enemy, he was astonished to see nothing but a great pumpkin split in two.

He next examined the body, but not a drop of blood was to be seen. It was not even a body, but a great sack filled with straw, and some sulphureous combustibles which kindled, sparkled and flamed, filling the palace-court with stench and vapour. In a little time, the whole disappeared, and not the least vestige of the late execution was to be seen.

Habed-il-Kalib and his minister were utterly confounded, and the day passed in vain deliberations. At last the king resolved to go next morning to the Mosque, there to address his prayers to God and his Prophet.

The king, the more to shew his humility, set out next morning by break of day, with his head and feet bare. Although surrounded with his guards, a dervis presented himself in his way, and thus addressed him:

"King," said he, dost thou know me, I am Maugraby come to demand my son."

"O vile magician!" cried Habed-il-Kalib, "Heaven protect me from thee!" He at the same time, ordered his guards to fall on the false dervis and dispatch him.

The guards obeyed, and a hundred strokes fell at once on every part of his body; but they

they soon found, that what they had taken for a body, was a sack full of pease, open at both ends. The pease continued of themselves to roll away in every direction, and in a short time not one remained in view.

The king terrified by this spectacle, renounced his design of going to the mosque, and returned to his palace.

Having there consulted with his Vizir, they resolved to send for a skilful astrologer who lived in Tadmor, and who had the reputation of being a great magician, that they might oppose Maugraby by his own art. The astrologer was obliged to relinquish his studies, and come immediately to the palace. He was there informed of the prodigies that had happened, and to a repetition of which they expected he would oppose his address.

This artist was too presumptuous: "Sire," said he to the king, "I shall form an enchanted halter. When the magician again makes his appearance before your Majesty, it must be passed dexterously about his neck, and if it can be done so nimbly as to have two knots tied before he can pronounce three words, the magician is in your power. You may again go to the mosque to morrow, and I shall accompany you thither."

The king soon found one fitted to tie the knots in the twinkling of an eye; it was the buffoon himself, who was a slight-of hand-man by profession.

A trial was made upon a slave, who was ordered to make all the resistance in his power, but before he could pronounce the name Mahomet alone, the eunuch had tied three knots. No more doubt was entertained of the success of the plan.

Habed-il Kalib was now on horseback, on his way to the mosque, attended by the astrologer and

the buffoon. No human creature appeared to them; but all at once a large ass started from a stable which they passed, and crossing the way before the king, pronounced with a terrible voice: "Give me my son; I am Maugraby.

The nimble buffoon instantly played his, part and gave the rope to the astrologer to hold; but in a moment the ass sunk into the earth, and the scene was changed. The buffoon was transformed into a little scabbed ass, without ears, and without tail. These had ornamented the head and posteriors of the astrologer, who stood holding the end of this magic halter now twisted round the neck of the little ugly ass.

The king was struck with consternation; and the guard were so affected, that none thought of laughing at so strange a metamorphosis.

In a short time the buffoon resumed his ordinary form. The dust raised by the motion of his feet, concealed this change from notice. The tail and the ears of the philosopher also disappeared.

"Sire," said Scheherazade, interrupting her narrative, that she might address herself directly to the Sultan of the Indies, "the Syrian astrologer had undertaken, without knowing it, to contend against the ablest and most dangerous magician that ever lived on the earth: For such was Maugraby. Zatania, whose faithful servant he was, had opened to him the forty-eight doors of science contained in the volumes which were deposited in the *Dom-Daniel* of Tunis, before that place was burnt and destroyed with all its contents by Zanate Kalife.*

* Zanate Kalife was sent by the Caliphs of Arabia, to subdue Mauritania and the Coast of Barbary. That idolatrous nation were entirely devoted to the superstitions of magic. They had a public school for teaching the art, at the place called *Dom-Daniel*.

"Maugraby

"Maugraby was then," continued the fair Sultaneſs, "as much ſuperior to other magicians of his time, as the light of the moon is to that of the fainteſt ſtar. He was determined to puniſh the buffoon and his aſſociate in ſuch a manner as to render them ridiculous in the eyes of others, without ſuffering them to know it themſelves.

While they were under the momentary change, all the ſpectators ſaw that they were made to reſemble aſſes; but they themſelves were inſenſible of their ſituation, and maintained that the people's eyes were fascinated."

Habed-il-Kalib, Sire, diſcouraged at the failure of his laſt attempts to free himſelf from the perſecutions of Maugraby, now reſolved to purſue his firſt intention of going to the moſque, and imploring the aid of God and his Prophet.

One of his huſſars preceded him, to require the chief of the Amams to convoke the other miniſters of the moſque, that their prayers might have the more weight and ſolemnity.

The chief of the Amams was no other than the venerable Cheik to whom the education of Habed-il-Rouman was entrusted. The Cheik put on his robes and went to the moſque, leaving his young pupil with ſome of his companions, amuſing themſelves in a court, of which all the gates were ſecurely locked.

Theſe precautions were feeble againſt the powerful Maugraby. He had ſeated himſelf on a great tree in the middle of the court, metamorphoſed into an owl. The young prince came behind the tree, there to lie cloſe till his companions hid a handkerchief which he was to ſeek; and the ominous bird of night took this opportunity of letting

fall one drop of liquid, from a phial he held in his bill, upon the Princes head, which instantly changed him into a mouse.

The little animal, impelled by instinct, ran from behind the tree, and sought a place of safety. At that moment the companions of Habel il Rouman saw distinctly a great owl descend into the middle of the court, and pursue a mouse which he soon seized and carried off.

In the mean time, Habel il Kaleb tormented by his fears, had already returned to his palace, and sent for the grand Vizier, that he might deliberate upon what was next to be done in the present embarrassing posture of affairs.

Before the arrival of his minister, he had cast his eye on a written paper which lay on the table. He looked at it, and read the following words:

Maugraby to Habel il Kalib, King of Syria.

"Prince, faithless to your word! it is not me you would disappoint, by refusing the son which you promised me; it is the power whom you invoked when you eat the apple, I have taken your son that I may restore him to the rightful owner."

While the king held this terrible writing in his hand, the Grand Vizier arrived, and having read it, they were both seized with the utmost consternation. Amid their perplexity, they commanded the chief eunuch to go with a guard, and fetch the young Prince from the house of the Cheik.

There, all was tumult and disorder; the venerable governor of Habel il Rouman tore his beard and his locks whitened with age, when he heard the sad story from his pupil's companions, who told him, that Habel had suddenly disappeared, when

when the monstrous owl had seized the mouse, and carried it away.

The Cheik came to the palace, and mingled his tears with those of the king, the Vizier and the inconsolable Elmenour. The paper which informed them of the disaster was not now to be found; but its contents remained engraved on their minds.

"O Heavens!" cried the King, "to what a barbarous Power have I abandoned my child! To what misery has my imprudence exposed him!"

The Grand Vizier reproached himself as the chief promoter of the unhappy affair: "It was I," said he to himself, "It who I, procured access to this abominable magician, and advised the use of the fatal secret. It is I that have brought these misfortunes on my sovereign, my daughter, myself, and the innocent Prince!" Elmenour, almost suffocated with sighs and tears, could only cry incessantly, "Alas! my son! my son! my dear son!"

The Cheik did not attempt to interrupt these first effusions of grief. At last, he thus broke silence: "We have been guilty," said he, "and Heaven has been pleased to punish us; but do you think that justice will suffer a faithful Mussulman, who observes the laws imposed on him at his circumcision, to fall into the power of any other than the Great Prophet, whose seal he bears? My dear pupil Habel-il-Rouman has the germ of every virtue in his heart. He is a hopeful plant whose branches will be watered by the dews of heaven, though placed in the desert. Can he be removed from the eye of the Almighty who has marked him as his own? Let all the mosques be opened and let us implore Heaven to succour us, by opposing an irresistible arm to crush a supernatural and infernal power."

This discourse of the Cheik afforded a shadow of consolation, by rousing the hopes of the afflicted family. Public prayers were ordered in Tadmor, and through all Syria.

During all this time, the young Habed-il Rouman was in a very pitiable condition. The barbarity of Maugraby had transported him into the midst of a desert. He there restored him to his natural figure, and presented himself to the young Habed, blind, blearied, and filthy, as he had at first appeared when he came to the palace gate in Tadmor. "Dost thou not know me?" said he to the frightened Prince.

Habed-il-Rouman was naturally gentle, and only replied to this abrupt question: "No, I never saw you before; I know not who you are."

"Thou shalt know presently," said the cruel magician, at the same time giving him a blow; "I am Maugraby: Dost thou never hear talk of me?"

Habed-il-Rouman now felt a stroke for the first time in his life; for being the king's son, none durst address him in harsh language, even to reprove a fault: He looked round with astonishment, and began to rub his eyes, that he might be awakened from so disagreeable a dream: Maugraby, understood his meaning.

"Thou art not asleep," said he; "answer the question I ask thee; I am Maugraby, didst thou never hear talk of me?"

"I have heard from my mother, but oftener from my nurse, the story of an apple which had been brought to my father by Maugraby."

"Why speak of your father and mother? You are the son of the seeds of my apple," said the magician.

"I assure

"I assure you," said the young prince, "I am the son of my mother, and Habel-il-Kalib is my father. All the world say so."

"All the world are liars!" answered Maugraby giving him another blow more violent than the first. "Your pretended father and mother are only fit to beget mules for my stable. I shall try if you are really of that breed."

Maugraby then took up, in the hollow of his hand, some rain water from a rock within his reach, and threw it in the Prince's face. In a moment he was transformed into a mule, and felt the magician mount upon his back. The unhappy youth, urged by the smart of the lash, was forced to run at full speed under his unworthy rider.

Habel would have invoked heaven and earth to his aid; he would have implored the help of the Great Prophet; but he could articulate no sounds that were not shocking even to himself.

Nor did the cruel magician give him the least respite day or night, till he had carried him to the place where he intended to halt.

They were now at the bottom of a horrid mountain whose summit was lost in the clouds, surrounded by deserts more dreadful than any they had passed. Here the magician alighted, and tying his mule to the branch of a stunted shrub, went to the side of a spring which flowed from the rock.

"Sorry beast!" said he, applying the lash on the back of the unfortunate young creature, "thy education hath enervated thee: We shall see presently, if we can put some mettle in thee."

The four limbs and the body covered with wounds, which disguised the Prince of Syria, had now sunk under hunger and fatigue. Maugraby approached the spring, and taking up some water, threw

threw it upon the Prince's head, pronouncing aloud. *Subject of Zatanai, in the name of Zatanai, resume thy form!*

The wretched Habel-il-Rouman now saw that he had again arms and hands, though wounded and bloody. The magician plunged him into the pool that flowed from the spring, and the coolness of the water somewhat refreshed him. His persecutor then placed him with his back against a rock, and addressed him in a gentle tone of voice: "Say, Habel, whose son art thou?"

"Aals!" answered the young Prince with a feeble accent. "I am the son of that apple, of those seeds you talk off. I am yours,—since compassion for me has touched your heart!"

"You are in the right to answer as you have done. I have washed from you in that pool, every drop of the odious blood you derive from the ungrateful and perjured man and woman, who in recompence for the services I did them, have thrice attempted my life. You have been punished for their crimes against me, according to the common law, that children should suffer for their parents' offences. It was with regret that I subjected you to a part of the vengeance due to their infidelity. Be wise and submissive in every thing; and you shall find in me a father who will love you without weakness; and who can teach you to despise that rank and greatness to which you was destined, by uniting you to a Power who is the terror of all the Sovereigns of the earth—On these conditions, wilt thou be my son, Habel?"

"Alas! Yes," said the young Prince, seized with a fainting fit which he thought the presage of death.

"My

"My dear son," said the magician, "after appeasing by your sufferings, the wrath of the sovereign Power incensed by your pretended father, let us join in commanding this mountain, in his name, to open its bowels, and afford us an easy passage to a delightful country, where you may find all things necessary for your relief. You will possess every enjoyment suited to your age and taste; and you will be instructed in matters you never could have known from an ignorant Cheik, who taught you to believe that all the secrets of nature are included in one book, which is itself a tissue of absurdities."

"I will do whatever you please," said the enfeebled Prince to the man who had lately appeared so cruel and terrible, but seemed now inclined to indulgence.

The magician arose, took a small book out of a purse which hung at his girdle, a slender taper and a tinder-box. He collected a few dry leaves, kindled a fire, burned perfumes, muttering some words of conjuration, and concluded with pronouncing aloud, "All powerful Zatanai! King of the whole earth! Two of thy children desire to take repose in the pleasant country where thy munificence is displayed. Let the earth open, in thy name, and give them free access!"

The young Prince was in such a state, that he could scarce mentally repeat the words that resounded in his ear. In an instant the earth trembled, and he fell flat to the ground: The magician hastened to relieve him by the use of perfumes and potent elixirs, and taking his hand, led him into a cavern which had opened into the bowels of the mountain. The taper which Maugraby carried, served to guide them in the winding passage. At last they arrived at a vast plain, in a mild and pleasant

sant climate, where the fertility of the soil was announced by the luxuriance and beauty of the plants, and the number of fine rivulets which flowed through it in every direction.

Here all the beauties of nature seemed united. Flocks were seen feeding in the rich meadows. Wild animals of various kinds appeared to abound; and flights of birds traversed the air: But none of the wild creatures shewed the least symptom of fear at the approach of men; but seemed wholly occupied with the pursuit of their food, or their playful gambols.

"How do you like the prospect of this country?" said Maugraby to the young Prince.

"It is very fine, indeed," answered Habel. "Well! my son," said the magician, "It shall be yours as much as mine if you are wise; and this is nothing to what you shall see by and by."

At that instant they discovered a palace of uncommon extent and magnificence. "To whom do you think that house belongs, my son?" said the magician.

"To you, no doubt, answered the young Prince. "Yes, it belongs to Maugraby, your father, and it may at last be yours, if you give me satisfaction.

"When I treated you so harshly, my child, you could have no idea that I kept such things in reserve for you. Children generally take those for their best friends who care for them most; but that is not the way to begin with youth: They should be taught to fear, before they can love any one.

"Had you continued at the court of the King of Syria, you would have been indulged in every fancy however capricious; so that, being grown up, you might have fancied yourself at liberty to overthrow the whole kingdom without danger of challenge.

"Here

"Here you may be assured, that every fault you commit will be severely punished, and your merits will be duly rewarded. This is my way of treating those I love. Neither disobedience nor breach of trust are to be pardoned.

"You may perhaps imagine my dear child, that the sumptuous palace you see here is inhabited by a great number of people; but when I resolved to educate my son here, I dismissed all my retinue, that there might not be one flatterer near him.

"You shall, however, want for nothing; for I have every thing here at my command. From the love I have had for you ever since your birth, I have resolved to serve you with my own hands, till you are able to avail yourself of my lessons; after which you will have no cause to regret the absence of officers and servants, whose place you will find amply supplied.

It is impossible to describe the impression Habel's mind received, from the mixture of severities, caresses, threatenings and promises, which Maugraby mingled in his discourse; above all, he knew not what to think of the disadvantageous gloss the magician wished to throw on the education he would have received in the palace of Tadmor.

Every thing about the young Prince was a novelty to him. He understood but very imperfectly what he had seen, or what he had promised to do. Restrained by fear more than any other motive, he concealed the embarrassed state of his mind, and thus advanced toward the silent habitation of Maugraby.

The taste of the building was noble, yet delicate and simple; but that attracted little notice from the young Prince, who was more struck at seeing so many open gates, and no person to guard them.

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The magician conducted him from the colonnades to the covered galleries, from thence to the vestibule, and to the numerous fine apartments in the front of the palace. Lastly, he shewed him a pavilion, in the corners of which were four fountains of beautiful marble, filled with water transparent as crystal.

In the middle of this apartment stood a splendid table of jasper, from which a gerbe*, or fountain played. The water of this jet returned on the table, and gliding over the bright and various coloured stone, sunk into openings left for its passage.

A gate proportioned to the height of the building permitted the sun to shine upon the gerbe, which reflected a brilliant rainbow.

The upper apartment of the pavilion was furnished with magnificent sofas. Four large windows by which it was lighted, contained each an aviary, wrought with gold wire, and inhabited by birds of the richest plumage and sweetest note. They were seen fluttering joyfully among the flowers and odoriferous shrubs that adorned the lower part of these aviaries.

"This," said Maugraby to his pupil, "This is your study, if you think proper; but if you should prefer another place, as I make you master in this palace, you may have your choice. In the mean time, sit down on one of these sofas and repose yourself, while I order supper. In an adjacent hall are the baths; I will cause them to be heated; for you still have on your hands and body many contusions, the pain and the marks of which we shall speedily remove.

"But, my son, amid all the good things you are about to enjoy, it is not amiss that some idea should remain

* A gerbe is a fountain exhibiting the form of a sheaf.

remain with you of past dangers. Having said this, Maugraby went out; and Habel-il Rouman stretched himself on a sofa, where he would have indulged reflections, had not his attention been attracted by the melodious notes of the birds, while they saluted the setting sun.

His master returned with a basket of exquisite fruit. "Take your choice," said he, "and eat freely." He again went out, and returning some time after, "Your bath is ready, you may now use it." He led him into a large hall, where every thing was in the best order, and having undressed him with his own hands, conducted him into a stove moderately heated, where the air was perfumed with the richest aromatics.

Maugraby followed his pupil into the bath, and gently pressing the bruises that were most painful with a piece of fine and soft silk stuff, soon removed the uneasiness and inflammation.

"If my son were at Tadmor," said the magician, "this office would be entrusted to slaves: But how much better may it be performed by the hand of a father?"

"You are now easy, my dear child, let us go into the hall to supper." In the mean time, he combed and perfumed his hair, presented him with a rich under-dress, and a robe of silk embroidered with gold. He then led him into another apartment, which was lighted by an hundred crystal lustres, and made him recline on an elegant sofa.

"I do not promise," said he, "that you shall be always so commodiously seated: But after such fatigue, some rest is necessary. Sleep then for a little, while I prepare our repast. I have every thing at hand. The vegetables are gathered, the fowls killed, and I am wonderfully expeditious in the

the business of cookery. I shall afterwards teach you the same art." He then retired ; and Habed-il-Roumon, notwithstanding his surprize at every thing about him, was so overcome by fatigue and the vapours of the bath, that he fell fast asleep.

During his repose, a table was covered before him, which exhibited a sumptuous repast. Game, fish, dressed rice, confections, a variety of excellent wines, and a side-board loaded with all kinds of delicious fruits.

Maugraby at last awaked him. "Habed, said he, "it is time we should sit down to supper." The young Prince being at that period of life when the cravings of appetite are strongest, gladly placed himself at the table. His entertainer took his seat immediately opposite to him, and helped him to every dish with the greatest attention; studying to say every thing he thought might be agreeable or flattering, and expressing his compliments with peculiar sweetness of voice and manner.

This change in the magician's tone of voice, first struck the Prince's ear. He began then to examine the features of his face, and there remarked a change equally advantageous. He now appeared to be a venerable old man of a pleasing countenance, whose eyes had a sparkling lustre.

Habed-il-Rouman could not refrain from saying, with the greatest innocence and simplicity: "Sure you are not the ugly old fellow who carried me off, changed me into a mule, and beat me so unmercifully?"

"O child! I am very ugly, and very surly to those who have offended me; but to an obedient son such as you are at present, I am always such as you see me. Don't you acknowledge me now as your real father?"

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The glance of Maugraby's eye permitted not Hated to hesitate in his answer. "Oh! surely," said he, "You are my father." He had no sooner uttered these words than the magician rose, and embraced him in a transport of tenderness. "I was afraid that nature might have spoken.—But go, my dear son, enjoy your repose. I hope you will be the consolation of my old age, and that I shall leave behind me an heir possessed of more power than all the potentates of the earth."

Maugraby then took the young Prince to a chamber, where a magnificent bed was prepared for him. "Rest," said he, "take your fill of repose; and when you awake, I will shew you a few of the conveniencies about the palace, and we will afterwards think of what relates to your instruction."

The fair Sultaneess here again interrupted her narrative: "Observe, Sire, the hellish cunning of the detestable Maugraby. Who would have believed that he did not tenderly love this young man? Who would have thought, that he did not sincerely wish to promote his happiness: But he only sought to subject him by fear, and to engage his affections by indulgence, in order, at last, to subdue his soul and body, and make him as wicked, as devoted to Zatanai, as he was himself."

Maugraby was by turns his slave, his cook, and his preceptor: But in order the more perfectly to gain his confidence, and become completely the master of him whom he pretended to serve, the magician sought to ensnare him by every means that could allure his tender mind.

The young Prince of Syria, who had never before tasted wine, had drunk so freely, that he fell into a profound sleep. At sun-rising his assiduous

preceptor came to his bed side, and opening the curtains: "My son," said he, "this fine morning invites us to walk. Let us enjoy it. We will each take a bow and a quiver of arrows. We ought both of us to be dexterous archers; for you are an Arab; I a Moor.

"While we view the curiosities in our solitary excursion, the air, the earth, and the water shall afford us such things as may regale our appetite on our return home. You will now learn how pleasant it is to procure your own provisions."

While Maugraby held this discourse, he assisted Habel to put on his hunting dress. They now set out, the sky being serene and pure, but the horizon surrounded with mountains and thick clouds. The sun, though out of sight, shed a vivifying warmth, which was tempered by a gentle agitation of the air.

"I must now tell you, my dear son," said Maugraby, "in what part of the world we are. This little plain is environed on all sides by the summits of Mount Atlas: It is naturally a dry and uninhabitable desert.

"When I undertook to fertilize it, and make it the place of my residence, it contained nothing else than barren sand, over which floated thick vapours, like those you see in our horizon. Neither plant nor animal of any kind appeared. Perpetual tempests raged, and raised clouds of sand into the air. Not a drop of water was to be found; and all the potentates of the earth, uniting their powers, could not have rendered one spot of it habitable.

"But nothing is impossible to those, who, like you and I, have been devoted, from the first moment of life, to the Great Spirit that has the whole treasures of nature at his disposal, in case they pursue
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sue the studies necessary for the attainment of the sublime secrets of science.

"That mighty Power has enabled me to transport hither all the natural beauties of the most fertile plains; the luxuriance of vegetation, the variety of animals, and those innumerable springs and rivulets that embellish this fine country. In short, to the same Power I owe all I possess, and all we now enjoy."

While Maugraby amused his pupil with this wonderful recital, they advanced to the side of a gentle stream, of which the transparent waters glided over a bed of smooth pebbles, and discovered a multitude of fishes whose scales reflected the most beautiful colours. On the mossy bank, they observed an antelope, which, when Maugraby waved his hand, sprung up, and ran across the meadow. The magician discharged an arrow, with a sure aim, which pierced the creature's heart, and stretched him on the verdant turf.

Habed il-Rouman, fired with emulation, let fly an arrow at a young fawn, which was frisking between two thickets: The animal being wounded, after a few nimble bounds fell down and expired. "Well done! my son," said the magician. At the same time he approached the river, and transfixing a fish which played on the surface of the water, Habed rushed in and seized it, as it floated down the current.

"Let us leave off this sport," said Maugraby; "I shall send for our game afterwards. We must not burden ourselves at present; it would spoil the pleasure of our walk."

"I must now show you an object worthy of your attention, both for its beauty and utility. I mean our poultry-yard."

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“As I shall have occasion to absent myself from you, from time to time, during your stay here, our great aviary will afford you ample store of provisions, on such days as your studies, or any other cause, may induce you to omit the pleasures of the chase.

“This day’s walk shall be concluded by visiting it; and, on future occasions, I shall discover to you other things equally interesting and wonderful.” The magician now led him into the centre of a thick wood, where he saw a vast aviary surrounded with lofty trees. The mixture and the variety of fruits and blossoms here displayed, produced a charming effect.

The aviary was a square, each side of which measured a hundred paces, and its height was a hundred feet. It was inclosed by a netting of gold-wire, which had here and there a resplendent tinge of green and purple, and was of a texture so slender, that you could scarce perceive it till you approached close to it.

Among the trees and plants that embellished this place, were all those of which the fruits and seeds afforded suitable food for the various kinds of birds collected from every region of the earth. Those trees that were tall and naked, and on which the nests appeared inaccessible, were accommodated with moveable steps, that enabled you to ascend with ease to the top.

A great fountain played in the centre of the aviary, and returned its water into a basin of a circular form, from whence it was distributed in small rivulets through every part of the inclosure.

Favoured by this constant humidity and the warmth of the sun, there was here a perpetual spring of luxuriant plants, among which the feathered

thered inhabitants found an inexhaustible store of food.

The magician observed with pleasure, that the novelty of this sight operated powerfully on the mind of his young and innocent pupil. It was his intention to make the Prince forget entirely his former rank and situation, that he might be the more subjected to him, and the more easily led to concur in his dangerous plans.

Impelled by a puerile curiosity, Habel mounted to the top of one of the tallest cedars, and there finding two pairs of young turtle doves, he came down with them in his bosom. Had he got such a prize at Tadmor, he would have been truly happy; but here, in spite of all Maugraby's caresses, the young Prince was still under a disagreeable constraint.

"I suppose, my dear child," said the magician, "you are satisfied for the present. When you was on the cedar you might have seen the palace, which is at hand. Take home your pigeons and change your dress, which would incommode you through the day. I shall just look after our game, and return in an instant to get a refreshment prepared."

Habel-il-Rouman thus left alone, went on toward the palace. He might have fallen into serious reflection, had not his path led him through an orchard, which displayed a profusion of delicious fruit, tempting to the eye and to the palate.

He gathered some and found it exquisite. Having eat plentifully, he carried a load with him into the pavilion. As soon as he entered he set down his burden. All the birds in the different aviaries seemed to rejoice at his return, and to welcome his arrival by their various and melodious songs.

The Prince of Syria found a handsome dress lying ready for him. He had scarce put it on when the

the magician arrived. "Ah!" says he, "my son, Why did you dress without me? I would have assisted you to put on your clothes."

How much soever Habel had been accustomed to flattery, this speech made him blush: For his soul, still fondly attached to his father and mother, could not yield entirely to the cajoling caresses he saw lavished on him.

The magician observed fruit lying on the table. "Ha!" said, he, "I'll wager you have eat some of these apples."

The Prince again blushed. "Don't think, my dear child," resumed the magician, "that I am offended at what you have done. Every thing here is yours; all is at your disposal. I am not one of those fathers who would keep every thing to themselves, who commit the care of their children to others, that they may save their own trouble, and be at liberty to pursue selfish pleasures.

"My son is here a king as much as myself. If it be his duty to follow my dictates in every thing, it is mine to instruct him, and render his tasks easy.

"Observe, Habel! I forbid you to eat these fruits, only because I fear they might take away your appetite, and destroy all relish for the repast that shall soon be presented to us. Recline on this sofa; amuse yourself with the singing of the birds; this is not a working day with us. Your cook is too expeditious, and too anxious to serve you, to make you wait long."

The young Prince, dazzled with so many enticing objects, and confounded with their novelty, knew not what to think of all he saw and heard. He went up to the aviaries one after another, and presenting the tips of his fingers, made the pretty little flutterers peck them with their bills.

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He had scarce spent half an hour in this amusement, when a table was covered, on which appeared, fish, antelope, fawn, pigeons, and every thing suitable to such a feast.

The magician's behaviour was so attentive and insinuating, that his address began to triumph over the innocent-heart he strove to ensnare. The young Prince was inclined to think that the man who called him son, might really be his father by means of the apple he had heard so much of; and before the end of the treat, he drank to Maugraby by the name of Father. "But," said he, "is not Elmenour still my mother?"

"Your nurse was more your mother than she," answered Maugraby; "but I command you to think no more on those people, who, that they might be quit of you, had entrusted you to an old dotard that kept you under constant restraint, and, after all, taught you nothing but absurdities.

"If they gave you a bird, they thought they made you a fine present; I freely give you a hundred thousand. You was continually told that you was born to command, and yet you always found yourself subjected to an old grey-beard, who kept you poring over a foolish book, from which you could learn nothing worthy of remembrance.

"Your pretended father made himself be attended by seventy thousand guards, as if he were a precious person indeed! while you, poor little thing! was left neglected among the children where I found you.

"O my dear child! I am more enraged at those vile creatures you call your father and mother, on account of their ill treatment of you, than for all their breach of faith, perjury, and terrible ingratitude toward myself.

"I load-

"I loaded them with favours,—they thrice attempted my life! I doubt, when you have learned to know them better, I shall scarce be able to restrain your vengeance."

Though this reasoning was specious enough, yet Maugraby had here gone a little too far; for though he had spoken with a most affecting and vehement tone of voice, yet the heart of the young Prince so revolted at his discourse, that he hung down his head and shed some tears.

The artful magician saw that it was now necessary to efface the ideas he had awaked, and to silence the voice of nature which began to be loud against him. The stratagem he employed was to make Habel drink off a glass of sparkling liquor. Its effects on the head of the young Prince were sudden, and the pretended father bore him to a sofa, where he left him, sunk into a profound sleep.

When he awaked, he was again plied with all the caresses that flattery could suggest. From festivity he again returned to repose; and in the morning, new scenes of wonder awaited him.

The magician led him out to walk. He first carried him to the houses appropriated for keeping domestic animals; next to the menagerie of wild beasts: Here he was astonished to see that those creatures all appeared to fawn on him; even the most ferocious kinds, such as are seldom mentioned but as objects of terror, came creeping to his feet.

"You here behold," said the magician, "the privileges of the man of science. All animated nature obeys his voice. The dog that keeps the gate of your old grey bearded Cheik, would have bit him if he had come too near, nor would the cur have been quiet though his master had read the whole Alcoran to him: But I shall teach you one short sentence,

sentence, which will make every thing here, even the cedar, the loftiest of trees, to bend humbly at your feet. You must now be convinced that whatever you have formerly been taught, is nothing to this."

Habed returned to the pavilion of fountains more than ever astonished at what he had seen. Dinner was served in the most sumptuous style. He was indulged in every dish he fancied, and treated with unremitting attention.

The afternoon was employed in examining the library. He was here shewn a sufficient fund of amusement for his leisure hours. Here were instruments of music, apparatus necessary for astrology and the occult sciences, and, in short, the means of acquiring every kind of knowledge of which the human mind is susceptible.

"Man, without science," said the magician, "is nothing. His strength and agility is greatly inferior to that of several other animals, and he only possesses the slender advantage of communicating his thoughts; but even in this, brutes in some respects excel him; for his meaning is often misapprehended or unintelligible, whereas their language is always clear, uniform and just.

"This is the place in which you are to commence your studies. You have here an opportunity of availing yourself of every thing I have been able to collect, and of profiting by my knowledge. When I am satisfied with your progress, I shall teach you how your education is to be completed.

"You must first learn to arrange your thoughts; then to express them accurately. To assist you in this, you will here find every thing set down distinctly and progressively, in the order in which the ideas naturally arise in the mind.

"My

“My dear son, you can make little progress in these studies without my assistance, till you have given undoubted proofs of your assiduity, fidelity, and implicit submission to that Being, who here sports with every creature, with much more ease than you used to do with the play-things which served to amuse you in your confinement, under the odious Cheik.

“What I now say needs not deter you from prosecuting your studies. You will find the acquisition of science more easy than you may expect, after the principles are plainly laid down, and well understood. Nature is only a mystery to those who are ignorant of our art, and enjoy not the same opportunity you do at present, of finding a key to her secrets.”

Habed-il-Rouman had a quick apprehension, and was capable of the greatest application. His curiosity was highly excited, and for the most part he anticipated the instructions of his insidious tutor.

When the master and scholar had fixed the subjects and the hour of study, every exertion was made both by the one and the other. The young Prince was so intent on the pursuits in which he was engaged, that it was with difficulty he could be prevailed on to take his usual recreation of hunting and fishing; at length his mind seemed altogether absorbed in deep researches; and his progress in the science of mathematics was truly astonishing.

Maugraby rejoiced secretly to find a pupil so likely to second his views, the greater part of which, however, he could not yet venture to make known to him. But though he had determined, in time, to make the prince as wicked as himself, yet he resolved to keep him always his inferior in knowledge and power. When he observed that Habed
had

proceeded farther than he wished in any part of his studies, he always contrived to draw off his attention to some other object.

"Come, my dear child!" said he, "Let us leave the quadrant and the compass for a little; we have worked enough at present: Let us go visit our stables."

Habed il-Rouman followed him. He was surprised to see, in so remote a place, a more noble stud of horses than was to be found in the palace of Tadmor.

"You will no doubt wish, my dear child, to take an airing on one of those fine horses. Choose any one you like best, and I shall accompany you in your exercise."

As soon as the Prince had made his choice, the magician put an elegant saddle and bridle on the horse. The only rein he himself used, was a slender thread of green silk, passed through the mouth of his steed. Thus mounted, they both set out at full gallop.

The Prince, while he remained at Tadmor, had, for three years, been daily accustomed to ride. He sat firmly and gracefully on horseback, and managed the bridle with skill: But his instructor shewed him an easier method of riding. He taught him to speak to his horse, in such a manner as to be instantly understood and obeyed. The attention of Habed was now, for the time, withdrawn from the study of mathematics, in which he was making such rapid progress: but his inclination made him resume his former assiduity; and a variety of amusements were necessary to afford him some relaxation.

Among other curiosities, Maugraby shewed the Prince a number of large elephants. Habel admired these majestic animals; and begged to see some specimens of their extraordinary strength and sagacity.

After amusing himself with the instinctive wisdom and docility of the elephant, he followed Maugraby to the kitchen. The magician thought it now time to communicate to him the secret of his cookery.

Nothing was more simple. He ordered the dead antelope to throw off its skin, and divide itself into four quarters. He only touched it with his wand, and all was done in a moment.

He put a portion of the meat into a pan, and said, "Pan, do thy duty!" The fire obeyed his order in the same manner. In short, he did nothing, yet seemed to do every thing.

"My dear child! I must now give you a lesson, which will afterwards be very useful to you. When I am not present here, you may perform every thing just as I do, by pronouncing these words: *In the name of the Great Spirit, the Master of Spirits, obey the Son of the Family!*

"By to-morrow morning I shall be gone from hence. My duty calls me elsewhere. All things in the world are in a state of subordination: The most pleasant of the kind, however, is yours—filial subjection. I must, for a time, leave you alone; but my heart is still with you, and my thoughts shall be employed on no other object than you; so remember my commands, to do every thing with a view to your future advancement.

"Pursue your studies, my son, together with your exercises. Vary your amusements; and beware of such exertion of mind, as may injure your health, at a time when I am not at hand to apply a remedy.

"You can range through the whole extent of this fine country, without interruption. Every gate will fly open on your pronouncing the words I have taught you. Even the rivers, if they should impede your course in the chase, will open you a passage. The son of the Family is master in the family."

Having said this, he put him to bed, after embracing him in the most affectionate manner. He thus seemed to leave the young prince master of all he had; while his secret intention was, from selfish motives, to subject him to the cruelest slavery.

Next morning, Habel-il Rouman arose, and employed the day exactly in the manner prescribed by his master. He laid aside his calculations and his quadrant, and took up a musical instrument.

He next enjoyed the pleasures of hunting, and preferred living on his game to the cruelty of robbing the birds of their young. He collected vegetables and fruits, and made himself be served as sumptuously as if the magician had been present.

The young Prince was surrounded with so many various and agreeable objects, which, by turns, served to excite, and to gratify his curiosity, that all thoughts of his situation at Tador, were, in a manner, banished from his mind.

He could not help, however, reflecting, with a sort of contempt, on his former occupations and studies, which he was now taught to regard as mean and insignificant.

Nature, it is true, denied him the feelings of filial tenderness toward the magician ; but his sensibility led him to regard his instructor and benefactor, as one to whom he was under the greatest obligations.

The only way in which he could express his gratitude was, by punctually observing the plan of conduct prescribed to him by Maugraby. Habel therefore was resolved to do so.

" My inclination," said he aloud, " may lead me to apply constantly to the study of mathematics ; but this is forbidden me : And how can I acknowledge my gratitude for so many obligations, but by the most implicit obedience ?

The young Prince did well to think in this manner, and to express himself audibly in such terms : For Maugraby, like a dangerous spy, was still present, though invisible. He had only pretended to withdraw himself, that he might the more easily discover the intentions and inclinations of his pupil. When he thought these sufficiently tried, he again shewed himself.

The time the artful preceptor chose to make his appearance, was when the first rays of the sun and the sweet songs of the birds had waked Habel from sleep. He assisted the young Prince to dress, conversed with him in the most flattering language, and loaded him with caresses. They then resumed their usual round of occupations for the day.

The pupil, proud of the acquisitions he had made, rejoiced to give proofs of them to his master: He likewise shewed him, that he had not neglected his amusements; and that he had acquired much more dexterity in the use of his bow.

On horseback, he wielded his lance with peculiar grace and skill; with his scymiter, he cleft an apple, when at full speed.

He had made use of every privilege for his convenience or pleasure. The wardrobe had been made to afford him a new dress when he wanted it; and in short, he had used every thing, and abused nothing. What more could the magician require? But he pretended to learn all this with great pleasure, as if he had been ignorant of what had passed.

For two months, Maugraby had continued the same assiduities, nor had he once left his pupil: But the time now approached at which he was to put in practice his grand enterprise.

Some unforeseen circumstances might have occurred to force him to throw off the mask; and if Habed had discovered his intentions, he either would have renounced all connection with him, or, though he had even complied, he could no longer have been that innocent victim which the magician was bound to present to Zatanai, his master, in order to obtain a greater share of his favour.

It therefore became necessary to prepare him, as soon as possible, to be offered at the shrine of that wicked spirit, in the place where he receives the homage of those impious wretches, who have renounced the worship of their Creator, and the protection of Mahomet.

The

The temple, destined to these sacrilegious rites, lies under the sea, near Tunis. The descent is by nine gates of the Dom-Daniel. The passage between each gate, is a stair of fourteen hundred steps. The whole magicians, who were so far advanced in the art as to know the winding passages that led to any of these fatal gates, were here obliged to meet at stated times; each entering by the passage with which he was acquainted. Matigraby knew all the avenues.

Here Zatanai, or his representative, held his grand divan with his faithful servants, who deliberated on the surest means of introducing mischief into the world, under the appearance of good.

At the foot of this horrible throne, was the candid, the innocent Habel, to be presented; there to make a sacrifice of his integrity; to renounce all laws, human and divine, and become the blind instrument of the cruelest and most odious tyranny, while he thought himself in the path of knowledge and happiness.

But it was necessary to pass through the Dom-Daniel, in order to approach the throne of Zatanai. Every one who expects admission there, must previously study the twelve first books of the forty, that are called the Gates of the Occult Sciences.

No man can explain them to his fellow-creature. The key must be discovered by one's own application.

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Those twelve books treat of the manner of forming enchantments; that is, of doing mischief: The art of destroying them is a secret reserved for the thirteenth book, which can only be understood by those, who are empowered by the master whom they serve, sometimes to do apparent good, only, however, for the sake of evil to follow. But no man, without instruction, can find the key to this secret.

The magician was soon to undertake a journey, which obliged him really to absent himself from his habitation, and remove to such a distance, as rendered it impossible for him to watch over his pupil with the same assiduity as formerly. But he set his mind at ease. Every thing here depended on his enchantments, and was subjected to him. The innocent Habel was entirely devoted to his service; his good nature, and his ignorance, secured him, he thought, against any apprehension from his understanding and genius. He was now indeed to commence the study of enchantments: but what use could he make of these in a place where every thing was already enchanted?

"My dear son," said he, when he communicated his intention of leaving him, "I am now to be separated from you for some time; I cannot tell precisely how long: My tender love for you makes me hope that it will be short. Wherever I am, I shall always be mindful of you; and I hope you will never forget the injunctions, which my paternal affection obliges me to lay on you. My advices, however, are equal

equal to absolute commands, and must, in no shape, be disobeyed.

"Enjoy every thing here in the same manner you have hitherto done. You are not yet acquainted with all the wonders of this place. Some are perhaps as interesting as any you already know; but I wish to leave the discovery of them to chance, that you may, from time to time, be agreeably surprised with novelties in your excursions.

"I have hitherto restrained you from too intense application in your studies. I was afraid you might become sedentary and inactive; but your constitution is now fortified, and you must redouble your exertions.

"After my return, I shall conduct you to a place where the gates of science will be opened to you. Let us, in the mean time, go into the library, of which I shall deliver you the keys.

"You observe that long range of forty volumes. I recommended to you the study of the first twelve. You must make yourself as much master of each, as if you had composed the work. You will there find a multitude of secrets, which you must penetrate by your own ingenuity; but I absolutely prohibit you from making use of them without me, and I require your promise to that effect."

Habid-il-Rouman cheerfully promised whatever the magician required. Maugraby having tenderly embraced him, took his leave. Soon after a slight tremour of the earth announced to all, except the young Prince, that the magician had done violence to that element, by opening
a pas-

a passage through the mountain, as he usually did at his departure.

The young Habel-il-Rouman was now a second time left alone: But, as he was commanded to study, he had no reason to fear that he would experience the tediousness of solitude.

He took up the first of the twelve books. He was at a loss to comprehend even its plan or introduction; but he soon found out, that the meaning was discoverable by calculation. When he had advanced a little in his studies, his labour was greatly facilitated; and such was the force of his genius, that he acquired in a few days, what would have been, to one of an ordinary capacity, the work of a year. When he made himself completely master of the twelve books, he felt a desire to proceed to the thirteenth; but here he found it impossible to decypher one line: All his skill, all his exertions were in vain.

To no purpose did he rack his brain to discover the meaning; for aught he could see, it was inscrutable.

At last he called to mind an advice, which his old master, the Cheik, used to give him. "Never torture your thoughts too much, my dear child," would he say; "but address yourself to the Great Prophet. Pray that he would enlighten your mind, and then resume your work." As often as he had followed this advice, he always found it attended with success.

Ever since the Prince of Syria had remained in this place, all ideas of religion had been banished from his mind, by the discourse, and the example.

example of the crafty magician. Happily the young Prince was now obliged to recur to his old practice. He recollected the form of prayer which the Chelik had taught him: After earnestly pronouncing it, he went to bed, and fell asleep.

Between sleeping and waking, a vision appeared to him in a human form. "My child," said the apparition, with a mild tone of voice, the method you pursue will never enable you to explain this book; but I shall give you the key to the secret.

"The first line, read from the left to the right, presents the following sentence: *The first chapter was composed in the third moon of the month Nisan.* That is seemingly its meaning; but it is by no means its true import.

"Count the letters which compose it; subject each to calculation, and the number which results will correspond to the line for which you are to seek. Arrange these according to their order, and you will have the sense of the whole chapter, which has just so many lines as there are letters in the first sentence.

"You will observe the same method in all the succeeding chapters to the end of the book, and there you must conclude your studies. No more is requisite for the work I intend you should perform.

"When you have finished your labour, you must go into the chamber of the magician, and there you will see a statue: Give it a slight blow on the right cheek, saying, *Do thy duty for the Son of the Family!* It will turn aside, and

and the wall behind will open, so as to discover things worthy of your attention."

Having eagerly listened to every syllable of this discourse, Habed found it impossible again to compose himself to sleep. He therefore arose, and hastened to his apartment, where the tapers were still lighted.

He went to the library to fetch his book, and before day-break, he had solved every difficulty, and fully attained his purpose. One chapter, above all the rest, attracted his notice. It treated of the means necessary for discovering if any animal was a man transformed, or if it was a mere brute. It likewise clearly shewed in what manner speech may be restored, in case the animal is found to be a man.

The Prince of Syria then began to reflect on the vast number of creatures he had seen in the menagerie of wild beasts, and elsewhere. Alas! thought he, those lions and tigers that carressed me so much, are perhaps of the same species with myself! I shall try to make one of them speak. This operation is not contained in any of the twelve books, the secrets of which I have promised not to use: But first of all I must obey the kind apparition, who commanded me to go into the magician's chamber.

He then provided himself with a tinder-box, a match, a taper, and some perfumes, and proceeded cautiously toward the apartment of his dangerous master.

He there found the statue; and when it turned aside, the wall opened, and discovered a great aviary, filled with parrots, jays, pies, starlings, and other birds, that have the power of imitating

ing the human voice. They all joined in a confused cry of "Who's there? Who's there? But Habed soon found, that they could only utter a few incoherent words, without understanding their meaning.

Surely, thought the prince, none of these can be human creatures enchanted, for they all speak. He, however, remarked one large Indian hara*, which sat on a perch, fettered by the foot with a steel chain. This bird always kept silence. The young prince approached it, and asked, "Why art thou chained? Art thou mischievous?" The poor bird drooped its head. "Why don't you speak like the rest?" continued he, "Is it possible that thou art a man changed into a hara?"

The bird again hung down its head, and cast a look on the prince, that seemed to implore his compassion.

"Ah!" said Habed, "sure I am not sent here in vain. Mahomet, to whom I addressed my prayer, would not deceive his servant."

"Mahomet! Mahomet!" cried all the birds, clapping their wings: and the hara, though silent, was more agitated than the rest.

"This is extraordinary indeed," said the Prince; "I must try to make this hara speak, in case it be a man. Come bird," said he, "let me pull three feathers from thy head." The hara testified its readiness to comply, by stretching out its neck.

Habed-il-Rouman put the three feathers in his bosom, struck fire, lighted a taper, burnt the

* In Arabia, *hara*, or *darra*, is a name given indiscriminately to all parrots.

the perfumes he had brought on purpose, and said,
If thou art a human creature, I restore speech to thee.

"Alas! I am indeed a human creature," cried the hara, with an air of melancholy, "and a very wicked one too, since I have joined in the evil practices of Maugraby, that child of the devil. I am, however, happy beyond what I merit, since God has had compassion on me, and since Mahomet has sent thee, his messenger, to deliver us." The name of Mahomet was again re-echoed through the whole aviary.

"Tell me then," resumed the Prince, "since thou art really a human being, can I restore thy form?"

"That is not possible," answered the hara, "unless God should enable you to vanquish the wretch who detains me here; but what do I say? I have been enslaved by my own consent!—You must make yourself master of his power, before I can hope to resume my natural form.—Alas! young messenger of the Prophet, I fear you do not yet know where you are. Pray tell me, by what means you have come hither, and how you have been able already to perform this miracle in my favour?"

The Prince recounted his history in a few words, and ended by mentioning the vision.

"O just providence!" cried the hara, "thou hast employed one whom the monster regarded as a victim of his vile arts, to save us, and to hasten the day of vengeance! Young Prince, my confinement has already continued a long time, and my sufferings would have been unsupportable, had I not hoped at last to be relieved: But there

are persons here more unhappy than I am : Would to God, that a sufficient number may still survive, to assist you in effecting our deliverance ! For every day some one of them is rescued from misery by the hand of death. This is the theatre of Maugraby's long continued cruelties ; but elsewhere he exercises barbarities of a more terrible kind.

“ My dear Prince, you have no doubt, amid your amusements, been taught to guide a chariot ; for I know the arts practised by our insidious betrayer on his innocent pupils. Make haste then to have the horses yoked, and do not omit to provide yourself with some light viands, and a phial of elixir. Proceed toward the east, till you arrive at the foot of the mountain. There you will find a statue of black marble, which you must strike on the left cheek. It will turn aside, and discover a trap-door, which is the entrance to a cavern. With a light in your hand, you must descend into this dungeon, where your humanity and good sense will dictate how you are to proceed. If you can save the life of only four of those perishing wretches, in whose unhappy fate you probably would have soon participated, you may vanquish Maugraby, and deliver me from these fetters.”

The last part of this speech, made the blood of Hated run chill in his veins. He could not altogether restrain his feelings ; but he gave himself no time for reflection. He hurried away from this sad spectacle, regretting that he could not set the hara free from its chains. He went to the repository of drugs, and to the kitchen, where he provided every thing necessary for his expedition.

The

The chariot was soon prepared, in a place where all was done *in the name of the master and the son of the family*. But while he pronounced these words, he could not help adding in his own mind, "Great Prophet! what an infamous master do I serve! Of what a detestable family am I the son!"

These reflections, however, only made him the more zealous in the prosecution of his design. He saw that if he did not anticipate the return of the magician, he had every thing to fear from his vengeance; the very idea of which filled him with horror.

Habed-il Rouman soon arrived at the place described to him by the hara. He saw the statue, and gave it a stroke in the way he had been directed. The vast mass turned round as if set on a pivot, and shewed that its base covered the entrance to a cavern. Habed struck a light, and, with a taper in his hand, descended the trap-stair,

His ears were assailed with piteous groans, and feeble cries, which seemed all to issue from one place of the dungeon. As he advanced, he discovered a sort of well, without railing, where he found many dead bodies, and a few with some appearance of life, suspended by the heels on iron hooks, with their heads downward.

He hastily drew up one,—but it was a lifeless corpse withered to a skeleton. He took up another, who seemed to breathe a little. The young Prince administered a few drops of the elixir, and saw with joy that the unhappy sufferer was still alive. Of all he found in the well, only five were capable of receiving succour. These he brought into the

open air, one after another, placed them in the chariot, and returned instantly to the palace.

The elixir, aided by the fresh air, began to operate by the way. At their arrival, the stoutest were able, with a little assistance, to descend from the carriage; the others were carried under the vestibule of the palace.

Habed-il-Rouman again went in search of essences and elixirs, which he soon brought. Being in a place where every thing was influenced by magic, he needed only command them to *serve the son of the family*, and their effect was instantaneous. These dying creatures were thus restored to life, and to the use of their faculties. They began to feel the cravings of hunger; and their deliverer led them into the hall, where a repast was provided for them.

Having been so long without food, the avidity of their appetite might have exposed them to the danger of a surfeit; but the potent medicines they had used, prevented every danger of that sort. At the end of the entertainment, the guests of Habed, though a little pale, were a very lively company.

When they had satisfied their hunger and thirst, the Prince of Syria conducted them to the pavilion of fountains, where he made them put off the rags with which they were covered, and presented them with new and comfortable dresses. He then intreated them, one after another, to satisfy his curiosity, by telling their histories.

"How," asked he, "and for what reason, were you thrown into the dreadful pit from which I took you?"

"Alas!"

"Alas!" answered one of them, "before we can satisfy you, we must beg to know who you are, and what connection you have with the execrable wretch who tyrannises over every being here, that we may speak with confidence, and without dreading that the present respite may only be a presage of future sufferings.

"You took us," continued he, "from the most terrible situation imaginable; in a state intermediate between sleeping and waking, we were tormented by frightful dreams: We suffered a thousand deaths, without being able to die. Even our present happiness may be a dream; by which the cruel magician expects to increase our after torments. Your appearance however, inspires confidence, and your conduct merits our gratitude; but we are subjected to a wretch, who takes every method to practice deceit."

"He is, no doubt, my enemy," replied Habel, "as much as yours." He then recounted his adventures in a few words; ending with the mysterious dream, and the manner in which a human creature, transformed into a hara, had directed him to fly to their deliverance.

"We bless God, and Mahomet his prophet," resumed the young man who had formerly spoken: "I now see a ray of light pierce the thick darkness, amid all the guilt and horror of this place. I see, that you who have like ourselves, been marked out by Maugraby for destruction, will be the means of our preservation. Oh could we rid the earth of this monster!—But to convince you that I do not speak without reason, I shall tell you my history.

History

History of Halaïaddin, Prince of Persia.

Birminvansha my father ascended the throne of Persia, at the age of seventeen, having had the misfortune to lose his father at that early period.

While he was busy in making preparations for his approaching marriage with the daughter of the Sultan of Curdes, his first vizier, who had secretly fomented a rebellion, invested the palace, where he had corrupted the guards. The progress of the traitors was so rapid, that my father had scarce time to put on a disguise, and escape to the desert, mounted on one of his fleetest coursers.

As he knew that his enemies would pursue him, he exhausted the strength of the poor animal on which he rode. After running a whole day and night, his horse sunk under the fatigue, and fell down near a grotto dug out of a rock. My father did what he could to bring the creature into the shade of the grotto, that he might be protected from the burning rays of the sun.

A man dressed in the habit of those who usually join the caravans in their journey to Mecca, lay asleep in this caravan. The noise of the horse's feet at the entrance, waked him. He started up, and, rubbing his eyes, thus addressed my father :

“Fellow-

"Fellow-traveller in the desert, whither art thou bound? You may think yourself fortunate in having found this grotto, in which you may repose; for I know no other asylum in a compass of twenty leagues around this place; and you seem much fatigued."

"I follow no certain route," said my father, who was not afraid to discover himself to a single old man. "I flee from my enemies: Till yesterday I was a king; but my first minister has seized my crown, and I found it difficult to escape with my life."—"You are here in safety," resumed the pilgrim. "Yes" answered my father, "if, in my present starving condition, I could find a little food for myself, and provender for my horse."

"Such fare as I have shall be at your service," said the old man. "Here are dressed rice and barley bread, onions, dates, and a flask of excellent liquor. Take a little repose. I shall lead your horse to a place where he will find pasture, and soon return with a vessel full of water. We shall then live as travellers ought to do."

My father seeing it impossible to do better, suffered the pilgrim to pursue his kind intentions. The old man returned with the water, and went to a corner of the grotto, where he took up a sack, and opening it, produced more than he had promised; a cheese made of goat's milk, some nuts, and in short, every thing that might serve for a hermit's feast, in a place where the earth could produce nothing.

"Unfortunate Prince!" said the pilgrim, "you owe me a recital of your history. Perhaps

haps I may be able to comfort you, for I hate usurpers. He who has usurped your crown, must be a wretch, indeed ! You are too young to have done evil ; and you are, without doubt, the victim of ambition, and not a sacrifice to the public good.

“ You have guessed right, pilgrim,” said my father ; “ I had only reigned fifteen days, when a grand vizier of my father’s, who commanded his forces, took advantage of his power, and seized my throne. The monster, however, had always concealed his ambition, under the mask of hypocrisy.”

“ O hypocrisy ! hypocrisy, my dear Prince, is a terrible vice. May these eyes never behold the dome of the holy mosque,” exclaimed the pilgrim, “ if I don’t teach you a method of being revenged on this hypocrite !”

“ Eh ! what method can you teach me ?” asked my father. “ It is this,” answered the pilgrim : “ Return immediately to your capital, exchange dresses with me, and take your lodgings in a caravansary without the gates.” — “ But, pilgrim, my horse will be known.” — “ Was not your horse black ? I now desire that he should become white, with a black tail and mane.” — “ You desire it ; but is that sufficient ?” — “ O, my young Prince, you have not reigned long enough to know the power of a king : It somewhat resembles mine ; for my will is a law, and your horse is now white. I have left a black circle about his eyes, and he will lose nothing by his change of colour. Let us go see him.”

My father followed the pilgrim. He observed a white horse feeding at the side of a fountain, in a sort of plain between two steep rocks. He ventured to call the horse by the name he usually gave to his own; and the creature instantly came to his hand.

"Let us sit down here a little," said my father. "I see, pilgrim, thou dost not at present appear what thou really art. My father always esteemed people of your profession, and it was my intention also to have favoured them. In my present destitute situation, I willingly implore all the aid of magic."

"My Prince," returned the pilgrim, "can there be any thing reprehensible in it, when employed to punish an usurper and an hypocrite? Hypocrites are hated even in the infernal regions. O! how detestable is the character, how opposite to mine! Wherever I find hypocrisy, I crush it. Since you have some confidence in my abilities, I shall tell you in what manner I intend to employ them in your favour. Your enemies shall humbly intreat you to re-ascend the throne, and you shall trample them under foot.—"But when may I expect the accomplishment of this promise?"—"In three days," answered the pilgrim, "if you will promise me a suitable reward; for every one who performs his work, will expect his hire."—"You may, command my treasury."—"Fy! fy!" said the pilgrim, "what are your riches to me, who can live on cheese and dried fruits? I am an old man, and need help and consolation. That I can only expect to find from a son; and I never can hope to have one of my own. You can
marry

marry sixty wives if you think proper, by whom you may promise yourself a numerous posterity. Give me your first-born male-child; let him be mine. You will find that I shall be in no haste to deprive you of him; but when he is able to fast with me a few days in the desert, he shall be treated as you are. He shall not die for hunger, I assure you."

My father recollected, that at the moment of his flight, he had heard that the ambassador of the Sultan of Curdes had already agreed to give the hand of the princess Laila to the son of the usurper. Birminvansha was in love with her; and in the present situation of his affairs, all the women on earth, and all the children that might spring from them, were indifferent to him. What is an infant, whom we don't know, and with whom we resolve to part, when put in competition with a crown, and the pleasure of revenge?

He acceded to the proposal which the magician made him. "Then," said the pretended pilgrim, "I will risk every thing for you, and even abandon my pilgrimage. Let us set out to-morrow morning; and the better to prepare us for our journey, we will empty a flask of Schiraz wine."

The agreeable manners and conversation of the pilgrim made the day pass on insensibly. At night, the grotto was in better order than formerly. The stones which served as sofas, were covered with soft moss, and three lamps diffused a clear and pleasant light through the whole cavity.

The pilgrim brought out his sack of provisions; and Birminvansha expected to see him produce onions and nuts as at dinner; but in place of these, a pheasant, some partridges, and a variety of cold meats, were presented to his eyes.

"Our evening provider," said the pilgrim, "has not been so sparing as he who served us in the morning. Let us do honour to his attention. He then carved the meat with dexterity, and politely invited my father to partake of the repast, which he did without much intreaty.

The bottle of Schiraz wine was soon emptied, and another took its place, till at last both the pilgrim and his guest fell fast asleep.

At sunrise they quitted the mossy couch on which they reposed: "Let us depart, my Prince," said the pilgrim; your horse is ready saddled; let us go straight to your capital."—"But are you to travel on foot?" said Birminvansha to his companion. "No," answered he, "that would retard us too much; I shall mount behind you."—"You will have a very disagreeable seat."—"Not so bad as you think.

"Come, Lightning! is not that thy name said the pilgrim addressing himself to the horse; "lengthen thy sides to make room for thy master's squire; obey the command of Maugraby!"

"And pray who is this Maugraby?" asked my father:—"I am he at your service, my young Prince. You may perhaps have heard of me: But you shall be convinced by and by, that

that every one in the world has enemies. People are best known by their actions; and you shall soon see how I treat hypocrites. I shall not conceal from you any stratagem I may use against them; and their obstinacy must be very great, if they do not yield to me."

In the mean time the horse was really lengthened, and carried them with astonishing swiftness toward the capital; so that Birminvantha and the pilgrim, who had set out at the rising of the sun, arrived at the gates of the city at the setting of that luminary.

The pilgrim alighted, disguised in the dress of a stable boy, being the same in which my father escaped, he took the horse by the bridle, and led him into the first caravanfary.

From the beauty of the horse, every one concluded the master to be a pilgrim of distinction, concealed under an humble dress. The intelligent Maugraby soon found my father a lodging, and provided him with whatever he wanted.

"Be not impatient, but repose yourself here, my Prince," said he: "I go into the city to hear what has been done, to sound the inclinations of the people, that I may take my measures accordingly." He then went away, and did not return till late in the evening.

"What do you think of your foolish people?" said he to my father; "they sing, they dance, they feast, on the occasion of the marriage of the usurper's son with the princess Laila; in short, they seem already to have forgot you. Did one not know how silly and changeable they

they are, one would be tempted to vow revenge. But it is needless to trouble our thoughts about them ; they are, at least, no hypocrites. Nothing is more odious to me than a mask of wisdom ; and I am this night to begin my operations in your favour. But what pledge do you give me for the fulfilment of your promise, which I expect you will now renew ?”

My father was then entirely occupied with the thoughts of his charming Laila, whom he believed to be at that moment in the arms of his rival. This was his first passion ; he had never loved another than this Princess, so that jealousy, and the hope of revenge would have made him promise anything.

“ I know what you mean,” said he to Maugraby ; “ you are to have my first child by a lawful wife. I here repeat my promise, that it shall be yours, and you may have my horse in pledge, if you please, as I have nothing else at present to offer you.”

“ Your horse is an excellent beast ; I accept your offer ; and shall mount him to-morrow, when I go to inquire after our affairs. Let us sup and be cheerful. Every body will not sleep so sound as we may do to-night.”

In the morning Maugraby mounted the horse, and did not make his appearance again till the evening. “ I have good news for you,” said he to my father ; “ the King, his Viziers, his Emirs, have all had the most frightful dreams last night. Hideous apparitions have accused them in their sleep of treason and infidelity to their Sovereign, threatening them, at the same, in a

terrible manner if they did not instantly return to their duty. This was the day of the grand divan; and it was amusing to observe what consternation appeared in every face, as soon as they had communicated their dreams to each other.

"The usurper, who was more politic than the rest, was very sparing of his words: His terror, however, was evident in his looks. I cannot tell what resolutions they have taken; but that will be known by to-morrow, and next day we shall proceed to action.

"The only other piece of news I have learned, is, that orders are issued to stop the festivities on account of the marriage of the usurper's son with the Princess of Curdes, which were to have continued eight days longer. That is one small step toward a revolution: But we must use some decisive measures to bring those rebels to a sense of their duty. To-morrow we shall deliberate together on what is to be done."

Next morning Maugraby appeared to be in ill humour. "These people with whom we are dealing, have no steadiness except in what is bad. One night, disturbed with dreams, made them resolve to return to their lawful Prince; the next they have passed quietly, and all their good resolutions are forgotten. Some decisive stroke must be made, that the impression may sink deep into their minds. If you can find satisfaction in seeing the punishment of your enemies, you may here enjoy it. Without either you or I being seen, I will make them dream in your presence."

presence. But first I must have this chamber hung with black cloth, that no objects may strike their eyes. I will then order my slaves to fetch them here, the moment they fall asleep in bed. We will sit on this sofa behind a curtain, and observe what passes."

Maugraby had scarce finished his preparations, when a gigantic black of a terrible aspect, presented himself: "Master," said he, "the King has just now gone to bed with a young Circassian beauty, whom he bought from a merchant this morning. Your slaves have laid the girl to rest, and are transporting hither the sleeping King."

"Ilage Cadahé," said Maugraby, "be sure to act your part well. Place the King on a wooden stool, and kindle a fire, which you know how to use. The negro brought a pan full of burning coals, which he made to flame more violently by the strong blast of his breath."

As soon as the usurper was seated, the negro addressed him with a voice like thunder: "What are thou wretch?"

The culprit, interrogated by so dreadful a voice, endeavoured to draw back a little, and seemed to consider if he were awake or not. He at last asked with a timid accent: "Am not I the King of Persia?"—"Thou the King of Persia? Slaves," said he to the four who had brought the usurper, "give him the bastinado,—give a hundred strokes to this slave of Birminvantha's father, who has betrayed his master by such detestable hypocrisy; who has turned the arms of the state which were entrusted to him, against the son of his

his benefactor. Obey the command of Nakaronkir*."

The unhappy usurper was subjected to the punishment, and uttered the most dreadful shrieks, which might have alarmed the whole caravanfary, had not the magician, by his art, previously stopped all ears. He was no sooner released from this species of torture, than another was prepared for him.

The negro ordered him to be replaced on the stool. "This wicked hypocrite was resolved to reign," cried he, "give him a sceptre, and put a crown on his head; but let both be of red hot iron."

"He will not accept of the sceptre," said the negro, "put on the crown." They offered to place it on his head, and it singed his hair. He stretched out his hand to grasp the sceptre, as willing to choose the least of two evils. "Mercy! mercy!" exclaimed he, "have pity on me Nakaronkir; I shall reign no longer."

"Each hour you reign," said the negro, "you heap so many burning coals on your own head!"—"I shall reign no more, dear Nakaronkir! Where is Birminvantha, that he may come and take my place?"

"You must search for him," answered the negro. Let the court, the capital, and the whole kingdom put on mourning. Let your lawful Prince be sought for every where: when found, you and your base courtiers must go to meet

* Nakaronkir, is a spirit said to be sent by Mahomet to those who have been guilty of crimes; and his office is to urge them to repentance.

meet him with your head and feet bare, and fall down on the earth before him."

"Ah! take away that terrible hot iron!" cried the usurper, who was more afraid than hurt; "take it away, and I shall do what you please, Nakaronkir!"

"Let him go for this day," said Ilage Cadahé. The four slaves instantly bore him away, and placed him fast asleep by the side of the fair Circassian, who happened then to awake. She was astonished to find that she had slept so long; nor could she account for the strong and disagreeable smell of burning which she felt.

When Maugraby was left alone with my father, he put the chamber in order. "I told you," said he, "that you should see how I serve your enemies. If the King has been roughly handled, I can make you certain that his Viziers and generals have not been more gently dealt with. One only has been spared, and he is the son of the usurper; because the fair Laila has chastised him, and he has submitted respectfully to his punishment."

"What could Laila do," demanded my father eagerly, "that merits so much approbation?"

"The affair is not new; but the discretion of the parties has confined the secret to the palace, and I got notice of it only to day."

"On the wedding night, the young man expected to receive the embraces of his bride, but as soon as he approached her, she spat in his face."

"Audacious slave!" cried she, "take that from the wife of thy Sovereign. I longed to give thee thy reward!"

The

The son of the tyrant, whose dispositions were unlike those of his father, retired in confusion but he kept quiet, and did not attempt to justify himself. "Permit me, Madam," said he, "to sleep at your feet this night. I respect even your resentment; and I acknowledge the indignity you have offered me, to be no more than I deserve. I could bear with it; but I fear my father's anger, and I would sooner die than expose you to so powerful an enemy."

"You have a noble soul," answered Laila; "I pardon you, and I hope also for your forgiveness. Enjoy your repose." Each succeeding night has passed in the same manner; and your spouse is still worthy of you. This, I think, is the best news I can tell you to night: To-morrow we may expect other events. These will, no doubt, be curious enough. I have not indeed subjected all the rebels to the bastinado; but I hope to see them assembled at the divan. As I shall be a witness of their behaviour, under some form or other, you may expect from me, an account of what is done. But the night being far advanced, I advise you to take a little rest."

My father complied the more readily with this advice, as he felt his mind relieved by the account he had heard of the Princess Laila's behaviour to the son of the usurper. As for Maugraby, although he went late to bed, he was abroad before day while all the gates of the carvanfary were shut.

He returned at an earlier hour than usual. "O Birminvansha!" said he, "how you would have

have been amused, had you accompanied me to the divan, and heard their discomfited stories.

The four Viziers, whom fear had made candid and unreserved, communicated their dreams to each other before taking their seats. Their astonishment was equal to their terror, when they discovered the exact uniformity of the visions which had afflicted them in their sleep.

"They called the principal officers of the law, and consulted privately with them on the subject.

"Their surprise was inexpressible: But the looks of consternation and anxiety which appeared in every face, left no room to doubt the truth of what they had been told: The behaviour of the Emirs and generals, when they arrived, also confirmed their belief.

"Nothing was to be seen in this assembly of a hundred people, comprehending hussars and inferior officers, but detached parties talking together of dreams and Nakaronkir. If that spirit delights to inspire terror, none ever served him better than I have done on this occasion.

"At last, it was determined by the assembly, after mature deliberation, that the gates of the divan should be kept shut, till they could make such resolutions as might pacify Nakaronkir, who had declared his will in so terrible a manner.

"A report was spread, that the king was indisposed, and no one doubted that he had undergone, like others, the capricious chastisements of Nakaronkir. Every other fear was lost in the terror which that formidable spirit had inspired,

and

and three deputies were appointed to announce to the King the resolution of the assembly, that search should be made for Birmanvansha, in order that he might be reinstated in his throne.

"I followed them," added Maugraby; "and had not the proud spirit of the King been humbled by the discipline he underwent last night, they would have met with a very unfavourable reception: But mark his hypocrisy and dissimulation; though his hair, his forehead, and the tips of his fingers were burned, and though the will of Nakaronkir had not been expressed to any other in so decisive a manner, yet he listened with incredible patience to the recitals of his courtiers, and, concealing his own fears and pain, addressed them to this purpose:

"I took upon me," said he, "the management of the government, because I thought Birminvansha unable, by reason of his youth, to hold the reins with a firm hand: It was my intention, however, to restore his dignity, when he advanced to a mature age, and when his mind had been formed by my counsels and example; but since it is the will of heaven that he should reign, I am ready to lay down the burden I had undertaken to sustain on his account. He shall see, that if I employed some violent measures to wrest the public business from his hands, when I thought him too young and inexperienced, I shall use means equally striking, to recal him to the throne which he has abdicated.

"I order all the persons about my palace to put on mourning: Let a fast be observed continually, till the King be found; and I declare myself

myself to be no more than his humble representative, while I remain in this place. Let this order extend to the city, and over the whole kingdom; and let a reward be offered to him who shall discover to what part of the world Birminvansha has retired. This was my intention previous to my knowledge of the disagreeable circumstances you have related. Inform the divan, that as soon as I can come abroad, I will appear in mourning, like others; but mine will be deeper; for I intend to have my head and my beard shaved, and continue to mortify myself, 'till I have the satisfaction of replacing your lawful Sovereign on the throne. In this situation, I decline to interfere with business, and desire you to recommend the management of all public affairs to the Viziers.

"This, my Prince," said Maugraby, is the last effort of the usurper's dissimulation. With what art does he contrive to conceal from the public eye, the effects of the fire on his hair and beard! What a profound villain!—In the mean time, you may make yourself easy. Suffer the populace to raise their expectations to watch your return at every gate; and when the revolution has advanced so far, that the general voice of the people is loud in your favour, I shall lend you the horse which you have given me in pledge. You shall then appear in a suitable dress; Ilage Cadahé, my negro, shall be your first eunuch, and I myself your slave. You must, however, have patience for four days, during which space I shall omit nothing that can serve you; and you may rest assured, that your spouse will be still respected."

My

My father allowed Maugraby to take his own way. On the fifth day, the magician led him out of the city, mounted on a white horse with a black mane and tail, in the garb of a pilgrim, and the same day made him return, by a different gate, seated on the black horse which had served him in making his escape.

A robe and turban, that were decent, though not magnificent, had been substituted for the pilgrim's dress. Ilage Cadahé and the magician marched on opposite sides of the horse, each leaning his hand on the croup.

The first of the populace that met my father, prostrated themselves at his feet. The gates were in a moment, rendered impassable by the crowd, and my father was obliged to retreat into the house of an Emir. Nothing was to be heard but the general cry of *Long live Birminvansha our King!*

The report of the King's arrival soon reached the palace, where the divan was assembled. The usurper, whose scars were now less observable, thought fit to attend. He threw off his sandals, and, with his head and feet bare, advanced, followed by the Viziers and Emirs, and humbly besought my father to resume the sceptre.

I pass over the ceremonies and festivals that were observed, on the occasion of my father's marriage with Laila; and the vengeance he took on the usurper and his adherents. All the rebel chiefs fell by the hands of the executioner, except the son of the usurper, whose respect for Laila, who had insulted him so grossly, procured

cured him a pardon. I come now to the departure of Maugraby.

When this monster who had declaimed so loudly against hypocrisy, had seen all the criminals put to death, he pretended to be fully satisfied with the security of my father's situation. "You are now," said he, "re-established on your throne, and have no more need of my assistance. I must depart; but remember me when you have a son. Remember that he is mine by right, as the just reward of my labours, I have done much, and undergone incredible fatigues.—I begin to fail, and need a staff to support my age. Educate him well, that after being a comfort to me, he may return to console you in your declining years." He only demanded that his horse should be brought to him, took his leave, and disappeared.

My father was so much occupied by the hurry of business, and a constant round of pleasures, that he had no leisure to reflect on the cruel conditions on which he had recovered his rank, till the regret he felt at the moment of my birth, opened his eyes.

He himself acknowledged, that he shed tears, when he reflected, that he had voluntarily devoted the first fruit of his love with his dear Laila to Maugraby, a being whose base designs he could not help suspecting, notwithstanding all his outcry against hypocrisy.

As often as he took me in his arms, tears sprung into his eyes. My mother at first imagined, that his emotion was the effect of tenderness; but she soon saw disquiet in his looks.

"You

"You weep over that infant," said she; "what is there in his lot that should afflict you? He is beautiful, healthy, the son of a king, destined to reign——"

"Speak not of his destiny, my dear Laila," returned my father; "that idea awakes all my fears. I possess you, and we reign,—that is a great blessing, no doubt; but I am afraid we shall buy it at a dear rate." He then recited his whole adventures.

My mother did not appear so much concerned as he expected; for the people of Curdes are infatuated on the subject of magic.

"Well," said she, "is this all? Maugraby requires him for a staff to his age;—he will surely make him a magician like himself.—What of that? Is it a misfortune for a Prince to be wise? or need we be deprived of our son on that account?"

"For my part, I shall be charmed to see him possess so much knowledge. On many occasions, he will be able to extricate himself from difficulties without the aid of others; and, in my opinion, it derogates from the dignity of a Monarch to depend on the skill of his astrologer."

My father suffered himself to be blinded by these reflections. I was educated with due care; and, as soon as I could keep a secret, I was informed of the particulars of my history.

Although I shewed little concern, yet I never heard Maugraby's name mentioned, but my heart quaked with terror. I was now advancing

ing forward my fifteenth year, and the uneasiness of my parents, as well as my own fears, began to abate. But one day, his chief groom came into the palace to inform him of the arrival of a very beautiful horse, which he had brought to shew him.

My father was extravagantly fond of those animals. "Where is this horse?" asked he.—"Sire," answered the groom; "as I passed the watering place, I saw a man bring thither a most beautiful white horse, with a black mane and tail, having a circle of the same colour about each eye."

"I alighted, that I might examine the noble creature the more attentively. I expressed a desire to mount him, to which the owner readily consented. Never did I find a horse so tractable; and so obedient to the voice: One would have sworn, Sire, that he understood the Persian language instinctively."

"I asked if he was to be sold; the owner said he was not for sale.—But, said I, it is for the king.—In that case, answered the owner, the horse is at his service. I took the man at his word; and he is in the palace-yard with his horse."

I happened to be with my father, when the groom made this report; and I was impatient to get a sight of the beautiful animal: But my father, who was struck at the story, had no doubt that Maugraby was at last come to restore his pledge. He therefore took me by the hand, and led me to my mother's apartment,

"My dear Laila," said he, "the moment of trial approaches. Maugraby has not forgot us as

we vainly flattered ourselves. He comes to demand his son ; and our refusal would be attended with innumerable dangers,”

“ Let us receive him here,” answered Laila ; “ I am not afraid of a magician. My nurse was suspected to be one. She never did me any harm ; yet my mother’s slaves assured me they had seen her throw hairs into a tub of water, where they were changed into frogs. When he comes in, I shall speak to him.”

Maugraby was introduced, and presented himself in a respectful manner, My father received him as well as he could ; but constraint was evident in his behaviour.

“ Astrologer or magician,” said Laila, “ whichever thou art, you have, it seems, taken our son under your protection, and promised to become a second father to him ; but you have neglected him for a long time. He is now arrived at an age proper to receive instruction. You will find him well prepared ; and we hope, that by cultivating his genius here in our sight, you will have reason to applaud the care we have taken of his education. Besides, you shall be esteemed here by every body, especially by me, who always loved men of science. We will make you a Vizier, less with a view to render you respectable in our eyes, than that you may appear with suitable dignity before others.”

Maugraby declined to accept any such favours. He did not come, he said, to be my preceptor, or to undertake the education of the child of another ; He came to demand his own,—a son who belonged to him by an express bargain. of which he had faithfully

faithfully performed his part, and restored the pledge. "Nothing is now to be found," exclaimed he, "but base ingratitude, and breach of faith, among men; and they reckon themselves acquitted of all obligations, by soothing their benefactor with fine speeches, or decorating him with vain titles."

When he had said this, he seized me by the hand. I struggled to withdraw it; and my mother burst into tears, and laid hold of my robe; but it remained in her hands.

I found myself in a moment transformed into a grey-hound, and I made my escape through a window. Maugraby pursued me through the same aperture, and we were soon in the open fields. He held a long whip in his hand, with which he scourged me in the cruelest manner; and the terrible lash still seemed to lengthen, in proportion as I exerted myself to avoid its strokes.

I cannot tell whether, during my flight, the light of the sun had given place to that of the moon. Fainting with hunger and thirst, smarting in every part, and still running though overwhelmed with fatigue, I at last fell head-long into the pool of water at the bottom of the mountain, which you mentioned; and it was tinged with the blood that issued from a thousand wounds made by the lash on my body.

As soon as the coolness of the water had in some degree refreshed me, he dragged me out, and restored my natural form.

I need not repeat to you the invectives and execrations which he uttered against myself, my father, and mother; nor the flattering and insidious discourse he held, after he brought me to this place, in order to make me abandon the whole world, and devote myself solely to him. You have already described his arts; and they no doubt vary according to the temper and principles of the mind he wishes to pervert.

At length I began to be patient in my situation; and he left me alone, with a command to study the books which you have so successfully perused. In my solitude, I comforted myself, with the hope, that the things which I there learned might one day become useful to me.

I rejoiced to think, that at his return, I could let him see that I had mastered the first twelve books, and understood how to perform every operation described in them.

He soon made his appearance; and I hastened to meet him with an air of confidence, that I might shew him what progress I had made in my studies. I had no sooner approached him, than he saluted me with a blow.

“Blockhead!” said he: “indolent fool, who canst do nothing of thyself; Dost thou think that I have leisure to tutor thee like a child?”

I was not sensible of any fault, and wished to convince him of his error. He gave me a second blow, which almost knocked me down.

“Presume not to reply,” cried he. I come but or an instant, and must again leave you. If, on my return, I have not better reason to
be

be satisfied then at present, you may expect a more serious chastisement."

He then went into the palace, and seemed to search for what he wanted; and, on coming out, beckoned to me as a sign of his taking leave, and disappeared.

I retired to my chamber, bathed in tears, and threw myself on my bed. A thousand times did I wish my persecutor in the hands of Nakaronkir, of whom I had heard my father and mother talk so much; and most ardently desired to throw myself into the arms of my parents, who had always treated me with so much tenderness.

I then began to reflect on the studies in which I had been engaged. I recollected that I had learned how to change myself into a bird; and I resolved to become a bird of prey, that I might escape from my captivity with the greater ease.

I therefore determined to change myself into an eagle. "I shall soar so high," said I to myself, "as to elude the view of my pursuers, and never descend but in search of food. I shall soon reach the capital of Persia: I will enter my father's palace in the night, and be found in the morning seated on the roof of his bed-chamber, holding in my bill a piece of bark, on which my name shall be inscribed."

I passed the night in arranging my plan of operations. I rose before the sun, and wrote on a slip of bark, *Poor Halaïaddin, Prince of Persia*. I then began to attempt my transformation, preferring to remain a bird for life, to the misery of continuing exposed to the magician's brutality.

The

The charm took effect. I felt my nose become a bill, my arms wings ; and I saw my body covered with feathers. Elated with joy and hope, I secured the writing in one of my talons, and took my flight.

Scarce had I begun to mount, when I found myself entangled by the tail, and so vigorously grasped about the back, that my whole body seemed crushed to pieces. It was the magician who had seized me. He took up the writing, which had dropped from my talon, and read with a sarcastic sneer, *Poor Halaïaddin!* "Poor, indeed," cried he ; "like thy father and thy mother ; thou art poor enough in sentiment, in gratitude, and in every virtue. Thou wouldst be a bird, forsooth ! ungrateful wretch ! But no animals of prey can enter my aviary. I must find thee a place elsewhere."

I fell at that moment into a state of insensibility, and did not recover myself so far as to distinguish any objects about me, till I perceived that I was suspended by the feet, among the dead and dying, in the place where you found me. While in this situation, my sufferings were the most dreadful imaginable. Between sleeping and waking, I dreamed that Maugraby, more like a demon than a man, pursued me, having a scourge, armed with iron points in his hand, with which he seemed to lash me incessantly, while I in vain pursued the spectre of death, who still shunned me : Nor did I wake 'till you drew me out of the pit.

It is easy to conceive what impression the story of the Prince of Persia made on the mind of
Habed-

Habed-il-Rouman: But he concealed his emotions as much as possible, and begged another of his companions in misfortune, to favour the company with the particulars of his adventures. This young man, who seemed to be about nineteen years of age, immediately complied with his request.

History of Yadmallin Prince of Great Katay.

My grandfather was a barber in the city of Schiraz; who, being industrious and skilful, made a fortune in the way of his profession; and as he was endowed with more wit than commonly falls to the share of people of his rank, his company was sought after by many who were his superiors in station.

An eminent astrologer who lived in our neighbourhood, and frequented our house, one day observed his wife put on her veil in a hurry, and prepare to go abroad: "Where are you going in such haste?" said he.—"To assist our neighbour the barber's wife, who is lying in."

"Bring me notice, at your return," said he, "of the child's name, with the names of the father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother: We are never consulted but on the birth of great personages, as if none else upon earth could have any thing interesting in their lot. Our friend the barber is a man of genius, and his child may have something more than ordinary in his destiny." The woman promised to acquit herself of the commission.

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My grandmother was safely delivered of a son, who was named Schaskar; and the astrologer got the information he wanted on his wife's return. He immediately began his labours, and noted the precise hour of the nativity. My father was born under the planet Marlik* in his ascendant; and at that time the star viewed through an optical instrument, appeared uncommonly bright.

By calculating from the letters that composed the names which he had under his eye, the sage astrologer discovered that the child should become a King, and that the brilliant rays of his star were shed over a very extensive country—the great empire of China.

The star, notwithstanding its lustre, shewed a deep red colour: That announced many obstacles at least, to the high fortune of the child born under his domination.

“It was not without reason, that I conjectured the extraordinary fate of this child,” said the astrologer to his wife; “let us go and congratulate our friend the barber on his good fortune.”

My grandfather and grandmother were much flattered by the horoscope which their neighbour had drawn; and the astrologer assisted these fond parents in the instruction of my father, who, before he attained the age of sixteen, became one of the most accomplished young men in Schiraz, and was pointed out to the sons of the best families in the city, as a model worthy of their imitation.

“There

* Saturn.

"There goes Schaskar," would they say, "the barber's son!" He indeed had all the advantages of a handsome figure and an agreeable face, joined to his other good qualities. Apprised of his elevated destiny, he endeavoured to appear worthy of it by his conduct and dignified mien.

One day he went alone into the bath, put off his clothes, and proceeded toward the stove; but he happened to make a slip upon the smooth wet marble, and in recovering his equilibrium, he struck his foot upon a square piece of the pavement with some violence. The stone was instantly lifted up, and a thick smোক arose from the opening. The smoke gradually condensed, and presented to the eyes of Schaskar, a genie, in the human form.

"Let idlers indulge in the bath," said the genie: "Do you set out for China. To find your way thither, you must advance toward the great wall*. You will find a caravan at Astracan, which you may join.—Go, put on your clothes, which remain where you left them; but you will find in your pocket a sum of money, which shall be renewed from time to time, as occasion requires.—When you come to the wall, you shall receive further aid: But take care that you conceal your departure from every body."

My father soon put on his dress, and, with joy, discovered in his pocket a purse contain-

* The great wall which divides China from Tartary, is supposed to extend about 1500 miles. It is said to be 25 feet high, and broad enough for five or six horsemen to travel abreast on its top.

ing two hundred pieces of gold. Twenty of these he concealed under his mother's pillow, and immediately left the city. He met a man on the road, who had camels for sale; he bought one, and hastened to Astracan.

The caravan arrived. He joined it, and resolved not to leave it till he reached the place of his destination: But on the morning of the day on which he expected to arrive at the great wall, he happened to fall asleep, and his camel wandered away with him without being observed; so that when he waked, he found himself alone in the midst of a desert. Anxious to rejoin his companions, he quickened his pace; but when night came on, he found, by a view of the stars, that he had taken the direct opposite course from the caravan: He therefore resolved to continue travelling all night, that he might make up the way he had lost. When day returned, he proceeded with the same diligence, scarce allowing himself or his camel time to eat the small portion of provisions he carried with him; nor did he relax his exertions during the night following; and when the sun began to dissipate the shades of night, he perceived the great wall before him; but it was at a place where he could find no passage.

He was exhausted with fatigue, and his camel was ready to sink under him. At the moment when despair had taken possession of his mind, he cast his eye on a dervis who came out from a thicket of bushes with a book in his hand. This sight having revived his spirits, he alighted from his camel, and came up to the priest.

“Holy

"Holy father," said he, "I am a Persian merchant, and have wandered from a caravan bound for China: Be so good as tell me if I am far from the gate which enters from Great Tartary?"

"You are at least five days journey from it," said the dervis; "and it would require more time than that before you could reach it; for it is impossible to follow the wall; and if you deviate from the beaten path, you may be lost in the morasses that are on your right hand, or your left: But have you a passport?"

"I have none," answered my father.—"In that case," said the dervis, "you could not obtain admittance; for no stranger is allowed to enter China, but such as have regular passports, as belonging to a caravan."—"Then am I miserable indeed!" said my father, with a sigh.

"There is no case so desperate," resumed the dervis, "but some remedy may be found, excepting death itself. Come into my hut, which is not far off, and you will find there a spring of pure water, and what else may be necessary to refresh you. You will also find pasture for your camel about the place. I came here to do penance, and you shall be my companion penitent, if you please: And if you think proper to open your mind to me, we may perhaps devise some means of relieving you from your difficulties."

My father, leading his camel, thankfully followed the dervis. They came to the hut, which was a sort of grotto covered around the entrance by the thick foliage of fragrant trees and shrubs.

"Friend,"

"Friend," said the dervis, "you are, no doubt, in great need of refreshment. I can only offer you some new honey-comb, which I found to-day in a hollow tree, some milk from my own goats, and a few dried fruits. These are my provisions, of which you are welcome to partake." He then placed the homely repast on a flat stone, which served for a table.

Although my father was thankful for this temporary good fortune, he began to think that his star had beguiled him. He eat and drank, however, while the dervis disposed of the camel, by turning him out to pasture.

The officious dervis soon returned, and addressed my father in the most flattering language: "You had very poor fare," said he; "and from your noble appearance, I am persuaded you are little accustomed to so scanty a board; for you are, without doubt, a person of high rank.

"Alas! not I," said my father, who was naturally ingenuous: "But I am so deeply impressed by a sense of your kindness, and a respect for your sacred character, that I should think myself wanting in my duty, were I not to tell you my true history.

"You behold in me one whom the learned in astrology call 'the son of a star.' Mine, according to their calculations, has destined me to wear a crown; and had I not, at present, been relieved by your goodness, before to-morrow I might have obtained that crown which our Prophet has promised to every true Mussulman,

Mussulman, who sinks under misfortune, and dies without murmuring. My name is Schaskar, and my father is a barber in Schiraz."

My father then recounted every circumstance of his life, concluding with the acquisition of the purse of two hundred sequins. "I have spent said he, leaving the purse on the table, more than four hundred sequins since I left Schiraz, yet, every morning when I waked, I found my purse again full."

The dervis seemed to listen with great attention to this recital. "I know that purse," said he; "nor am I ignorant of the hand from which it came. It announces to me, that you are the person in whose favour I am bound to perform an important duty. You have made yourself known to me; and it is now very proper that I should also discover myself to you.

"My dear Schaskar, you really are, as you say, the son of a star; and I am one, whose life is devoted to the service of those who are favoured by the planets. If their influence has been the cause of your coming hither, it has no less been the occasion of my waiting in this place to receive you.

"Your arrival has relieved me from my anxiety: For we who are subjected to the obscure commands of destiny, are often ignorant what is required of us. Agreeably to the injunctions I received, I have remained these four days under the Chinese wall, disguised in the habit of a dervis, to await the event, however hard it might prove.

I now see the subject of my commission, which is indeed very important. I am to give a Monarch

to the empire of Great Katay; and the crown must be placed on your head, my lord Schaskar."

The false dervis then took from his side-pocket a slender rod of ebony, which he made to twirl round the points of his fingers with great velocity. *Come, Megina*, said he, *do thy duty!*

A shrill, but very sweet voice was then heard; "What would my lord, the powerful Maugraby, have with his handmaid?"

"Thou flattering little elf, when did I permit thee to name me so freely? Don't you see that my guest is a person of distinction, who has had a very indifferent breakfast, and is ill accommodated here. Call my slaves, and let a convenient place be prepared, where we may dine comfortably. Take care to let this noble Persian have a bottle of the best Schiraz wine."

The small voice answered: "My lord, your commands shall be obeyed."

My father was astonished at what he heard; but less so than another might have been, from a remembrance of the miraculous manner in which he had been conducted to the wall of China.

The pretended dervis then turned to my father: "My little worker," said he, "has informed you of my name; I hope, my lord Schaskar, that my services may hereafter be such as to make you remember it as long as you live."

"While dinner is preparing, I shall explain to you what fate has decreed in your favour, if you do not refuse your good fortune; for a man has

it

it always in his power to thwart his destiny ; and I have known instances where opportunities of this sort have been lost by weak and imprudent conduct.

“Some sacrifices must be made, and some hardships suffered with patience. The crown of Great Katay is at present vacant by the death of the sovereign, who has left no male heir. Five days hence, the people are to proceed to the election of a new Monarch, according to the custom, and with the usual ceremonies observed in that country. It will depend on yourself whether or not you shall be elected Emperor of Great Katay, and husband to the most beautiful Princess on earth, the daughter of the deceased Monarch. Her charms, her accomplishments, her virtues, are more estimable than all the other treasures she possesses. You need only promise me one thing, and all is yours.”

It is easy to imagine what effect this proposal produced in my father's mind. He had been habituated from his infancy to ambitious thoughts, and saw the summit of his hopes within his reach, and that almost instantly. He who made the proposal, was it is true, in appearance, a dervis ; but he had witnessed the twirling of the magic wand, and heard the voice of Megina.

“My lord Maugraby,” said my father, “I have not undertaken the dangerous journey in which I am engaged, with a design of remaining at the foot of the Chinese wall, by refusing to do what is required of me, in case it shall be nothing criminal.”

"Far from being criminal," answered Maugraby, "you shall find what I request to be rather an act of virtue, a small sacrifice, a testimony of gratitude to one who has done you an important service."

When Maugraby had said this, a black of gigantic stature, and handsomely dressed, presented himself with a silver club in his hand. "My lords," said he, "dinner waits you." They both rose and followed him.

They were ushered into a sort of pavilion, covered with rich figured silk, and elegantly adorned within. It was placed on the brink of a natural fountain pure as crystal; and a sufficient opening was left below the covering, to display the profusion of flowers that fringed the border of the spring. The table was loaded with every thing that could please the sight, and regale the taste or the smell. My father and Maugraby were seated on two sofas of exquisite softness, and formed for luxurious indulgence. The negro with the golden collar, made a signal with his club, and four slaves appeared; two of whom stood at my father's back and the other two took their station behind the master of this magnificent pavilion.

The conversation at dinner turned chiefly on the choice of dishes at the table, and the excellent relish of the meats, which reflected honour on the skill of the cook.

When dinner was over, Maugraby thus addressed his negro: "Ilage-Cadahe," said he, "We are here in the cool shade, and are going to enjoy a short repose, after which it would be refreshing to us travellers to bathe. You will

will therefore provide us with a comfortable bath. You will also take care, that our entertainment at supper shall be no worse than what we had at dinner. Tell Megina that I wish to give my guest the pleasure of seeing some agreeable company."

The black went out; and my father insensibly fell into a slumber, his senses being overpowered by the fatigue he had undergone, and the inviting softness of the sofa on which he reclined; nor did he take time to reflect on the wonderful things he had seen and heard in this place. In about two hours after, his entertainer called him: "My lord Schaskar, the bath is ready; let us step into the next apartment."

The entrance to the tent which faced the open fields, was closed up; and another appeared on the opposite side, which led to an elegant bath-room, illuminated with a great number of flambeaux. Two marble fountains were here seen, each of which was supplied with cold water on the one side, and hot on the other, poured from two figures of a lion's head.

My father and Maugraby put off their clothes, and went into the bath. While they remained there, four young negresses entered and set down some boxes filled with perfumes and fragrant ointments. When Maugraby came out, my father followed him, and the negresses retired. They were succeeded by four white eunuchs, who brought in two rich and fresh dresses, made in the most exquisite taste.

That which the pretended dervis put on, made so great a change in his looks, that my father scarce

scarce knew him. His appearance was that of an old man, with a long white beard, which gave him a noble and venerable aspect.

He seemed to be in the best humour imaginable: "I see," said he to my father, "from the freshness of your complexion, that the bath has been of service to you. I cannot express the satisfaction I feel in being the instrument chosen to afford you assistance in these small matters: I shall soon, I hope, see you desire my aid in things of greater importance."

"I cannot expect every day to meet with the son of a star; and it gives me great pleasure to think, that I may concur with your planets in promoting your happiness."

"You will now, I dare say, be very glad to breathe a little fresh air; but the walks hereabout are not very agreeable. Behind that hill, however, there is a small valley where your camels feed, which, though a narrow spot, abounds with objects that must delight every one who loves solitude and rural beauty. The way to it lies along the mossy bank of the neighbouring lake: One cannot imagine a place better fitted for the confidential intercourse of friendship; there we may recline at our ease, on the flowery turf, and converse freely, without other witnesses than the birds of the air, or the beasts of the field."

While he talked in this manner, he led my father insensibly towards the valley he had described. It was of no considerable depth, and was terminated by a steep rock, over which the water that formed the lake, fell in fine cascades, dashing on the huge masses of rude marble, that
had

had been accumulated by the hand of time. At the bottom of these rocks, they took their seat, and Maugraby began a conversation, in which he endeavoured to make my father sensible of the beauties of this charming solitude. "Believe me," cried he, "I pity you, and all who, like you, are called to the government of mighty empires. You must renounce, in a great measure, the peaceful and sweet enjoyment of the beauties of nature.

"Observe this delightful retreat, it has been the constant object of my admiration, since I came hither to wait for you. I assure you, it is my design, at some after period, here to resume the habit of a dervis; and if I have the good fortune to fulfil my intention of returning to this place, I am resolved never again to leave it.

"There I may set down my house, which will face the rising sun; I will prune the luxuriant branches of these trees, which produce too much humidity, and ornament the banks of the lake with a greater variety of fragrant shrubs.

"There my little flock of goats may browse, and here may stand my hives of bees. I shall thus enjoy quiet and peace, occupied alternately with the study of my books, and the pleasure of beholding the natural beauties of this enchanting spot; while you, seated on your throne, shall be surrounded with flattery and falsehood.

"I do not represent your future condition in an unfavourable light, in order to disgust you at your lot. The earth must have sovereigns, and
you

you are destined to be one. Besides, you are very young ; and it is your duty to acquit yourself of the debt you owe to society.

“ But, my dear friend, what I have just now said, reminds me of what I owe to myself. I have laboured incessantly during a long life-time, and I am weary of performing miracles in favour of others. All the pleasures of society are become tasteless to me, and I now desire nothing but to enjoy ease and repose.”

“ Why, cannot you obtain that,” asked my father, from those supernatural agents, of whose powers you seem to dispose.”

“ O Schaskar ! you will find that their favours are not obtained without an equivalent ; sacrifices must be made in their favour. I cannot be permitted to retire from my laborious occupations, till I find a person able to perform the duties incumbent on me.

“ To qualify one for this important employment, he must be devoted to it from the womb. He must be brought up in the greatest innocence to the age of puberty, habituated to such exercises as may inure him to fatigue, and taught every art that may fit him to receive the sublime instructions to be afterwards communicated to him.

“ These conditions appear very hard ; but one remains, which seems the most difficult of all,—he must be of noble descent, no less than the first-born lawful son of a King.”

While he uttered these words, the pretended dervis accompanied them with a heavy sigh, which seemed to proceed from the bottom of his heart,

heart. "We will speak of these things afterwards," added he; "in the mean time, let us pursue our walk round this charming valley."

My father firmly believed every word Maugraby had said; for he took him for a sacred personage. In the mean time, they advanced towards the plain where the pavilion stood; and night coming on, they observed, at a little distance, a superb display of illuminations. My father expressed his surprise at the sight.

"My dear friend," said Maugraby, "I have always been accustomed to treat those I entertain, in a style suitable to their dignity. You must now accustom yourself to receive the homage due to royalty. Fifteen days hence, every one that meets you, will salute you with *Long live the King!* The apartments of your palace, and every house you honour with your presence, will be perfumed and illuminated for your reception.

"I must anticipate another subject of astonishment, which you will meet with by and by. We are to have ladies at supper. Neither Circassia nor Georgia can boast two greater beauties; and they are of the latter country. No object is more pleasing than a fine woman; but, for my own part, I treat the ladies as I do beautiful flowers,—I admire their charms, but neglect them; so that their company can never corrupt my principles."

The darkness increased during this conversation; and the negro with the golden collar met them, bearing in his hand his silver club, and pre-

ceded by twenty flambeaux. My lords," said he
"the company wait you"

"Then the ladies are come?" said Maugraby.
"Yes," answered the slave, "they are seated on
sophas, and amuse themselves with music."

"I don't meddle with those matters," said the
magician; "it is my little Megina, who knows
her duty, and who has provided the company, I
want."

They were shewn into a grand pavilion, amid a
display of magnificence that dazzled my father's
sight. The table was raised on a sort of stage,
over which appeared a splendid canopy. Two su-
perb sophas stood one opposite to the other, on
each side of the table; and on these the ladies sat
with instruments of music in their hands,

On the approach of the master of the pavilion,
they arose respectfully to receive him: But Mau-
graby advanced hastily, and said, "Ladies, I here
present to you my friend the Prince Schasker,
such bright luminaries as you are formed by nature
to favour persons like this noble Persian, who is
the son of a star; and I am sure you will be happy
in his acquaintance."

The beauty of these young ladies was no less
wonderful than the elegance and richness of their
dress. Maugraby sat down on the sofa with one
of them, and made my father place himself by
the side of the other.

Eighteen slaves of extraordinary beauty waited
at table. Twenty-seven others, divided into three
distinct choirs, alternately joined their melodious
voices

voices in concert ; and the air was perfumed with the richest aromatic odours, while the wine of Schiraz, and other strong liquors, were served freely during the whole time of the repast.

Maugraby was extremely attentive and gallant towards his lady, and my father imitated his example. He endeavoured to enter into conversation with the fair stranger ; but she only answered him by monosyllables, and seemed willing to supply her defect of discourse by wanton looks, and frequent invitations to drink.

Of the rest of the entertainment my father had scarce any recollection. The fumes of the Grecian and Persian wines had so overpowered his senses, that he scarce lifted up his eyes till the next morning was far advanced. He found himself on the same sofa where he had supped so magnificently ; and he saw his entertainer still seemingly asleep opposite to him. He rose softly, and went out to enjoy the fresh air ; but Maugraby soon followed him.

“ Young man,” said he, “ I find you can behave discreetly in the company of women ; and you are therefore worthy to become the husband of the charming Princess of Katay. I confess I meant to try you ; and I hope you will not be offended that I have acquitted myself of this duty. Let us take the same route in our walk to-day, that we pursued last evening. In that delightful solitude, we may concert measures to promote your fortune.”

My father felt his head still affected from the excess of the preceding night, and gladly agreed to the proposed walk. They both sat down, as formerly

formerly, on the mossy rocks under the cascades. There Maugraby began the decisive conversation.

"Schaskar," said he, "are you ready instantly to set out for Katay? You know that in five days the election comes on."

"My Lord," answered my father, "I know not how I shall pass the wall, nor how many days journey it is from hence to the capital of Katay; Far less do I comprehend how it is possible for me, who am an absolute stranger in the country, to obtain the voice of all the great men of the state in my favour at an election, where that is indispensably necessary."

"The passage through the wall," resumed Maugraby, "is about fifty leagues from this place, and from thence to the capital of Katay, is at least fifteen days journey, though you were mounted on the best camel in Persia. Besides, among your competitors for the crown there are several princes who are sons of kings."

"But notwithstanding all this, if you will consent to what I am about to propose, you shall by to-morrow be transported to the place where the election is to be made. You shall be lodged near the royal palace: and in three days after you shall enter on a competition with your rivals, and if you do not rise superior to them all by the extraordinary means I shall employ, call me no longer Maugraby, but dispose of me as your slave: This I swear to you, by the great Spirit who is sovereign over all earthly powers."

"But if I shall thus raise you to the throne, and make you espouse the most beautiful Princess

cess in the world, I request as my reward the first-born male-child of the marriage. I have already fully explained my motives to you; and I expect that you will promise, on the word of a Prince, and swear by the Holy Prophet, that you will grant my request."

My father's head was still heated with wine, and his mind influenced by the artful discourse of Maugraby. He had been from his infancy taught to consider himself as under the influence of the stars; and he naturally venerated the science of astrology. He was therefore easily led to confound that art with magic, without suspecting the dangerous consequences of such a mistake: In short, the ambition of reigning, which had become habitual to him, was no doubt a powerful motive to his accepting the offer of the magician: However that might be, the fatal vow at last escaped from his lips.

The eyes of Maugraby sparkled with joy.

"Let me embrace thee," cried he, "thou sole possessor and Sovereign of the great empire of Katay!" Then, turning towards the valley they were about to leave, "Farewell delicious solitude! I hope I shall one day revisit thee, to depart no more!"

When he had finished this exclamation, the negro came to tell them that breakfast was ready. "Well," said he, "let Megina serve us.—You must go immediately to Nantaka, and secure a palace for our reception near the royal residence: If none can be had for hire, you must buy one at any price; and you may expect us there this evening." On receiving these orders, Illage Cadahé instantly disappeared.

The two travellers sat down to breakfast. "How do you like the sofa on which you sit?" said the magician. "It is extremely soft and agreeable," answered my father. "I have a mind to make it serve for our carriage," resumed Maugraby. He then placed himself by my father's side, and drew out his slender wand, which he twirled round the points of his fingers; *Come Megina, said he, let our carriage be yoked; let us fly quickly!*

In a moment the sofa ascended from the earth, passed over the wall, and proceeded through the air with incredible velocity. In the mean time my father fell fast asleep; nor did he awake, till he was roused by a burst of laughter from his protector.

"Where are you now?" asked he. My father looked round, and found himself in an elegant apartment which he had never before seen. "Look through the window," said Maugraby, "and try if you can find out where you are."

My father obeyed; and observed by the light of the moon, (for it was now night), a vast multitude of people walking in a spacious park, enjoying the cool of the evening under the trees.

"You are at home here, Schaskar," continued Maugraby. "for this palace is purchased for you, and the price paid down; That is the great square and public walk belonging to your capital. If any body presumes to oppose your election, leave it to me to chastise him. Let us sup and be cheerful; to-morrow I shall go into the city, and observe what passes there."

Next day my father was left alone, and had leisure to contemplate the crowds of people that passed and repassed before the window of his chamber; and it gave him much uneasiness to remark, that their dress and manners appeared altogether new to him. His anxiety of mind prevented him from eating, and made him impatient for the return of his guide and protector. At last he had the satisfaction to see him arrive.

Maugraby pretended to be fatigued. "Nothing is to be learned," said he, "without trouble: O! what vile schemes and plots are suggested by avarice and hypocrisy! The plan is well concerted: To-morrow the priests are to consult Dagon and his son Bil-il-sanam, to whom sacrifices are to be offered with great solemnity; next day the election is to be determined by the flight of the bird, which will without doubt, as they believe, alight on the head of the Grand Vizier, who will consequently be elected King."

"And pray what bird is that?" asked my father. "It is a ter-il-bas*," answered the magician, which the priests of Dagon have endeavoured to render wild since the late King's death. They privately twisted the neck of a real wild bird, which some country people brought the other day with the usual ceremonies, and substituted in its place the one they have prepared for the purpose.

"The business of those poor people is to watch the bird day and night; and the whole nation

* A particular kind of peacock.

nation confide in their honesty: Nor are the countrymen false to their trust; but they have one failing, they cannot resist the intoxicating draughts that are offered them.—O how I long to avenge Dagon and Bil!—I shall spoil the plot of the crafty priests, or let me no longer be called Maugraby.

“To-morrow, my Prince, you shall go to the temple: For you must appear in some public place, and especially there; Dagon must not be supposed to choose a man whom he does not know. There you will see the princes of Corea, of Tonquin, of Cochin-china; but in spite of all they can do, your air and appearance will make you remarkable. Ilage Cadahé will provide you with a suitable dress, and a decent retinue. For my part, I will not interfere in that ceremony. I can be more useful to you elsewhere.

Next day my father went to the temple of Dagon, that he might comply in every thing with the directions of his guide. He saw that many eyes were fixed upon him, as Maugraby had foretold. The priests omitted nothing that could render their divinity propitious. Bulls, kids, sheep, doves and sparrows, were sacrificed; each class of people being represented by the offering they had brought.

Every one who beheld the seeming devotion of the priests, and who heard the earnest prayers of the choir, must have concluded, that they really expected Dagon and Bil-il sanam to make choice of a Monarch for them. The people had no doubt of their sincerity; but my father, who

who knew their plan, retired with indignation from this scene of hypocrisy and deception.

His assiduous adviser met him as he returned home. "You have seen," said Maugraby, "what they have done. But these artful priests shall be sadly disconcerted to-morrow, when they find that their bird has forgot the lesson they have taught him. You need not be alarmed at any thing that shall happen to you; I shall be always at hand to protect you from danger; and at all events you shall never be without the aid of the little Megina."

At last the hour of election arrived. There was erected, in the centre of the great square of Nantaka, a lofty altar, surrounded with scaffolds, rising in rows one above the other, and sufficient to accommodate a thousand spectators. The Grand Vizier and his friends were seated in the first rank, nearest the altar; and next to them sat the Princes, Emirs, and other chiefs of the nation. The priests who were to officiate at the sacrifice stood ready to perform their functions.

The ter-il-bas, still under the care of the countrymen, was exhibited in a gilded cage, crowned with garlands of flowers; and the air was darkened with the fragrant smoke of perfumes.

The sacred trumpets were sounded, to announce that Dagon and Bil were about to make their choice. The High Priest advanced to the cage to let out the ter-il-bas, which he now supposed to be inspired. No sooner did the bird see the door of his prison half opened, than he darted out with the

face of the chief priest, wounded him with his bill, and almost beat him down with the strokes of his wings.

He then took his flight into the air; but soon descended, soared around the heads of these who sat on the first seat, and by his circumgyrations, one would have thought he deliberated in his choice. He next flew towards the farthest ranks examining them in the same manner, and still seeming to be on the search, without being able to find what he sought for.

The people gazed in silent astonishment at the various motions of the ter-il-bas. The priests who conducted the sacrifice were confounded and terrified at so unexpected a phenomenon: They however kept silence, and testified their surprise to each other only by their looks and gestures.

My father stood at some distance behind the scaffold. The ter-il-bas, which had mounted to a considerable height, seemed to distinguish him, and hovered directly over his head. The young servants of the altar who had been appointed to follow and observe the motions of the sacred bird, endeavoured by every means in their power, to drive him from the place where my father stood. But all was in vain; for, regardless of their signs, the ter-il-bas suddenly alighted on the head at which he aimed. There he joyfully spread out his wings, and displayed the beautiful arch of his tail.

All the people were struck with wonder, and the priests and Viziers with consternation, at this unexpected sight. The servants of the altar used every exertion to make the bird quit his

his hold; but he still kept his seat on my father's head, in spite of their efforts, and from his one lid

Nor could the ter-il-bas be displaced till my father's turban was pulled off. The bird, however, instantly mounted into the air, and again settled on the bare head of Schaskar, though twenty arms were lifted up to oppose his return. The people now cried out, "This is the King whom the great Dagon hath given us!—" "It is false! it is false!" returned the priests, and all those who attended the altar.

One of the priests came up to my father: "Nobody here knows thee," said he; "to what country of China dost thou belong?"—"To none," answered Schaskar; "I am a Persian by birth."

"A Persian!" cried all those engaged in the sacrifice: "Let the people know that he is a Persian: Dagon never could make choice of a stranger to be our King. This must be the work of sorcery."

In the mean time the bird had disappeared, and my father had taken up his turban, and replaced it on his head. A ring was formed around him by the populace, among whom appeared Maugrabhy.

"Let us retire to your palace," said he, "and leave those hot-headed tools. You are manifestly chosen by Dagon and his son Bil il-fanan: And I swear by Dagon and his son, that you, and none else, shall be King of Great Katay."

"I shall teach those impious priests what risk they run, by employing the name of the gods, to give credit to their impostures, and even to

oppose the will of the divinities they pretend to invoke. They are cheats, hypocrites, avaricious wretches, who are the mean tools of an ambitious Vizier. I shall soon derange all their schemes. Be confident, my Prince, and let nothing that may happen shake your courage. Be assured, that all shall turn to the confusion of your enemies."

My father remained, during the rest of the day, in his chamber, and from his window, remarked a number of people, who seemed to examine his apartment with particular attention.

Next morning, pretty early, a party of armed men invested his palace. The officer of justice who commanded them, entered, and accosted him in a terrible voice: "Vile stranger! wicked sorcerer! detestable outcast of the earth! Thou shalt be thrown into a dungeon, where torture shall extort from thee a confession of thy crimes!" He then commanded my father to be dragged to prison.

The occasion of this violent measure, was, that the priests, when they returned to the temple at the usual hour, had found the images of Dagon and Bil-il-sanam thrown down and broken to pieces. They had run in a fright to inform the grand Vizier of this disaster, who immediately ordered the divan to assemble in his house.

The fact being represented by the high priest, the unanimous voice of the assembly imputed the guilt to the Persian, whose sorceries had guided the flight of the ter-il-bas, and who, by his magical practices, had got access to the temple,

ple, and crowned his other impieties by this flagrant act of sacrilege.

The result of their deliberations was, that the stranger should be immediately sent to prison; and the Grand Vizier went home to sign and seal a warrant to have him burned alive next day.

The minister, when he came into his apartment, reclined luxuriously on a sofa, and called for his pipe. His apparatus for smoking, consisted of a great vase of rock crystal, filled with snow water, in which was immersed a twisted pipe, made of beautiful enamel, resembling a slender serpent.

While he smoked, a hussar brought in a silver ink-pot, and presented him with a reed to sign the order, condemning the stranger magician to the flames.

He dipped his reed deep into the ink, that his writing might be the more legible; but, to his great astonishment, he found the colour of the characters he had written to be red, instead of black.

Amid his terror and confusion, he involuntarily overturned the silver ink-pot, now filled with pullet's blood, which obliterated the writing, and bespattered his sleeve. "O heavens!" cried he, "where will all this end? This must be another trick of the pretended Persian." He then rose up hastily, and retired to another apartment to change his robe.

The hussar, who was no less astonished than his master, stood motionless, gazing on the door of the chamber, into which the Vizier had entered.

The

The Vizier instantly returned to smoke his pipe, impelled by the force of habit, which even his present fright could not overcome: But, to his further surprise, his table of sandal wood, richly inlaid with sapphirs and emeralds, his fine crystal vase, with the little serpent, had all disappeared.

The hussar still remained in the same attitude, with the ink-pot and bloody paper in his hand. "Begone," cried the Vizier; "throw those ordures into the fire!" The fellow was going out; but the minister called him back. "Stay," said he, "where is my table? my pipe?" "Alas!" cried the trembling hussar, "I know not."—"Where are my canopy, my sofa, and foot-stool?"—"Some one has robbed you, my lord; I shall die with fright."

"O Dagon!" exclaimed the Vizier? "what shall become of us? Leave me," said he to the hussar, "that I may try to take a little repose; and order the members of the divan to assemble here early to-morrow morning. Let the high priest, and the four chiefs of the sacred college, attend; for we are in a very extraordinary, and perhaps dangerous situation."

While the Grand Vizier was tormented with anxious thoughts, my father enjoyed ease and comfort at his expence. He had been thrown into a dungeon, separated from the other apartments of the prison, and allowed only a little straw to lie upon.

The gaoler's slave brought him a small morsel of stale bread, and a pitcher of water, which were placed on a block of rotten wood that served for a table.

All this dismal apparatus made little impression on the mind of the prisoner, who, being drowsy when he entered the dungeon, no sooner stretched himself on the straw than he fell fast asleep.

When he awaked, he found himself agreeably laid on the Grand Vizier's sofa; a splendid canopy over his head, his arms resting on two cushions of the softest down, and his feet supported by a footstool covered with rich tapestry.

Before him stood the elegant pipe on the table inlaid with sapphires. At his side was a golden censer, full of burning perfumes, with its small tongs; and, by way of appendage to this fine ornament, there was a piece of jewellery work, about eight inches high, resembling a Chinese pagoda.

A voice like the sweet sound of a timbrel issued from the pagoda. "Prince," said the voice, "thou dost not know me perhaps under my present form. I am Megina, the handmaid of Maugraby your kind benefactor.

"Your enemies have imprisoned you; but he has sent me for your consolation. I have furnished your apartment at the cost of the Grand Vizier, who is your greatest foe. Smoke his pipe that stands there before you; it is filled with the most delicious opium that the Brahmans can prepare on the banks of the Ganges. He procured that precious drug, to assure him of pleasing dreams; but my master will take care to disappoint him in that, and make him dream as he thinks proper. You are now on his sofa of state; and, for your amusement, I here offer

offer to bring you any thing belonging to him, not excepting his women."

My father thanked the little pagoda; "Your master," said he, "has promised me a charming Queen, and to her I have already devoted my heart. I desire no other woman. But pray tell me, for what reason have I been thrown into prison?"

"My master," answered the pagoda, "to strike terror into the heart of your enemies, threw down their idols in their temples, and they impute this disaster to your sorcery. How merciful they are! They would burn you alive to-morrow, if my master did not hinder it. When you are King, you will remember, that all the ill they could do you, was, to throw you into prison; but that needs not make you uneasy, you shall want for nothing while I am at your command. Your confinement will not be long, for we shall return this evening to your palace."

My father was perfectly at his ease, after hearing this discourse. He then began to question the little pagoda about Maugraby.

"My lord," answered Megina, "I am ordered to comply with every thing you command me to do; but I am very young, and my master must be better known to you than to me; for he tells me nothing of his affairs. Who would think of putting questions to a little puppet like me? I was given to my master; I serve him with all my heart; He treats me with kindness; —and that's all I can say."

My father could not help suspecting, that the little Megina was more rogue than fool.

Even

Even Maugraby, her master, after all his pretences, appeared to him in a suspicious light: But he saw himself within one step of mounting a throne, and possessing the most beautiful Princess on earth; a temptation too great to be resisted by a barber's son, at the age of eighteen years! I have heard him describe to my grandfather the struggle he felt in his mind on this occasion.

He ceased to question Megina further, and only desired her to fetch him something to eat. When night came on, the little pagoda said, "Take me into your hands, and wish to be at home in your palace, and you shall be transported thither in an instant."

After complying with Megina's request, my father fell into a profound sleep; nor did he awake till next day about noon, when he found himself in his own bed, with the magician seated by his side.

"I am come," said Maugraby, "to tell you what passed at the diwan, and what resolutions they have taken. When the Grand Vizier entered, all was tumult and confusion. The gaoler of your prison brought notice of two very singular facts, to which he produced numerous witnesses.

"He complained, that on the morning after your imprisonment, when he carried your bread and water with his own hands, he could not discover your dungeon; but, in its place, he saw a large stable entirely open, where thirty men lay before the mangers, like so many asses, with halters about their necks: They were all fast asleep, and their captain at their head.

"The gaoler could scarce rouse them from their lethargy, nor could he unloose the halters with which they were bound: He, however, at last cut them, and discovered that those wretched creatures were the party that had been sent to take possession of your house, from which they departed empty handed, and in a way very different from what they intended.

"Some of the members of the divan treated the gaoler as a fool; others thought he had invented a falsehood to excuse his negligence in letting the prisoner escape. Who will believe, said the high priest, that a dungeon, of which the walls are ten feet thick, should be carried off? Who ever heard of such a theft?

"The Grand Vizier answered him: 'However that may be, I assure you I was robbed in a moment, and almost in my sight, of my pipe, my inlaid table, my sofa with its furniture, which was the richest in China.'

"And why, said the priest, don't you crucify the slaves who robbed you so audaciously?

"It would be unjust," answered the Vizier, "to punish my slaves for the tricks of that vile magician! Your profession, as high priest, makes you deny the powers of magic, and impute every extraordinary event to some natural cause. For my part, I am convinced, that the Persian, who, by his sorcery, perverted the flight of your ter-il-has, has also thrown down the images of your gods, transported the guard from one end of the city, to the other, and removed the dungeon, in the same manner he took away my pipe. You value yourself on being less credulous

credulous than others ; but I think our situation peculiarly dangerous, while we remain exposed to the practices of this powerful sorcerer, who has so lately bound our soldiers like asses, and may, for aught we know, be preparing to muzzle ourselves like bears."

"But what remedy is to be tried?" returned the priest, who was a little staggered at this discourse.—"We must seek for it," replied the Vizier, "among the archives of this country. This nation once fell a prey to the arts of enchantment, and was delivered from that calamity by the performance of certain rites and ceremonies, which are described particularly, either in your records or in ours."

"What convinces me," said the Vizier, "that there is nothing else than sorcery in what has happened, is, that a divinity would never have stooped to rob me of my pipe. It is likewise an action, which none else than an impious magician would have committed, to overthrow the sacred statues of the gods in our temples."

"The high priest was obliged to yield to the Vizier's arguments, and promised to engage the college of priests to examine their archives with all possible diligence. They then communicated their opinion to the three other Viziers, and lastly to the assembly; after which the divan broke up."

"This, my Prince, is the whole plan of defence devised by your enemies. It is not at all dangerous; for I promise you that it shall be confounded before they have time to put it in practice."

rice. "You need not be uneasy if I shall leave you to-night; for I am going to fight your battles."

Maugraby kept his word. As soon as the four Viziers were in bed, he commanded the spirits subjected to his power, to bear them away, and place them on a pinnacle of mount Caucasus. There they stood naked, tied to separate stakes, in sight of each other. The faint gleam of light in that place, was no more than sufficient to distinguish near objects, and served to increase the livid hue of their faces, while they witnessed each other's sufferings.

A dreadful storm, fraught with all the rigours of the north, suddenly arose, and almost froze the blood in their veins; but a strong enchantment kept them from perishing, while it rendered them sensible to all the agonies they suffered.

During this scene of horror, Maugraby suddenly appeared, amid a resplendent glare of light. "Guilty wretches!" cried the magician, "Know that I am Bil-il-sa nam, the son of Dagon, your God. "Presumptuous slave" said he to the Grand Vizier, "thou wouldst be King! and your mercenary colleagues there, would gladly participate with thee, in the power and the treasures of your late Monarch!"

"You have refused the King we pointed out as our choice: I have therefore thrown down my father's image and my own, and we will withdraw from among a people, whom you have perverted. You shall remain here, base miscreants! till you have cooled your ambition and avarice." He then vanished, leaving them trembling with terror, and stung with remorse

Immediately

Immediately after he left them, the magician ordered the high priest, and three chiefs of the college, to be transported to the burning sands of Africa. There, naked, and bound to stakes like the others, they were exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, which would soon have put an end to their life, had they not been supported by the powers of enchantment. While they suffered the cruellest tortures, Maugraby appeared to them, as he had done to the Viziers. "Unworthy ministers of our altars! you offer sacrifices to my father and myself, only that you may fatten on the victims. You call yourselves the instruments of our will, and yet you have dared to oppose us. You have sold the people, by corrupting the instinct of the animal in which they confide. Hypocrites! villains! infamous cheats! I will raze our temples to the foundation, that you may no longer find shelter there, if you persist in your disobedience. Know that he whom we judge worthy of our choice, ought no where to be treated as a stranger."

The priests uttered the most dismal shrieks; but their tongues at last became dry, and clove to the roof of their mouths, so that they could not articulate a word.

When Maugraby thought he had sufficiently chastised those who had opposed his intention of raising my father to the throne, he ceased to torment them with such frightful visions; for to them all seemed to pass in a dream. Their bodies, to their apprehension, had not been re-

moved

moved from the beds on which they lay; yet they bore the marks of the violence they had suffered during the night. Some felt their skin shrivelled and chapped with cold, others seemed to have been fried on burning coals.

After the fatigue they had undergone, the magician threw them into a profound sleep, that they might recover sufficient strength to go abroad next day, and communicate to each other the resolutions they had taken, in consequence of the horrid visions of the night.

When they had consulted together, and discovered the similarity of their dreams, it was unanimously agreed, that the pontiff should address the assembly to this purpose.

“Princes, Potentates, Emirs, and Legislators, who compose this assembly! We have committed an error in refusing the Crown to that stranger, whom our divinities have so clearly chosen to reign over us. The gods have testified their wrath, by overthrowing their own statues in our temples; and they have threatened ourselves, and the whole nation, with the most dreadful calamities, if we shall delay, for an instant, to comply with their will. They have been the authors of those prodigies which have lately perplexed us so much, and we must hasten to avert their impending vengeance. Let us seek out this stranger, who is so evidently destined by Heaven to be our King, and the husband of the Princess, the daughter of our late Monarch.”

Scarce had the high priest finished this address, when a report was spread in the divan, that the ter-il-bas had just alighted on the top of my father's

father's house, and sat there with his beautiful tail fully displayed.

The people gazed with astonishment on this prodigy, and began to murmur; but, at that moment, the whole divan approached in a body, bearing before them the crown and sceptre, in order to present them to their intended King.

I shall not attempt to describe the ceremonies that attended the unexpected coronation and marriage of my father. Of these I have a more imperfect knowledge than of other particulars, which were oftener repeated to me, and more immediately concerned myself. As soon as every thing was settled agreeably to his wish, Maugraby disappeared; but before he took his leave, he made my father renew his engagement.

My mother soon became pregnant, and in due time brought me into the world. My father wept over me at my birth, when he called to mind the fatal promise he had made.

Though the son of a barber, my father had been, from his infancy, prepared for his elevated station, and was not at all dazzled with its splendour. He carried on wars, and maintained his glory; and his government was so mild and equitable, that he was adored by his subjects.

When he saw himself firmly established on his throne, beloved by his own people, and dreaded by his enemies, he gratified his filial affection, by sending an embassy to the King of Persia, to intreat that he would permit my grandfather to remove, with his effects, from the city of Schiraz, and come to reside in the capital of Katay.

The

The ambassador was very graciously received. My grandfather and grandmother, though advanced in life, were still able enough to undertake the long journey; and their friend, the astrologer, assured them it would have a happy issue. He also engaged to attend them, although he was much older than either of them, and now a widower, without children. We at last had the satisfaction of seeing them arrive safely at Nantaka.

Nothing would now have been wanting to complete the happiness of my father and mother, had not the cruel engagement with Maugraby come into their minds now and then to damp their joy; for they had no other child than myself, were powerful, beloved by their subjects, and enjoyed the company of their dearest friends.

I was about eight years of age, when our family was thus happily assembled: My father and mother delighted to instruct me, and would scarce suffer me to be a moment out of their sight. I happened to be present when my father privately informed the astrologer of the reward which Maugraby had demanded for placing him on the throne; for he had concealed that afflicting circumstance from my grandfather, because he knew it would give him pain.

"I am sensible," said my father to his old friend, "that I have been too rash. But the purse which was given me, though it seemed inexhaustible during the long journey, became suddenly almost empty, when I approached the great wall which I had to pass, before I could arrive in my kingdom. I was under the necessity of
complying

complying, or of renouncing the high fortune my star had offered. Could you, my friend, have advised me to act otherwise?"

"It was not then the proper time," answered the astrologer, to have taken my advice. You should have consulted me, when the spirit appeared to you in the bath, who commanded you to undertake the journey, and left you money for that purpose: Had you shewn me the purse, I could have discovered, by my art, from what hand it had come. My prediction of your fate was certain; but the wicked spirits, who were not ignorant of your destiny, have been busy in contriving to mislead you, and I fear you have fallen into their snares.

"Let me see that purse, which appears to be the origin of your misfortune, I will now examine it, and consider if any means may yet remain to disengage your son from the rash vow you have taken on his behalf; but I fear the excessive malice of your deceiver, has rendered all attempts of that kind fruitless.

"O Schaskar!" exclaimed the good astrologer, "was it well done to depart without bidding adieu to your father or mother, without acknowledging me whom you knew to be your friend? Was it right to run, like a madman, in search of a throne, which you was to buy at so dear a rate?"

At this discourse my father burst into tears: I threw myself into his arms, and strove to console him by my caresses; but all my efforts only served to increase his disquiet: My mother came in, and mingled her tears with those of her husband.

The

The astrologer said all he could to comfort them ; and having got the purse, retired to his laboratory to wait the most favourable hour for his work ; but alas ! the presages he drew were of such a dismal kind, that they filled my fond parents with consternation.

“ This Maugraby,” said he, “ is, I find, one of the most powerful and wicked magicians on earth. You have devoted your son to him in the name of Mahomet, it is therefore impossible to break the convention ; and it is even very dangerous to irritate the formidable forcerer with whom it is made. You have seen how he treated your enemies. But you are not forbidden to circumcise your son ; you may also secretly recommend him to the protection of Mahomet, when his dangerous master shall come to claim him. The great Prophet will never forsake him, but will save his own, though sinking in the bottomless abyss.”

As my father reigned over a nation of idolators, I was privately circumcised by my grandfather ; and the whole family were now somewhat less anxious on my account.

Thus surrounded by friends who took the highest delight in teaching me, and eager as I was to avail myself of their lessons, I will venture to say, that my progress equalled their most sanguine expectations : But death soon deprived me of my instructors. At the age of twelve years, I lost my grandfather, and the astrologer ; and about a twelvemonth after my grandmother. In short, when I had attained my fourteenth year, Maugraby made his appearance.

I felt

I felt my heart revolt at the sight of the monster, nor could I conceal my uneasiness. My father, however, who was habituated to restraint, received him with seeming good grace.

Maugraby pretended to be the dupe of this artifice, and addressed my father and myself in the highest terms of flattery. He had arrived on a fine horse, and led another still more beautiful, which he said was for me. He assisted me to mount, and served me like a groom. My father and mother were a little encouraged, at seeing this kindness and attention on his part; and, after a tender embrace, they suffered me to depart.

My conductor went on before, and I followed in silence, till we were out of the city. When we came to a retired place, I found my horse suddenly sink under me, and I fell upon my feet on the ground. Maugraby stood before me, with that look of distraction and fury which you have all beheld.

I was seized with horror, and cried out; but he silenced me with a blow, which brought me to the ground.

"What!" said he, "art thou not circumcised? What hadst thou to fear from me?" He then lifted me up by the neck, threw me under his arm, like a bag of cotton, mounted, from the earth, and bore me through the air with incredible rapidity, till at last he dropped me from a vast height into that pool of water in which you were also plunged.

While I was under his arm, I thought myself as light as a feather; but while I fell headlong into the pool, I became like a mass of lead, and every

every bone of my body seemed to be broken in pieces by the fall.

He afterwards dragged me out, stretched me, almost without life, on the grass, and by the means he usually employs, restored me to some degree of strength. At last he conveyed me hither.

I need not detain you with an account of the treatment I received in this place. Eight days were taken up in curing me of the bruises occasioned by my fall from the hands of the monster, who now shewed me such unremitting attention. He slept on a matrafs by my bed-side, and served me with whatever I wanted. I knew he could have cured me in a moment of all the wounds which he had designedly given me; but he determined to prolong my sufferings, that he might, by his apparent sympathy and assiduities, persuade me of his paternal affection, and engage me to devote myself entirely to him.

His wiles and artifices have already been drawn in such lively colours, that I can add nothing to the picture. I need only tell you, that I began at last to think the treatment I had received not altogether unjust, and that perhaps he would have always shewn me the greatest kindness, if my father, assisted by a geomancer, had not performed a vile operation on my body, from which it was necessary that I should be purified.

"This barber's son whom I have raised to a throne," would he say, speaking of my father, "has been so ungrateful, so unnatural, so audacious, as to oppose his benefactor!" He wished

ed to deprive me of a son whom I had earned at the expence of so much labour and pains! You are indeed Yamalladdin the son of the Princess of Katay, but not the grandson of a low-born artisan; you are mine, thanks to my stars! and whoever shall presume to degrade you from a rank far superior to all the monarchs of the earth, shall soon feel the effects of my vengeance.

He thus endeavoured to stifle my natural affection for my parents, and to eradicate the salutary principles which had been early impressed on my mind, in order to subject me the more completely to his will.

When I recovered, he made me taste all those amusements which you have enjoyed, and bestowed on me the pretended privileges of the "son of the family."

As soon as he thought me sufficiently familiarised to his way of life, he put the books into my hands, commanding me to apply myself particularly to the first twelve volumes. I pursued my study with the more eagerness, as I found in those books many secrets that might, I hoped, one day prove useful to me.

The thirteenth, however, appeared altogether inexplicable; and I desisted from attempting to understand it, for which I was punished with a severe blow, on my master's return: "Thou disobediant indolent fellow!" cried he, "worthy to have remained the grandson of a barber, wilt thou never cease to abuse my patience and indulgence?"

Maugraby endeavoured to relieve me from the confusion and despair into which this rude

treatment had thrown me, by leading me gently into his closet, and presenting me with the obscure book which he recommended as the subject of my study.

"I am not always," said he, "master of the first transports of my passion, when I see my pupil fail in his duty to himself and to me. I am under the necessity of absenting myself from this place for about a month; and I leave you but one volume to study, with this assurance, that you have every thing to hope or to fear from me, according as you apply to your task."

When he had said this, he disappeared. "O! monster of brutality and injustice!" cried I when I thought myself alone, "thou shalt not find me here at thy return: If there be any truth in the books thou has put into my hands, I need only trace a few characters and; pronounce some words, and I shall be transported wherever I wish. I will make my escape from this place, and take my route towards my father's kingdom."

Having formed this resolution, I went to the stable, and brought out one of the finest horses I could pitch upon; I drew a circle, inscribed the talismanic characters, mounted the horse, and pronounced the requisite words. In a moment, I thought myself lifted up into the air, and transported through that element, beyond the limits of this fatal palace, with a beaten path before me, which I gladly followed; but night soon came on, and, as I saw a house at a little distance, I hastened toward it, to request lodging. I found, when I approached, that it was
a ruinous

a ruinous building. There was, however, a spring near it; and my horse could feed safely in a small inclosure within the gate, the walls of which were not entirely demolished.

I was happy in the prospect of passing the night in this shelter; and I soon fell fast asleep: But what was my surprise, when I waked, to find that the retreat I had chosen was converted into a dungeon, vaulted above, without a door, and lighted only by a window in which there was a triple grate of iron fixed in the walls; which were of prodigious thickness.

I could discover none of the objects which I had remarked the preceding evening, except a large stone covered with moss, which served me for a pillow, and my horse still feeding in the small inclosure where I had put him to pasture.

Oppressed with hunger and thirst, and seeing no way of escape, I was seized with despair. I preferred any kind of death to that which here awaited me; I therefore resolved to throw myself again into the power of the magician, whatever might be the consequence.

I traced a circle around me with my finger, inscribed the characters, and pronounced the words, demanding to be transported hither. In a moment, I found myself on the same horse, and within the same circle from which I had taken my flight.

I was beginning to efface the marks with my feet, when the magician suddenly appeared, with fury in his looks: "Don't desert! Thou cried he, ironically, "made a long journey, without, however, moving a foot out of this circle.

Pitiful

Pitiful descendent of the Schiraz barber, thou wouldst be too happy, wert thou sent to keep the shop of thy grandfather! but I reserve thee for a punishment of a different sort,—thou must be made a sacrifice to the great spirit whom I have offended, by wishing to consecrate to him so unworthy a creature!”

He then seized me by the hair of the head, and, twisting it round his hand, carried me up into the air, in such a state that I had not power to utter a cry. You know, my Prince, the rest of my sufferings. I cannot tell how long I have been held under the most tyrannical and hideous of all enchantments.

Scarce had Yamaladdin ended his story, when he who sat next him, thus began:

History of Baha-Ildin, Prince of Cinigae.

I find, my friends, that our misfortunes have a near resemblance to one another; our parents have been abused by artifices that are in a great measure similar.

My name is Baha-Ildin, and I am the son of the King of Cinigae, a country which lies between Egypt and Ethiopia. My father was married at the age of sixteen to a daughter of an uncle, the match being made by my grandfather, who was far advanced in life. She was four years younger than her husband, and he was passionately fond of her.

Princely became the marriage, the pregnancy of the the prospect of becoming a mother, ~~but as she~~ She was happy in was too young, her sufferings in labour were inconceivable;

inconceivable; and being ten days in that state, she was reduced to the last extremity.

In vain had all the most skilful physicians of the country been called, and even those of Arabia who were most celebrated for success in their profession: But alas! what can art do against nature? Perhaps too, some wicked agents who pretended to offer her relief, contributed to increase her trouble.

While my mother's life was thought to be in danger, a merchant who sold ostrich feathers, and who had got admittance into the palace, by the beauty of his merchandise, took frequent opportunities of telling my mother's women, that the only person who could give the Princess relief, was an old African physician, who had often performed wonders in difficult labours. "He lives," said he, "at Masser, where he enjoys the highest reputation. He possesses an elixir, which, I have been told, nothing can resist. It is reported, that, by its means, he has prolonged his own life; and he is said to be one hundred and fifty years old."

The merchant's discourse made little impression at first; but when the women returned to my mother's apartment, their compassion for the sick Princess made them whisper to each other, "Ah! what pity it is that the African physician is so old! Could he but come here!"

The nurse of the Princess, when she saw that no other hope remained, ventured to speak of the African physician to the father and mother of her young mistress. They mentioned him to the King, who regarded my mother with double

double affection, both as his niece and his daughter.

He sent for the feather-merchant, and inquired where the old African was to be found. The merchant described the situation of his dwelling. "You will find him at home," said he, "for he cannot walk a step." A Vizier was dispatched to bring him to the palace. The old man was the very picture of infirmity; he made himself be carried on a man's back; and in this manner he was conveyed to the Princess's bedside, where he sat supported with cushions.

"Alas!" cried he, after having felt her pulse, "she is young indeed! but if relief be not speedily brought, she will soon be as old, as near the grave as myself!"

He drew from his pocket a small phial, in which he had only a dozen of drops of the boasted elixir, extracted from the balmy juices of all the medicinal plants produced by the earth. "I cannot now," said he, "travel through distant countries to prepare more of this elixir, though, by its means alone, my life has been prolonged. But," added he, "I shall divide it with the Princess,—you can ask no more of me. You see the phial; it is a solid precious stone, yet its value is far inferior to that of a single drop of the liquor which it contains."

While he talked in this manner, he drew out the stopper of the phial, and, with a trembling hand, let fall one drop of the liquor into a spoon, which he presented to the lips of the fainting Princess.

No sooner had she swallowed two or three drops, than her strength was sensibly restored,
of

of which she gave proof, by eagerly laying hold of the spoon, as it approached her lips.

By the time she had taken the sixth drop, her pains ceased, and she was able to say, "Ah! how I am relieved!" The old people, and my father, with the whole family, were in transports of joy. "Thou hast then restored her," said the King; "but what must become of the child?" "She is safe," answered the pretended chemist; "she will live without doubt; but I cannot answer for the life of the child. You will not desire me to part with the remaining six drops. Would you have me sacrifice my life for that of an infant not yet come into the world, and of whose sex we are still ignorant?"

"Ah!" cried my father, "good African, save my child, since it is in thy power! I will give thee whatever thou shalt demand."

"Give me!" said the African,— "but stay, we may now agree. Every nine months you may have an heir; but as I am so old, and must now part with my elixir, I can never expect to have one. Wo be to him who leaves no heir!—and I have always wished to avoid that curse. My succession is not so despicable as some people may imagine.

"If, in case your child be a son, you will give him to me freely, and promise, on the word of a Prince, that he shall be mine, I consent to part with my last six drops, and also to leave the phial for a play thing to my young heir; that is by no means the most valuable jewel in my possession; by my art, I have acquired many others of far greater worth, which I will shew him in due time. Come, let us agree;

agree : Shall I have the new-born infant on these terms ?”

The Princess, who had been revived in so wonderful a manner by the elixir, would have agreed to any condition, to see her child, that had been motionless for seven days, come alive into the world. “ Let us,” said she, addressing herself to her husband, “ Let us give this worthy old man an heir.” My father readily consented.

My grandfather and uncle thought it a matter of little consequence to bestow a dead child on a dying man ; and therefore easily acceded to the proposal.

My mother now swallowed the remaining six drops, and, in half an hour after, I came safely into the world, without occasioning to her any extraordinary pain or convulsion. The aged African took me in his arms, and put a ribbon about my neck, at which hung the small phial, now emptied of the precious liquor that had saved my life.

“ Come,” said he to my father, “ shake hands with Maugraby, with whom you have made a good bargain. It is not likely, unless I recover more strength, that I shall ever come back to see you ; but, in the mean time, educate our child with as much care as if you expected me every day. I warn you before hand, that he cannot be agreeable to me, unless he be obedient, discreet, and well instructed. I am resigned to my fate, whether I live or die, and now think my elixir well bestowed.”

The odious monster, when he had finished this deceitful harangue, made himself be replaced

ced on the back of the sturdy negro who had brought him there, and took pleasure in trebling the weight of his carcase, that he might oppress the poor porter, who sunk under his burden at the door of Maugraby's house.

After this affair, both the African physician and the feather-merchant disappeared. As for me, I grew up remarkably fast. At six years of age, I might have passed for a boy of nine; and at eleven, I was fit to be taught every manly exercise; nor was the cultivation of my mind neglected.

After my grandfather's death, when my father mounted the throne, the story of Maugraby was almost forgotten. It was only mentioned occasionally, as a curious fact; and my nurse was the only person about me who still remembered the name of that singular personage.

About this time, however, a learned Arab, who was travelling toward the source of the Nile, happened, in passing, to visit my father's court. He spoke of the many wonderful things he had seen in the course of his travels, and, among others, of the discoveries which had of late been made in medicine.

This discourse naturally led my father to mention the African Physician, and the wonderful elixir which had saved the life of my mother and myself.

My mother, who was present at the conversation, told him, "that the old physician had deprived himself of the last six drops of his precious elixir, on this singular condition, that we should give

give him the child, that he might make him his heir.

"We agreed to it," continued she, "that we might humour his fancy. Nor do I suppose his succession to be despicable; for if we may judge of his wealth from the phial he left here, which is cut out of a solid gem, his treasures must be immense. But this unhappy man's heritage must have been vacant next day; for when he was here, he seemed almost at the last gasp, and his body became as heavy as a corpse before he was carried back to his own house. He undoubtedly, expired in a few hours after for want of his elixir."

I happened to come in when my mother had finished this speech. "Baha Ildin," said she to me, "go fetch the phial which the old African physician left you. Ask his name of your nurse; your father and I have forgot it."

"Madam," said I, when I returned with the jewel, which I presented to her, "my nurse says, that the old physician who saved your life and my own, called himself Maugraby."

The learned Arab had listened with great attention to all that my father and mother had said. My father remarked the disquiet of his mind by his looks; but when the sage heard the fatal name pronounced, he could not help exclaiming, "Heaven guard us! Maugraby!"

My parents were alarmed at this behaviour: "What can there be," asked they, "in the name of this unfortunate old man, that should terrify you so much?"

"Alas," cried he, "the decrepitude which he assumed, was only a specious mask that enabled

abled him to impose on you, and render you the dupes of his vile artifice !

“ That infamous wretch, who lies under the curse of heaven and earth, is not dead ; and it is very probable, that at this moment ten sovereign Princes may be deprived of heirs to their thrones by the same wicked impostor.

“ He no doubt conducts them to the Dom-Daniel of Tunis, in which he holds a high rank, and there instructs them in his pernicious arts.

“ Tigers, crocodiles, and venomous serpents, are by no means the most dangerous productions of Africa. The magicians that are disgorged from the Dom-Daniel, which is their chief nursery and retreat, are far more to be dreaded than these noxious animals. Ah ! would to God that our great Prophet might free the earth from this den of monsters !

“ Come hither, my dear little child,” said the good Arab to me, while he took up my right hand, and placed it on my head ; “ I here devote thee to Mahomet, and henceforth put thee under his protection :”

My father and mother did not oppose what the sage Arab had done, though they seemed not to partake of his enthusiasm. When he was gone, they scarce thought any more of what he had said. They satisfied themselves with imagining, that if Maugraby had meant to claim me for his heir, he would have returned long e’ere that time. Nor did they view the science of magic with so unfavourable an eye as the learned Arab ; but thought the traveller too much prejudiced against the African.

His

His prejudice was, no doubt, in part, founded on his religious principles, and the law of Mahomet are not yet known in Cinigab; but I here solemnly vow, that they shall be established there, in case we have the happiness to escape from our present dangerous situation. I have been already dedicated to the great Mahomet, and I now again commit myself to his protection with all my heart.

I enjoyed with tranquillity, the caresses of my kind parents, till I attained the age of fourteen years, the period at which our tyrant regards us as ripe for his designs.

One day, when I was amusing myself in the company of my father, Maugraby, most unexpectedly, made his appearance. He was as wrinkled and decreped as ever; but he now seemed to possess the power of moving himself. Squat upon his hams, he sat in a sort of basket covered with mats, and dragged forward his body, by means of two wooden instruments in his hands, with surprising agility.

"Here I am," said he, "contrary to all expectation. You see I am not dead, but have come back to demand my son."

The illusion under which my father and mother had so long continued, vanished at this odious sight; and the words of the virtuous Arab recurred to their minds, and inspired them with terror.

They wished to compromise matters with Maugraby. They proposed that he should lodge in the palace; they assured him, that he should

should constantly enjoy the company of his heir ; and that nothing on their part should be wanting to render his old age comfortable . But they could, by no means, think of parting with their son.

When Maugraby heard this, his eyes kindled with rage. He threw one of the pieces of wood he had in his hand at my father's head, and the other at my mother's. Both were struck down by the violence of the blows.

I felt myself instantly dwindle into the size and form of a butterfly. I then perceived the magician, who had assumed the same form, mounted upon my back. I flew out by the window, bearing my persecutor through the air. When we had proceeded some time in this guise, I found my body enlarged, and I was then changed into an enormous stork, twice as big as the large one in my father's menagerie, on the back of which I used to ride for my amusement : But I was now forced to bear along our pitiless tyrant, who galloped me incessantly with his legs, and pricked me with a sharp pointed iron instrument, which brought blood from every part of my body. Though I was oppressed with fatigue, hunger, thirst, and all the miseries that a poor creature can feel, yet the cruel monster forced me, by his enchantments, to continue my flight, loading me, at the same time, with curses and reproaches.

At length we arrived at the fountain in which we have all been dipped. It was tinged with my blood ; and I afterwards, like you, experienced the artful flattery and pretended compassion of our insidious seducer.

I attempted to make my escape in the form of a bird, as some of you have done, but with as little success. I knew that the *lois-il-teraz** travel every year from Arabia into Ethiopia. I assumed that form as the most convenient, and, to my great joy, mounted with ease from the earth, in full hopes of soon re-visiting my father's kingdom.

I saw far below me the thick vapours, through which I had passed; and, directing my flight toward the east, I was proceeding with great velocity; but a monstrous eagle appeared, and gave me chase.

I soared into the clouds; I descended to the earth; I buried myself in the water, and crept under the shelter of a thicket of reeds: All was in vain: my pursuer at last seized me, and I felt his cruel talons almost penetrate into my heart.

The dreadful bird of prey carried me to the place allotted for the victim of his wrath. There I was made to participate in the miseries of those whose sufferings are at present suspended and whom heaven has, for a little, permitted to breathe with me in this fatal place.

"I hope," said the fourth Prince who had been delivered by Habel-il-Rouman, "that we shall soon all breathe our native air, and return to rejoice the hearts of our parents: Nor do I despair of seeing vengeance executed on the tyrant who holds us in bondage. My old grandfather by the mother's side, who was my instructor from the cradle, taught me never to yield to misfortunes, however great.

"When

* A particular species of wild goose.

“When the magician threw me into the pit, and as long as I retained my recollection, though inhumanly suspended by the feet, I never ceased to set him at defiance, and my last words were : “Bury me, if you please, twenty feet under the earth ; my heart tells me I shall one day escape from your cruel hands.”

My history is as follows :

History of Badvildinn, Prince of Tartary.

In the suburbs of Samarcand dwelt a woodman named Shamakda, who had a wife and three children whom he supported by his industry. His riches consisted of a small cottage, covered with thatch, three asses, an ax, and a pair of the most brawny arms in Tartary.

Every morning he waked with the cock, and went joyfully to the forest with his three asses, from whence he returned to sell his wood in the city, before others of his profession had performed half their task.

When the people saw him come within the gate with his merchandise, they flocked about him ; for every body knew him. “Let us go buy wood of Shamakda !” would they say ; “he is a merry fellow ; we will hear his jokes.”

Though jocose or sarcastic discourse may be very unbecoming in people of fashion, yet among the vulgar it is a proof of merit, and shews, that the person is above his lot, or, at least, repines not at it.

Shamakda, one morning as he passed to the forest, began to reflect that the wood was every day more and more thinned near the city, and

that only a few prodigious overgrown trees remained, which were so bulky that nobody ever attempted to cut them down.

"My comrades, the woodmen," said he, "bestow their time, and weary their feet, to save the labour of their arms. I am resolved to make the steel of my ax penetrate one of these enormous trunks. When I have felled the tree, its branches will be a store, from which I may carry wood for several weeks together." He then put his asses in a place where they might find pasture, bared his sinewy arms, and attacked the foot of the tree with such vigour, that the noise of each stroke was echoed back from the neighbouring forest.

When he had proceeded for a little, the tree began to shake in a strange manner. An opening was suddenly formed in it, which became a gate of twenty feet in height, and wide in proportion.

A monstrous black giant, of terrible aspect, stepped out, as if newly waked from sleep. He was in his shirt, slippers, and night cap, and demanded, with a tremendous voice, "Who art thou that darest to knock there? Who hath permitted thee to disturb my repose at this early hour? I have scarce yet laid my head upon the pillow, for it is not quite three hundred hours since I went to bed." He then rubbed his eyes, that he might be enabled to open them.

The woodman, who possessed uncommon intrepidity, listened, without much emotion, to the giant's discourse. He believed him to be a genie, and one of those beings, whose humours
must

must be complied with, if we wish to avoid their resentment.

The appearance of this monster was truly frightful. His bulk was equal to one of the towers of Bagdad, and his cap, like the dome on one of the turrets of the grand mosque of Masser.

"Who art thou? what dost thou want?" resumed the giant; "dost thou not know that the three hundred and thirteenth hour of the day is an unreasonable time to knock at people's doors in this manner?"

"My lord!" answered the woodman, "it is now fifteen hundred and sixteen minutes more. You may see that it is so by the moon and the stars,—it is now day."

"You low people," replied the genie, "have no discretion. Whenever you take a fancy to trouble persons of our rank, our repose must be broken by your impertinent intrusion. Say, fellow, what wouldst thou have?"

"My lord, I knew not that this was your lodging. I did not imagine that so great a prince would have been without a porter. My errand here was to load my three asses with wood."—"Why wouldst thou have wood?"

"—My lord, we use it for beaking bread, to be presented at the tables of grandees like you."—"Fool, we don't want bread: If we did, it is to be found in every baker's shop."

"—But for to-morrow,"—"To-morrow is made for thee, and such as thee; we know only the present. How insupportable are these reptiles, with their puny wants! Thou wouldst have wood; are not the forests full of it? what wouldst

wouldst thou do with this wood ?"—“ My lord, I would load my three asses, return into the city, and sell it for money to support my family.”——“ Your family then can't support itself ? To what an insignificant race dost thou belong !”—“ We are very weak indeed, my lord ; but if I do not return with my asses loaded with wood, we shall be in want of money, and both myself and my family might starve.”——“ Could you not have said so at once, instead of knocking so furiously. Since it is money you want, to be quit of your importunities, I will give you enough to load your three asses. Follow me.”

The giant retired within the tree, and Shamakda followed. The woodman was confounded to see himself in a grand vestibule, of an oval form, supported by columns of jasper, the interstices embellished with golden urns, and magnificent statues. He passed hastily after the giant through this, and several other apartments, all equally furnished with rich ornaments, till at last they arrived at a sort of closet, where he saw bags of money built up like a pyramid, the base of which was six feet square, and the height proportionable.

“ You want money, don't you ?” said the giant, opening one of the bags, which was full of gold. “ Here, take what you want ; make haste, and begone, for I am oppressed with sleep.”

Shamakda approached with timidity, and took a single piece of gold. “ Blockhead !” cried the monstrous black, stamping his foot with impatience, “ how long time wouldst thou take

to load three asses, like thyself, in this manner? Make haste, sloven, and take up a load." The woodman placed five bags on his arm, and let two of them fall in the hurry. "Ah! thou awkward wretch! thou wilt make me die two thousand years before my time!" cried the giant.

He then brought a great chest from his store-room, filled it in a moment with bags of gold; and, with an air of discontent and impatience, carried it into the open fields, where he threw it down hastily.

"There," said he to the woodman, "take that once for all, and begone. If you and your asses cannot carry it home, you may bury the rest. I am not at leisure to talk long with you: But remember, that if, for nine hundred years from hence, thou hast the audacity to disturb my repose, or make the least noise near my habitation, thou shalt answer for it with thy head."

"Be assured, my lord," said Shamakda, "that your orders shall be punctually obeyed: and I wish you a very good night."

"Well, well, begone!" cried the giant stretching out his monstrous arms, and yawning so wide, that his throat might have received the chest that stood before him on the earth.

When spirits display such liberalities towards mortals, we who are here present know, from experience, that their gifts are very suspicious, and are seldom bestowed without some sinister design. You will soon see how the woodman's
sudden

sudden fortune raised him to the dangerous honour of becoming my grandfather.

Shamakda, with the utmost expedition, took off the empty sacks that were girt on the ass's backs, to save them from being injured by the wood; these he filled with gold, and, and, tying them carefully, replaced them on the asses.

There still remained three loads of the precious metal, which he buried in the earth, and covered up the hole with a heap of stones. He then returned cheerfully towards his cottage.

As soon as he came home, he communicated his fortunate adventure to his wife, who was a very prudent woman. They agreed to conceal their treasure while their children lay asleep, and next night to bring home the remainder, by the light of the moon.

This plan was happily executed; and they now saw themselves possessed of immense riches: But they judged it proper to make no sudden display of their opulence, and only made it appear by degrees, as the fruit of their industry. In short, their behaviour was so moderate, that they rose to a superior rank, without exciting the envy of their neighbours.

They spared no expence in educating their four children. Three of them entered into trade, and maintained an honourable station in the world. Their daughter was beautiful as an angel, and fit to inspire the most violent passion; but no man was permitted to approach her; nor was she suffered to go abroad unveiled, or without attendants. Her name was Billah-Dadil.

One day when this charming young creature, accompanied by her slaves, went to the bath, she was obliged to step aside from the pavement, and stand under the porch of a great house, to avoid the embarrassment occasioned by a number of horses and camels that had accidentally met in a narrow part of the street.

The handsome Prince Schazzarickdin, son to the king of Samarcand, happened at that instant to be going out a-hunting, with his retinue; and being interrupted by the crowd of camels belonging to a caravan, he found it difficult to restrain the ardour of his high mettled courser: this afforded an opportunity of displaying his skill and address in horsemanship; and the gracefulness of his appearance made such an impression on the tender heart of the fair daughter of Shamakda, that she could never after get his image out of her mind.

This might perhaps be the effect of pure natural sympathy: But I cannot help suspecting that there was more in this adventure, as our execrable persecutor soon after appeared in disguise to conduct the business of the plot.

Billah-Dadil pined away, consumed by a secret flame, which she durst not avow to her parents: In spite of all that could be done, by the advice of the best physicians in Samarcand, she daily lost strength; and her life was at last despaired of. Her father, mother, and brothers were inconsolable.

About six months before, a female merchant had introduced herself into the family of Shamakda, who said she came from Mossoul, and dealt

dealt in perfumes, pomatums, paint, and other articles for a lady's toilet.

Her goods had become fashionable, and she was favoured with the custom of all the ladies of Samarcand. Her age made her respectable; and her looks were so ingenuous, her discourse so insinuating, that nobody suspected her of flattery. She told stories in the most pleasing and interesting manner, and always accommodated herself to the humour of the people with whom she conversed; if a few satiric hints escaped her, these were always thrown out so artfully, that she never gave the smallest offence.

She even extended her complaisance to the slaves of her own sex, whom she treated with familiarity, and would often make them a present of those articles which she sold to their mistresses at a dear rate. She listened to their private complaints, and, like a zealous confidant, served them in their difficulties.

Nor was this Mossoul merchant unknown to the fair Billah-Dadil, whom she visited every day during her illness.

She used to stand in a corner of the chamber, listening to the consultations of the physicians, and when she heard their opinions, she would shrug up her shoulders, and tell the women who waited on the sick young lady, "These people know nothing of the matter, and will let your charming mistress perish, for want of understanding her case.

"When they have done their utmost, I shall be tempted to try my skill. I should never have been able to compound such exquisite ointments

ments and perfumes without some knowledge of medicine ; and I possess one secret, which will be more efficacious in certain female complaints, than all the prescriptions of these learned physicians."

In the mean time, the situation of Billah-Dadil became daily more and more hopeless. A piece of news, that had been accidentally mentioned in her presence, had greatly aggravated her distress, though nobody suspected, at the time, that it could affect her in the least.

A report was spread, that an ambassador from China had come to conclude a treaty between the two nations, and to offer the hand of the Princess, his master's daughter, to the Prince Schazzarickdin. No sooner had the poor Billah-Dadil heard the fatal news, than she fell into a swoon, which seemed to have terminated her life.

The whole family was alarmed : and when, by the assistance of her attendants, the fainting young lady shewed some signs of life, the Mos-soul merchant sat down cross-legged on a carpet, along with her women, to watch at her bed-side.

" I vow," cried she, " I will not suffer those ignorant physicians, at this time at least, to kill the finest woman in Samarcand, or, indeed, in all Tartary !

" When she wants any thing, let me be allowed to serve her ; if I do not give her comfort, this box shall be yours, and you know my commodities are very precious. The slaves did not hinder the merchant to serve their mistress ;
and

and as soon as the young lady called, she approached her in a respectful manner.

“Fair lady!” said the merchant, “don’t you know me? Your own mother could not love you more than I do. Suffer me to feel your skin.—How hot you are! you burn, you are consumed with a secret fire! your pulse is lost; I know by that how much you suffer in concealing your flame: Your eyes, which are so beautiful, so expressive of candour and sweetness, testify the embarrassment of your mind.

“Why should you refuse me, who regard you with the same affection as if you were my own daughter, and who have this day offered in your behalf, a dove innocent like yourself, to the great Astaroth,—why should you refuse me your confidence?

“When you make me your confidant, you will tell me nothing but what I know already,—what I am willing and able to remedy. In short, you are in love.

“You blush! That shews I am in the right: but it is not enough; you must tell me with whom you are captivated, before I can apply the infallible remedy of which I am possessed.”

——“I dare not confess it.”——“You are going to tell me, that you are in love with a handsome young Prince; and though you might be proud of your choice, you are pleased to be ashamed of it.”——“But, merchant!” said the young lady, “since you have so well guessed my disease, how is it possible that the Prince should love me, or even see me, since he is to marry another person?”

“I promise

"I promise you three things," answered the old woman; "he who is the subject of your thoughts shall see you: He cannot see you without loving you; and as for the Chinese ambassador who comes to offer his Princess in marriage, I shall serve him with a perfume that will send him back from whence he came.

"Leave off all the prescriptions of your physicians: Let hope cheer your soul; that is the precious balm which will infallibly cure your wound: Let ease of mind recall the lily and the rose to your cheek, and restore the freshness of your complexion. Follow my advice; and if, in less than three months, you are not the happiest creature in the world, may all my perfumes evaporate into smoke, and may I never again see Mossoul my dear country!

"You already begin to revive. Your appetite will speedily return, and you must have something to eat.—One precaution, however, is necessary: You must take three drops of this elixir; and I will take the same quantity in your presence, to convince you of its safety. It will fortify your stomach, so that you will be in no danger of a surfeit though you eat heartily. Be assured I have no medicines with the virtues of which I am not well acquainted; for I compound them all with my own hand."

The sick young lady put herself entirely under the direction of the merchant: The elixir operated as powerfully as her counsels, and never was convalescence more rapid. In three days after this conversation, she had not only recovered her healthy looks, but her charms were rendered more touching and delicate.

The physicians were astonished at this sudden change; and the credit which the Mossoul merchant acquired by this cure, made them quit the house entirely. In the mean time, the news of the Chinese embassy was frequently the subject of conversation; and, as is usual when negotiations of this kind are on foot, the idle people of Samarcand had already settled all the articles of the marriage treaty.

The Mossoul merchant, however, comforted Billah-Dadil: "Be not uneasy my fair mistress," would she say; "doubt not of my zeal and assiduity in your service. While this ambassador is busy with unpacking his goods, and preparing his presents, people imagine that he has obtained the consent of your Prince to marry the Chinese Princess. But don't believe it. What a ridiculous figure she must be, with her gew-gaws hanging from her nose, her lips and her ears! her face hung about with baubles like a toyman's window! and this is the rival who expects to deprive you of the heart of a handsome young Prince, now no longer at an age to be pleased with a doll or a puppet! Be not alarmed at what you hear: Perhaps by to-morrow I shall relieve you from all your fears, by bringing the Prince himself to see you."

When the fair Billah-Dadil heard this proposal, she cast down her eyes and blushed: "But my mother," said she, "and my slave——"

"All these shall be fast asleep," interrupted the crafty old woman. "Do not fear that I who love you more than I love myself, should make you run the smallest risk.

"But

"But once more, my charming mistress, I pray thee refuse not to receive me this night, at whatever hour, and in whar ever manner I shall find it necessary to return. You may expect a most agreeable visit ; and remember you are served by one who never failed of her purpose."

Here Badvildinn interrupted his narrative : "You will easily guess, my Princes, after what you have heard, who this was, that appeared under the mask of a Mossoul merchant. For my own part, I believe this to have been no other than he, who, under the form of a giant, had so profusely opened his treasures to Shamakda : In short, under all those forms, it is easy to recognise the detestable image of Maugraby."

While the magician acted this part in the house of Shamakda, he was no less busy in the palace. Under the same disguise, he had made himself known to Schazzarickdin, and ingratiated himself with all the women and eunuchs, especially with the nurse and governess of the young Prince. He represented the Princess of China to them in the most ridiculous light, and inspired them with a strong aversion at the proposed match.

"I know the ugly creature," said the false merchant, "for I have sold her pomatums and washes to remove in part the redness at the point of her nose.

"I am going to amuse you with a sight of her ; but I must first rub my face with a drug that will swell and inflame my eye-lids, so that I may turn out the white of my eye, by every effort I make to look up."

When the pretended old woman had thus prepared herself, she put her hands in her sleeves, stretched out her neck to a prodigious length, hung down her head, tripping and tottering from one end of the chamber to the other, on her tip-toes. The women, who witnessed this piece of mimicry, almost burst their sides with laughter.

At that moment the Prince happened to come in, and demanded the cause of their merriment. "There," said they, "there is your fine Chinese Princess!"

Schazzarickdin was so much pleased with the exhibition, that he could not help joining the laugh against the poor Princess of China. The pretended Mossoul merchant approached the place where the Prince stood, and asked in a whisper: "Dost thou really know this Princess whom thou treatest with such ridicule?"

"Do I know her!" cried the false merchant: "I assure you, my Prince, she is not for you. You are tall and straight, like the reeds of the Nile; your complexion is fair and fresh as the dewy rose; and you would, no doubt, wish to have children like yourself; but this fellow with the broad square hat, comes to propose that you should mix your blood with a race of beings more nearly resembling monkeys than men.

"Why should you, my Prince, seek to espouse the daughter of a King? What are crowns or sceptres, when the curtains are drawn? or will she be a better or more submissive wife for being descended from a Monarch? Why should you not rather consult your own happiness, and bestow

bestow your hand on the most beautiful virgin in your kingdom, whose only pretension to honour and glory would be that of belonging to you? Ah! my dear Prince, I know a charming young creature, on whom the sun scarce ever shone, yet would she add lustre to his rays, were she placed by your side.

"Though innocent as the dove, her sparkling eye bespeaks the strength and vivacity of her mind. Good sense, wit and sensibility, are united in her character; and, in short, as I know you both, the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that fate has destined you for each other.

"I have seen the world, my dear Prince; but I declare I never beheld a beauty so perfect as Billah-Dadil, the daughter of one of the most respectable private families in Samarcand, nor one so worthy to possess the heart of the great Prince Schazzarickdinn."

The false merchant pronounced this speech with such a winning address, that it made a deep impression on the young Prince's mind. Nor was the eulogium on the lady's charms at all exaggerated. He at last became extremely impatient to see this extraordinary beauty, whom she had described so agreeably. He asked the supposed old woman, if she could procure him the favour of an interview. She at first seemed to find many difficulties, but said she would try what she could do. "I will risk every thing," added she, "in the attempt; and shall soon return, and inform you of my success."

It was immediately after this conversation that the false merchant came to raise the hopes of
Billah-

Billah-Dadil, and prepare her for the reception of her lover. As soon as she got her consent to see him privately, the pretended old woman went to prepare a disguise for the amorous young Prince.

Next morning she came to the palace, and after jesting as usual with the governess and nurse, she easily found an opportunity of speaking to the Prince. "Your business is done," cried she: "It only cost me a little invention, and a very harmless fib.

"No family in Samarcand has shewn me more kindness than that into which I shall introduce you this evening. I told them that I expected my daughter from the country, where she staid with one of my sisters, at the distance of two days journey from the city; and they expressed an earnest desire to see her.

"The fair young lady herself is newly recovered from a fit of sickness; and the family are happy to think that my child may contribute to the amusement of their beloved daughter, by spending the evening with her.

"I have here in my basket, a woman's dress, in which you may disguise yourself: I am sure it will fit you exactly; and you may easily pass out with me, in the evening, unobserved by your attendants.

"We shall go to the house; and when you have conversed with this charming young woman, whom I love as much as if she were my daughter, if you think my partiality has exaggerated her charms, you may withdraw without being discovered."

Every

Every thing was conducted according to the plan proposed ; and the Prince was seized with a passion no less violent than that which he had inspired.

His disguise soon became burdensome to him ; and the artful old woman, assisting the discovery, made those two happy lovers, before they parted, swear an eternal attachment and inviolable fidelity to each other.

The Prince learned, that this young beauty had been at the point of death for love of him, which gave occasion to a hundred passionate expressions on his part : In short, they had no thought of parting, till the supposed old woman reminded them of the respect they owed to each other, and the indelicacy of further prolonging the first visit.

The Prince of Tartary was tenderly beloved by his father ; he therefore did not hesitate freely to tell him his mind, that he might anticipate the proposals of the Chinese ambassador.

“ Sire,” said he to his father, “ you have only twice given audience to the envoy from China, and he has not yet fully declared his errand. His retinue, however, who are more communicative than himself, have mentioned it. He comes to propose an alliance between the Princess his master’s daughter and myself, in order to obtain certain advantageous conditions for his Court.

“ These weak people have a false idea of greatness. They think a man should seek honour in his alliance with a wife. Do they imagine that our brave Tartars would regard
me

me the more, that I had a King for my father-in-law ?

“ Let us live in peace, my father, with that puny, avaricious, and effeminate nation ; but let not their blood debase our noble race. Let not our family degenerate into pigmies, but let me choose a wife who may be respectable in the eyes of the people,”

The King approved the liberal sentiments of his son. “ My dear Shazzarickdinn,” said he, “ your ideas on this subject are noble, and worthy of a Tartar : Nor would I restrain your choice, from any political view whatever : But it is now time that you should think of establishing yourself in the world, and I shall be glad to know, if there is a beauty in my dominions whom you esteem worthy of your favour.”

“ There is one, my father, whom I can present to you with confidence, for I am sure you will approve my choice.” The King expressed his impatience to see the object of his son’s love ; and Schazzarickdinn made haste to bring Billah-Dadil into his presence. The Monarch was so struck with her wit and beauty, that he immediately gave orders to announce to his courtiers the approaching nuptials of the Prince his son with the fair daughter of Shamakda.

The Chinese ambassador thus saw the object of his embassy frustrated : For it was intended, by the proclamation of the Prince’s marriage, to prevent his bringing forward the proposals from his Court, and thus avoid offending him by a refusal.

These,

These, my Princes, are the particulars which preceded the marriage of my father and mother ; for I am the son of Schazzarickdinn and Bil-lah-Dadil. It would be tedious to dwell on the ceremonies and festivities which were displayed on this occasion.

Though one may well suspect, that there was something supernatural in the affection which subsisted between the authors of my life, since Maugraby had such a hand in the intrigue, yet much was likewise owing to the sympathy of two congenial hearts. When they saw themselves united for ever, they imagined their happiness complete : But, alas ! they were still, as they had all along been, the dupes of our cruel enemy.

The execrable magician had it thus in view, even previous to my birth, to make me the victim of his vile arts. By means of these, he deprived me of the pleasure of enjoying the caresses of my father and mother, even from my cradle. O ! my dear companions in misfortune ! if you do not already sufficiently detest this monster, learn, from what he has made me suffer ever since my birth, how odious he ought to be in your eyes !

To explain this, I must recall to my mind many ideas that are highly painful, and, in some measure, I must even violate the secrets of the nuptial bed of my parents.

It is sufficient to say, that my father, though endowed with all the vigour of health, and inflamed with love, felt himself seized with an irresistible enchantment, which froze his youthful blood, and brought on the imbecility of age,

at the moment he hoped to possess his charming bride. The treacherous Mossoul merchant, came into their chamber next morning, to enjoy her triumph over nature and love.

She did not think proper, however, to anticipate their confidence on a subject of such delicacy. She knew that in a few days they would be reduced to despair. Nor was she mistaken in her conjecture; for my father soon made known to her his misfortune.

"O Astaroth!" cried the perfidious confidant, "this must be the work of the wicked Chinese! I know their way; these are the tricks they perform by the help of their great dragon. Curse on the ugly, decrepid race! They are no more to be compared with other men than a mushroom to a melon!

"This too must be the cause of their sudden departure! But I swear, by Astaroth, that the blow they have aimed at you, shall be reflected on themselves with double force.

"I could give you a sling with which you might attack them; but what would avail your single arm, my Prince, against an ambassador attended by a thousand men?

"Leave then to me, the care of our vengeance.—We must, first of all, apply a remedy to the most urgent evil. When your wife was at the point of death for love of you, I made some offerings to Astaroth, who enabled me to restore her health. I am resolved, therefore, to pass this night in the temple of that god; his priests already know me, and will not prevent me from exercising my devotion at his shrine.

"I will

"I will offer a sacrifice on the altar of the god, and burn some of my most precious perfumes: I will rest my head, while I sleep, on a pillow filled with the seeds of white poppies. Make yourself easy, my Prince, and trust with confidence in my skill and ability to serve you."

My father informed his spouse of what had passed between him and the Mossoul merchant; and they both expected her return with a degree of impatience.

Next morning, the false old woman made her appearance with a cheerful countenance. "Let us rejoice," said she, "I have not been sparing of my perfumes; but my offerings were acceptable, for I never had a more agreeable dream. The great dragon shall soon be put to flight, with his wings clipped.

"You need not take notice of this affair to any other than the King your father; for there are some things which are not fit for the ears of the people.

"It was not Astaroth himself, who appeared to me, but the great Maugraby his vicegerent on earth. Ah! what a noble figure,—your own eyes shall one day behold him! Never did I see so grave, so venerable a personage! He was clothed in a long flowing robe of rich satin. The rustling of his dress first made me turn toward the side where he stood.

"He told me his name. 'Astaroth,' said he; 'accepts thy perfumes. The Prince of Tartary shall be delivered from the enchantments of the dragon. He shall be avenged of his enemies. He shall enjoy length of days, and be blessed with a numerous posterity: But something more substantial

stantial than perfumes must be offered to the divinity whom thou invokest. The Prince and Princess of Tartary must devote to him, by a solemn promise and pledge, the first male fruits of their embraces; and thou must bring me a writing signed and sealed by them, to confirm the obligation."

"At the same time, he cut a piece from the fore part of his robe, and put it into my hands, that I might present it to you."

"Let us retire into the Princess's apartment, and shew him how much you honour Astaroth, and how you prize the advantage of having your child adopted as the son of so potent a divinity."

My father was excusable, in submitting to any thing, rather than continue under so disagreeable an enchantment; and my mother was no less so, in wishing to avoid the reproach of sterility: Besides, they had both, from their infancy, been taught to regard Astaroth with a superstitious veneration.

Their insidious confidant dictated the writing, and drew from the arm of each a drop of blood, which she mingled with her own, and, in this solemn manner, made them sign an engagement to deliver me to our cruel enemy. You may now easily guess who this pretended good Astaroth really was, of whom the odious Maugraby was confessedly the vicerent.

Nine months after this fatal engagement, I came into the world; and my parents, knowing that I was not theirs by right, sent me to be offered in the temple of their divinity.

The

The chief priest received me with great pomp, and, amid other ceremonies, covered me with a sheet of fine linen, bordered with purple, to denote my double character, of a priest, and the son of a King. A nurse was provided for me in the temple, from whence I was brought, from time to time, to the palace. The priest who attended me on those visits, would seldom permit me to receive the caresses of my parents.

As soon as I was able to stand upright by the side of the altar, I was made to assist at all the sacrifices ; but I felt a strong antipathy, even at a very early period, against the office imposed on me.

My father and mother, however, saw their family increase and flourish beyond their most sanguine hopes. At the time of my departure, I left three younger brothers in good health ; so that my father had no reason to fear the want of a successor to his throne, though I was devoted to another purpose.

For my own part, my employment was by no means agreeable to my inclination. If I learned any thing of my profession, it was merely owing to a sort of mathematical docility in my temper ; but when left to my own choice, I escaped from my keepers, mounted the first horse I could find, or ranged through the fields with a bow in my hand.

In this manner, my life passed on, till I attained my fifteenth year. One day, while I stood before the high priest, clothed in fine linen, and crowned with roses, ready to perform my part at a sacrifice, a message was brought, that

my father and mother requested my instant attendance at the palace.

I threw down the censer hastily, and, dressing myself as I now appear, I flew to obey their commands. I found in my mother's apartment, a venerable personage, with a long beard and a white robe, such as had been described to me, when I was made acquainted with the reason of my being educated at a distance from the palace.

When I entered, he rose up to receive me, I remarked that he was taller than my father, by at least half the head. Imagination, indeed, cannot represent a more noble or more majestic figure than that which Maugraby had assumed. I perceived anxiety in my father's looks, and my mother was in tears.

"My son," said Schazzarickdinn, "the vicergerent of the divinity, to whom you are consecrated, has come here to conduct you to the place where you may be initiated in his mysteries."—"My lord," said Maugraby, "you have kept your promise, and I here restore to you this writing. If I have any cause of complaint, no blame can fall on you,

"Young man," said he, addressing himself to me, "you are now going to be more seriously employed than formerly." He then took me by the hand, which he held, while my father and mother embraced me, and instantly led me away.

A camel stood ready for us, which we mounted at a small distance from the palace. I was made to sit on the most commodious place, and
a tall

a tall negro slave walked before us, leading the camel.

When we were without the city, and in a retired part of the country, "Ilage Cadahé," said the master to his slave, "Stay, we must now change our way of travelling: This is by far too slow for our purpose." He then leaped nimbly from the camel, and the slave held out his arms to help me to dismount.

Before the slave set me down, the magician said, "While you have him in your hands, you may dress him for the journey." The negro then stroked my body lightly with his hands, and rubbed my forehead rather roughly. In an instant I felt a strange revolution in my whole system. My head turned, and I fell down on my side.

But what was my surprise, when I found that I was no longer a man, but, as I fancied, a small piece of wood shaped like a cone, and pointed at the end with a large gold pin. I say, as I fancied; for I have learned from the books which I have perused, that three fourths of the changes effected by magic, are mere illusions, and that I neither saw what I was, nor was what I imagined myself to be. If it was a dream, however, it was no ordinary one; for my organs of sensation gave me sufficient intimation of the pains I suffered.

"Come, Ilage Cadahé, cried the magician, when he had stript off his robe and long beard, and assumed his own frightful appearance, "Come, take a whip, and give me another; let us wake this sleeping top, it will amuse us in our journey. I then felt a shower of lashes

fall on my sides, which convinced me, to my sad experience, that I was not a piece of wood.

I was driven on, in this manner, by two leather scourges, which carried me sometimes a hundred feet at one stroke; but my persecutors still followed me close, and repeated their blows.

They added raillery to their cruelty. "Ha! well done Ilage Cadahé, what a fine stroke that was! but our top is excellent. I knew there was many tops among our college of priests, but this is surely the best of them all."

I could hear no more of their discourse; for by this time I was reduced to a state of insensibility: Nor did I revive till I was plunged into the pool, where my wounds were washed; for the blood followed every stroke inflicted by the cruel whips on the imaginary top. Yet this barbarity was trifling, in comparison with what I afterwards suffered, for more than a year, in the dreadful pit from which your goodness relieved me.

After I was dragged out of the pool, I had recovered my senses so far as to overhear the conversation of my tormentors, but I was unable to shew any outward signs of life. "Ilage Cadahé," said the treacherous master, "we have obeyed the orders which we could not resist, in chastising this young priest of Astaroth, who has been so negligent of his duty, and so deficient in zeal and devotion: But I alas! who am his unhappy father, what pains has this act of obedience cost me! I shall surely lose my dear child, my only son!" "You

"You know," said he, with a sigh, "you know the truth of what I say, since it was you, Ilage Cadahé, who carried out Schazzarickdinn from the bed of Billah-Dadil, and put me in his place; nor was there any other way left to break the enchantments of the great dragon."

"Ever since that time, the image of this young man has been near my heart, and I have always wished to have leisure to superintend his education, which has been too much neglected. Nothing impure can enter the place to which I am about to go, and I fear I shall be condemned to mourn out the remainder of my days." When he said this, the monster shed tears that might have moved the hardest heart.

They placed me on a mossy bank, and, applying their hands to my lips, found that I still breathed, though very feebly. "Give him one drop of your elixir of life," said the negro. "I fear it is too strong," answered my pretended father: "I will, however, venture a single drop." They lifted up my head, and made me swallow the potent dose, of which those wretches very well knew the efficacy. I was instantly restored, and rendered sensible to all the miseries I had suffered from their cruelty. Though they could have suspended my torments, if they had thought proper, yet they left me to endure them to the utmost rigour, and I rent the air with piteous cries.

"Ah! he feels his pains!" cried Maugraby, in a transport of joy. "I shall yet save him. I will now carry him to my habitation, where death cannot penetrate. Since thou canst
not

not follow me, Ilage Cadahé, thou mayst return, and give an account of my faithful services and submission to our master."

I need not expatiate on the after conduct of the monster. You all know what handle he can make of a fable, when he has once adopted it; and you may easily guess the arguments he used to persuade me, that I was not the son of my father, who, unhappily, had always behaved in a distant manner toward me.

But though he had succeeded in persuading me of this falsehood, my behaviour did not correspond to my supposed birth; for I was incapable of application, of a haughty and independent spirit, negligent of the tasks he prescribed to me, and often disobedient.

You will readily believe, that for such conduct I suffered severely from his brutality. At some times a blow from his hand would have swelled my lips for eight days together. After one of his pretended absences, I received a punishment of this kind, because, instead of studying a calculation he had given me to work, I had gone in search of a book which he had concealed, no doubt purposely, in a place where I might observe him. He appeared in a moment, snatched the book from my hand, and gave me the blow.

For six days after this adventure, he treated me with more than ordinary kindness and indulgence. One day we went out together to hunt ~~dey~~, armed with lances, for I was better acquainted with that weapon than any other, its use being permitted in the college of priests. My master led the way. As he passed through some long

grass, a sharp thorn run into his foot, having pierced the thin leather of his slipper, and a profusion of blood flowed from the wound.

He uttered a cry, stopped, and sat down, while I expressed my astonishment. "Don't be afraid, my dear child," said he, "the hurt is not dangerous."

He was much mistaken, if he imputed my emotion to sympathy for his sufferings: But he affected to view it in that light. "Be not alarmed," added he; "I never go abroad without a healing balsam, which will soon give me ease."

He sat down on a green bank that happened to be near, and drew out the thorn. He then took two small phials, full of liquor, from his pocket, one of which he used to stop the bleeding, the other to dress the wound.

When I saw his blood flow so freely, I could not help saying in my own mind: "This must be a mortal like myself; since a thorn can hurt him, why may not a lance kill him?"

The idea of all the severities I had received from him then crowded upon my remembrance. I saw his ugly image before my eyes, as he appeared, when he loaded me at first with cruel lashes, mingled with invectives, and bitter raileries.

"He calls himself my father," thought I: "He would have me to obey him; and if I do not, he threatens me with the wrath of his god Astaroth! If I am punished, it shall not be through his means, for I shall dispatch him in a moment: I shall save him the trouble of using his balsam!"

Having

Having taken this resolution, as soon as he turned his back, I lifted my lance, plunged it into his body, and transfixed him with his face to the earth.

I did not at that instant reflect on my hazard, in case I should fail of my purpose, and remain alone exposed to his terrible vengeance, but hastily stepped over the bank of turf, that I might make sure work of it, and put my enemy out of pain: While I attempted this, however, my foot slipped, and I fell to the ground: Before I could recover myself, I perceived that my hands and feet were tied, and that Maugraby stood before me with that horrible face which alone is natural to him; for his other aspects are all counterfeited.

"Wretch!" cried he, "vile assassin, who wouldst even have committed parricide, hadst thou been able! I have at length detected thee! I shall take care to prevent thy future guilt, by sending thee out of the world!"

The terror with which I was seized, hindered me from attending to the dreadful imprecations he uttered against myself and my kindred. The reproaches of the monster were, however, chiefly directed against the poor woodman, whom he cursed bitterly, declaring himself to have been the author of the high fortune of my mother's family.

He at last dragged me to his abominable cemetery. It is impossible to tell how long I have been in that horrible place, where a sensibility to pain was the only proof left me of existence.

The

The five Princes to whom Badvildinn addressed his story, had listened to him with great attention. As soon as he had finished his narration, the eyes of the company were turned on the remaining one of their companions, who had not yet spoken. He perceived their impatience, and immediately began in this manner:

History of Shahadildin, Prince of Damascus.

O! my brethren, my noble but unhappy fellow sufferers! I cannot describe to you my feelings, while I listened to the recitals I have heard; but these have thrown light on my own adventures. I now comprehend many things which before appeared inexplicable, and I plainly recognise in several different personages, the same wicked agent who has so artfully planned our destruction.

That I may exhibit my history in a clear point of view, I must, like the Prince of Tartary, begin at a very early period.

My grandfather and grandmother died young, and left my mother an orphan, at the age of fourteen, under the care of my great grandmother. This old woman took a particular charge of my education during my infancy, and to her I owe all my misfortunes. I am, however, convinced, that she was the innocent cause of my sufferings, and was herself the victim of vile artifice and barbarity.

I must now present you with a faithful portrait of my great grandmother, which you have enabled me to place in a true light, by viewing her as the agent of the wicked Maugraby,

though

though unknown to herself. That cruel magician, you will see, was the secret cause of all the mischiefs that have fallen on me, and perhaps on my whole family.

The name of this old woman was Hameney; at an early period of life she lost her husband, who was a merchant in Damascus, and was thus left a widow with only one daughter.

I remember that a young page, who was a favourite with the King my grandfather, used to say: "Take care that your great grandmother does not kill you with her devotion, as she has done her husband and her son-in-law." I have reason to believe that the young page had heard such reports; for she was commonly called the "holy Hameney, or Saint of Damascus;" indeed no person could have a greater appearance of sanctity.

She never went abroad without a very thick and deep veil: Her funeral garb, her tall and shrivelled figure, her upright gait, for she was remarkably straight notwithstanding her age, might have sufficiently distinguished her, though she had not always carried an Alcoran under her arm, and worn about her neck a great chaplet*, of which each bead was almost the size of a hen's egg.

She missed no opportunity of attending the obsequies of the dead, and commonly appeared among the family of the deceased, whom she far outdid in her demonstrations of grief. In short, it became proverbial, when a woman

seemed

* The dervises and the santons wear long chaplets about their necks called *Masphaba*.

seemed much afflicted at the loss of her husband, to say, "That she wept like the Saint of Damascus."

One day after she had afflicted herself in a violent manner, at the interment of a *cadi*, who was a person of bad reputation, I ventured to ask her "why she had so much lamented the death of one whose character was not good?"

"That," answered she, "is the very cause of my grief. Were I to weep for none but the good, I should seldom shed a tear. The women," added she, "are worse than the men. They die without care, amid their crimes and impurities: The angel of death carries them to a place from which Mahomet cannot save them. Have I not reason to mourn their fate? The more wicked they are, the more are they to be pitied, and the more do they need our prayers at their tombs, to drive away the invisible birds of hell that come to prey on their heart and entrails!"

Thus convinced of the efficacy of her prayers for the dead, she never went to rest without having walked her round among the cemeteries, that she might acquit herself of her supposed duty. In this manner she gained the admiration of the populace, who regarded her as a holy person. The *saquirs* and *dervises*, who saw, that she not only usurped their office, but received the offerings of the people who flocked about her, were prompted by jealousy and avarice to complain against her to the chief of the *cadis* *.

These priests did not appear empty-handed before their judge. They brought him such a present

* *Ilhakib* is the title of this judge.

present, as shewed their wish to have a favourable decision. The judge, however, gravely took his seat, and demanded what they wanted.

“My lord,” said they, “there is an old woman of the city, who has of late taken it into her head to follow every funeral procession, and, with her hair dishevelled, to utter such loud and horrible cries as to disturb the devotion of those who listen to our prayers for the dead: Besides, this old woman, goes every night into the cemeteries, and even enters the tombs, where she has the audacity to recite aloud the *Ilfathea* and the *Ilcathmé**, in the same manner as we do, in virtue of our office. The people attracted by her contorsions and grimaces, despise the sober and decent manner in which we perform our duty, and place more confidence in the extravagances of this hypocrite.

“Forbid then, we beseech thee, the old Hameney, who only deserves the name of *holy* by way of derision, from interfering with our sacred functions. This, my lord, will be an act agreeable to God and his Prophet, and what is indeed absolutely necessary to maintain the respect due to our religious ceremonies.”

In my opinion, though the *Ilmakib* had not been so well paid, his good sense might have led him to grant this very reasonable request: But he held in his hand a more powerful motive. The lustre of the gold at once determined him to risk the displeasure of the people, by depriving them of the public prayers of their saint. Hameney, therefore, received a formal prohibition

* *Ilfathea* is the preface to the prayer; *Ilcathmé*, the prayer for the dead.

prohibition, forbidding her in future from incroaching on the office of the fakirs and dervises, by offering up prayers in the tombs of the dead and denouncing a severe punishment, if she had the audacity to persist in the practice.

Enraged and disconcerted by this order, she resolved to excite the clamour of the populace against the Innakib, and those who were protected by him, in such a manner, that their complaints might reach the ear of the King of Damascus; but she was diverted from executing this project by the arrival of a messenger who brought her a most agreeable invitation.

“Are you not the holy person called Hame-ney?” asked a well-dressed female slave. “I am.” —“Then,” said the messenger, “you will greatly oblige my master, who is a rich Armenian merchant, at present residing at the kan in this city, if you will have the goodness to come to his lodgings, and offer up your prayers on his behalf: You may rely on his gratitude and generosity.

“I must not neglect this opportunity,” thought the old woman, “lest the fakirs should get the start of me. The shops and store-houses in the kan of Damascus are at least as rich as the tombs about the city; besides, if I can gain credit with the merchants, I may, by their means, take revenge on my enemies.

“I might easily,” continued she, “gain the friendship of those priests, by sharing with them what I receive as offerings, and by admitting them into my house: But I have a young girl

to educate, and provide in a match. They might bring us under a bad reputation; and I will gain more credit by distributing some alms in the neighbourhood, than by entertaining three dozen of those idlers at my table every day."

While she reasoned with herself in this manner, Hameney arrived at the *khan*. She was shewn into an elegant apartment, where she saw a man seemingly far advanced in years, reclining on a rich sofa. His aspect was truly venerable; his white beard long and thick; his stature and air expressive of dignity. His dress was a full *sattin* robe, in the Armenian fashion, with a large turban in the same taste.

This respectable person, as soon as he saw my great grandmother approach, arose and advanced to the door of his apartment, where he received her with a profusion of civilities.

"I know, Madam," said he, taking her by the hand, and leading her to a sofa, "I know that my kind star has directed me to Damascus, that I may be relieved from my disquietude, by the aid of the holy person who now favours me with a visit."

"Worthy stranger," answered she, "all the world have not the same good opinion of me; the *fakirs* and the *santons*"——"O Madam! As for them, I don't regard what they can say. I have heard of their intrigues against you; but they have exposed their own character, without injuring yours; and the confidence I am now to repose in you, may afford a proof of that fact.

"I have

"I have lately had the misfortune to lose my brother. His heritage fell to me, who am myself without an heir. His tomb is in the mountains of Armenia, at a great distance from this place: But the influence of sanctity extends over the whole earth, and I am come here to intreat the benefit of your prayers for my deceased brother."

"Sir," returned the old woman, "I have already performed my ablutions, and said my two morning prayers; and I am ready to do what you desire; but you must inform me as to your brothers profession, and as to what faults he seemed most addicted."

"He was, Madam, a merchant, like myself. These are his books of accounts. As to his faults, I believe the chief of them was his attachment to the fair sex, and that, no doubt, contributed to hasten his end: But I hope Mahomet will pardon him."

And I too, with all my heart, thought the devout Hemeney. "Take down these account books," said she, "that I may cover them with my chaplet. This man has had a continual temptation to swerve from his duty, by the nature of his profession, and if he has sometimes made a slip, we must intercede for his pardon. As for his death, that must have come at the appointed time. The hour of death is regulated by fate: Neither the sword of the enemy, nor the love of women can hasten it one moment."

"Admirably said, indeed!" cried the Armenian merchant. "There are the books." Hemeney performed what ceremonies she thought

requisite, fell on her knees, opened the Alcöran, and prayed most fervently.

While she was employed in this manner, the Armenian listened with seeming devotion, and appeared as if absorbed in deep meditation.

The prayer being finished, he took two pieces of gold from his purse, and put them into the hand of Hameney. "Holy lady!" said he, "in my present state of mind, your company at dinner would be a great consolation to me."

My great grandmother could not refuse this flattering invitation, nor had she cause to regret her accepting it, when she found a table so richly furnished.

"This," said the Armenian, "is my daily fare; but I have not often the advantage of receiving such edifying company as you. When I invite any of my friends here in the kan, our whole conversation turns on commercial subjects, and I am weary of talking continually of matters regarding my profession: Besides, I know almost nobody in Damascus, and I have little inclination to contract new acquaintances."

"You are right, Sir," said the old woman, "it would be difficult, or almost impossible to find such as are worthy of your friendship. There seems to be a curse impending over this city; and had it not been for the prayers of of one devout soul, who shall be nameless, the great city of Damascus might, e'er this time, have been consumed by fire from heaven."

"Gold

"Gold is here the only object of worship, and interest is the substitute of justice. Commerce is little else than open knavery.

"When you admit the people of Damascus into your store-house, you must have a sharp eye on your goods. There are many of the light-fingered tribe in this place, who need to be strictly watched.

"If you wish to deal with them, they will offer you a piece of stained glass in exchange for a ruby. If you go into a shop, they will shew you the greatest civility, conduct you from one part of the room to another, till they find an opportunity of darkening the window, that they may the more easily deceive you with their faulty merchandise. The men are, in general, to be shunned; and as for the women, they are still worse."

"I have heard," said the merchant, "that they are very affable and very pretty." "Affable, indeed?" cried she, "Why not say they are cajoling? but it is all mere affectation; and if they look pretty, they owe their charms to art, not to nature. The rose and the lilly on their cheek are the effects of paint; and the patches* which they use under the pretence of heightening the lustre of their fair skin, are truly intended to conceal the marks of some foul disposition. Even their caprices are studied, and they are not ashamed to cheat at every game, when they engage in play. In short, I should blush to confess myself of their sex, had I not

* The use of black silk patches on the face, is a custom borrowed from the Arabian ladies.

studied from my infancy to correct those vices which I remarked in others."

"The early impression, Madam," said the merchant, "which the faults of others have made upon your mind, gives the highest idea of your virtue. It is with regret, I must, at present, take my leave of you; but I hope you will not forget my dear brother in your prayers to-night; and I expect a repetition of your good offices here to-morrow."

The old saint departed from the kan with a joyful heart, and in a great measure, consoled for the affront offered her by the Cadi. "There are none like those Armenian merchants!" said she to herself, as she returned home. "Their religion is solid, they speak to the purpose, and know how to reward virtue!"

Next day she returned rather earlier than the appointed hour, and was received in the most agreeable manner imaginable. Her prayers were offered up with wonderful zeal and fervour.

"My dear brother," cried the Armenian from time to time, with an air of tenderness, "who would have believed, that one could find such an aid, in a city like Damascus, so notorious for immorality!" Hameney, over-hearing what he said, redoubled her efforts and gesticulations.

Dinner was at last served; and the fare appeared more sumptuous, than that of the preceding day. Toward the end of the repast, a tall negro slave entered, who had the indiscretion to place a bottle of wine before them on the table.

"Ilage-

"Ilage-Cadahé," said the master, "you forget yourself,—you have affronted this holy lady!"

The negro returned to take it away, but the old woman prevented him. "No," said she, "Sir, it is not to such venerable persons as you that we should apply the prohibition of Mahomet, but to such only as are inflamed with ungovernable passions. My physician sometimes prescribes to me a glass of wine, as a remedy for complaints in my stomach: Yet I would not taste it, though it were to save my life during the fast of Ramazan."

"You comfort me, Madam," resumed the Armenian, "and I will taste a little with you, since you assure me, that we are not transgressing the precept. I see the advantage of associating with people who are knowing in the law; for they are always enemies to unreasonable scruples."

While they held this discourse, the bottle was emptied, and a glass of rich cordial waters was superadded to the prescription of the physician.

The entertainment was much longer than on the former day, and the fees were doubled. The old saint now carried home four pieces of gold, with a pressing invitation to return next day.

It is easy to believe, that my great grandmother would punctually observe her appointment, and that she would exert herself to the utmost in displaying her devotion; for every day, they dined luxuriously, and no longer chid Ilage Cadahé when he presented wine in the middle of the entertainment.

The

The most flattering compliments passed on both sides ; and, after all was over, the Armenian opened his purse, and gave her eight pieces instead of four, with which the old saint returned home, and prayed with such extasy all night, that her head was almost turned.

At last a singular idea struck her. " But what is all this for ?" said she to herself. " It must be so, this Armenian loves me.—If he should marry me,—well, why not ? It would not be for my own sake I should consent, but for the welfare of my grand-daughter."

Next day before she went to perform her duty, she was careful to adjust herself nicely, so as to conceal, as much as possible, the most offensive wrinkles on her face. The Armenian saw her intention ; his obliging discourse, his ample board, and a present of sixteen golden pieces, appeared to her undoubted testimonies of his sensibility ; but she was mortified to find, that he made none of those proposals which she so eagerly looked for.

Five days had passed in this manner, without any other alteration, than that of doubling the pay and good cheer at each visit. The last day, however, the poor old woman, whose head was touched with the wine she had drunk, found some difficulty in staggering home with her load of money.

She came into her grand-daughter's apartment as usual. " My dear girl," said she, " I see he will make up my dowry by degrees, and I hope, e'er long, you will have this generous Armenian for your grandfather-in-law."

I have

I have heard my father and mother now and then amuse themselves with this story of their grandmother's extravagance ; " Yet for all that," would they say, " she is a saint ; all the people of Damascus allowed it ; and her chaplet performed miracles."

On the ninth day, the pretended Armenian began to act his part. When the old saint came to his lodgings, he met her with a cheerful countenance. " Come, Madam," said he, " sit down, and receive the tribute of my gratitude. The affair of my brother is now settled ; thanks to your prayers.

" I need no longer disguise my sentiments," continued he ; " but, from an apprehension that the case might appear too difficult to you, I had concealed some of the circumstances in my brother's lot that were the most distressful to me. For, in three dreams, one night after another, my brother had appeared to me, loaded with chains, and subjected to the most horrible tortures.

" Irresolute what course to take, a secret voice commanded me to go towards Damascus. I imagined it might be necessary to undertake a pilgrimage to Mecca ; but I have this night received more comfort, than I could have expected even from that long journey. In a distinct vision, my brother stood before me, clothed in linen of dazzling whiteness, and your chaplet formed a glory round his head, each bead shedding rays like a star.

" You may command me, Madam ; my gratitude obliges me to grant whatever you are pleased to request. My brother's whole succession

is at your service ; and I shall be happy thus to acquit ourselves toward heaven, whose instrument you certainly are."

This story was sufficiently plausible in the eyes of the old saint; who had been daily boasting to her grand-daughter, that she never flattered herself with the hope of attaining such influence with heaven as she now possessed. "You see," would she say, "my dear child, what it is to be humble and devout!"

Though a little difficult in her choice of a recompence, she resolved, in the mean time, to take the enjoyment of the good things this world affords. She, therefore, with an air of cheerfulness, put off her chaplet and veil ; and, laying them aside, "God is good," said she, "and bestows his favours on whom he pleases. What your brother has received, is itself a gratification to me ; but let us first dine, and we will talk of these matters afterwards."

They feasted sumptuously ; and Ilage Cadahé did not fail to present several flaggons of wine at the table. The old saint began to eat and drink with the best grace possible, and her entertainer, no doubt, amused himself by observing her grimace, and affected coquetry.

After dinner, the Armenian, with an air of gallantry, took Hameney by both hands, and led her to a sofa: "Holy woman!" said he, "teach me in what manner I may be able to recompense the weighty obligations you have laid me under."

"But," answered the old woman, "when two persons are nearly of the same age,—when their

their humours agree,—when they are of the same principles——

“Hold, Madam, you are now about to augment my regrets. Ah! I would have no doubt anticipated the hint you now give me; but, alas! I have put it out of my power.

“Informed, as I was, of my brother’s unhappy state, I attributed his sufferings to his excess of love to women; and finding myself also reprehensible on the same account, I rashly made a vow, that if I could relieve him from his misery, I would ever after abstain from marriage.”

“That is no doubt a serious matter,” said the old woman; “but a remedy may be found. A pilgrimage to Mecca may set you free from such a vow, and, the more easily, as you are about to form a connection so rational.”—“Very rational indeed!” said the Armenian.—“I will accompany you.”—“Yes, with your chaplet, we could not fail; unluckily, however, we cannot accomplish our pilgrimage this year, for the caravan is already gone. But, in the mean time, my dear saint, what can I do for thee?”—“Assist me in taking vengeance on the fakirs, the dervices, and the Ilnakib.”—“Must the heads of all these be cut off at one blow? But I have not in my hands the sword of destruction; Not that I disapprove of revenge. It is necessary to secure the quiet of society: For if every man could this day kill his enemy, peace would reign on the earth to-morrow; and that would, no doubt, be very desirable. Nor would I shew mercy to your enemies, if I had them in my power;

er; but it is a sound maxim of politics, to spare those who are not dangerous to us: Besides, were I to undertake this piece of service, it would take up time in preparing for it. Is it not possible to do something for you, that may more immediately concern yourself. Have you no son nor daughter whom I might serve?"

"Alas! Sir, I have only one grand-daughter left."—"How old is she?"—"Sixteen years."

"—She is then in the flower of her age; if she resembles you, she must be charming indeed!"

"—You are pleased to compliment me, Sir; but, to tell you the truth, the world can scarce boast of a more beautiful and discreet young woman."

The merchant arose with a composed look, and reached down a small box, which stood on the upper shelf of a high cupboard. Having opened the box, he took out a pearl necklace of inestimable value: "This," said he, "shall be a chaplet for my charming and devout grand-daughter. Touch it with yours to give it virtue, and we shall go, if you please, and present it to her."

Hameney being the widow of a merchant, who dealt in pearls, remarked the fineness of their water, the beauty of their shape, the equality of their size, and that the necklace was a gift worthy to be offered to a queen. She reflected that the generous personage who made this magnificent present to a young woman whom he did not even know, would not hesitate to keep his promise, by performing the journey to Mecca. This idea made her eyes sparke with joy.

"Come

"Come then," said she, "you make the offer with so good a grace, you shall be the first man that ever beheld my dear little Yalissa." When the Armenian entered the old woman's house, he behaved to herself and to her granddaughter with such respect, and shewed them so many civilities, that they were both delighted with his manner. Before taking his leave, he engaged Hameney to pass the next day with him.

The old woman accepted the invitation with the greater joy, that she hoped the affair of the pilgrimage might now be settled. She took care to arrive at an early hour. The Armenian was just finishing a bargain of jewels as she came in.

"I will attend you immediately, Madam," said he, dismissing the merchants, and shutting his caskets. He then addressed his slave: "Ilage Cadahé," said he, "you must know, that when this lady is with me, I admit no visitors to interrupt our conversation."

They sat down on a sofa together. "Madam," said the Armenian, "you have introduced to my acquaintance a most charming young creature. I feel the same sentiments towards her, as toward yourself. The idea of making her fortune, has occupied my thoughts all last night; and after dinner I shall explain my plan to you."

The expectation of this discourse inspired the heart of Hameney with hope, and made her acquit herself with uncommon gaiety during the repast; but though the conversation was very

lively on both sides, yet the old woman shewed a certain impatience to see the table drawn.

"Let us now," said the Armenian, "speak of our grand-daughter. Dost thou know, that I think her a match for the only son of a King?"

"True," answered the saint, "I think so too; but we must not talk of Kings since they are beyond our reach."——

"Hold, my good saint," interrupted the merchant, "I have greater resources than you imagine. Your efforts are addressed to heaven, but I can do something on earth. What wilt thou give me, if through my means, your grand-daughter shall become the wife of a Prince, who is heir to a powerful King?"

"Give thee!—Thou wilt be master of my person after the pilgrimage: I have nothing else to offer thee, except my soul."

"Your soul! my dear saint, I accept the precious gift in the name of him from whom I derive all my power, and all I possess. Give me one bead from your chaplet as a pledge; you will see it quickly replaced by another.——I am now satisfied, we possess thee entirely."

"At present make yourself easy. Your young daughter is henceforth ours, and I will now prepare to begin our operations. I need not further explain my projects at this time; and you will not see me again till they are ripe for execution."

The old woman returned to her house, intoxicated with the flattering prospect that opened to her view, as much as with the wine she had drunk. "My dear Yalissa," cried she, in an extacy of joy, "take care not to eat green

fruits,

fruits, or do any thing that may hurt your fine complexion. Put two pillows under your arms while you sleep, to support your hands, that they may not lose their whiteness.

"To morrow I will give thee some pomatum for your hair, that will make it grow like the grass in dewy May.—Consider that you are destined for the son of a king. I have brought you a necklace more beautiful than any in the possession of the Queen of Damascus. We shall travel together on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and thou shalt arrive there, like a Princess of the Indies, seated on a white elephant.

"Be pious, my dear girl; say your five prayers, and remember what you owe to my devotion. You shall see by and by how the fakirs and the Innakib, will be chastised for opposing me. They'll suffer as they deserve, I'll warrant them." After raving in this manner for some time, she told Yalissa the particulars of her conversation with the Armenian.

The pretended merchant having settled his affairs, in a few days after took his leave of Damascus, and went out publicly with his goods by one of the gates of the city.

Damascus being a place of great trade, there is a perpetual ingress and egress of strangers from every part of the world. It was therefore easy for the false Armenian, after he seemed to go out as a merchant by one gate, to return under a different disguise by another. The appearance he chose to assume, was still venerable, but of a character that would not have recommended him to the saint of Damascus. He was now a Jewish Rabbi, distinguished by his shaved

temples, his broad thaleb*, and his thick white beard, which spread from ear to ear, and descended over his breast to his girdle. A tall negro leading the camel on which he sat, conducted this reverend personage into the city.

As soon as he entered the gate, "Hage Cadahé," said he, "inquire for my lord Samuel, treasurer to the King of Damascus." This Samuel was a Jew who received all the King's revenues. Every body knew his house, and the Rabbi was soon conducted to his gate.

"Hage Cadahé," said he, "go tell Samuel that Ben-Moses, the humble Rabbi of the synagogue of Saphad†, has come to visit the flock in Damascus for a few days, and demands his hospitality." Samuel made haste to receive such an honour, of which he professed himself unworthy.

"I come not," said the false Rabbi of Saphad, "to exercise my sacred function in this city, nor to be a troublesome guest in your house. My physicians have prescribed travelling for my health; and as the air of Damascus is celebrated through the whole world for its salubrity, I come here to enjoy a short respite from my labours; and the good reputation you have acquired, made me prefer your house."

The treasurer could not find words to express his gratitude for the favour shewn him by the most eminent of all the Rabbis on earth. He almost

* A sort of cap which the Jewish Rabbis wear like a turban but broad enough to cover their shoulders.

† The Rabbi of Saphad or Capernaum, is the most eminent Jew in the world.

and I will give you a copy of the story which I have taken which may be useful to you.

forgot that he was a Jew, while he displayed his liberality in entertaining so honourable a guest.

He collected at his house a number of the brethren of their law, that they might do homage to their chief. Some pretended to have seen him at Saphadnora; but none had any particular knowledge of him. He affected to appear fatigued by his journey, spoke but little, and begged his entertainer not to trouble him with much company.

"I came not here," said he, "to exercise my lungs otherwise than in walking. Do not, I pray you, force me to speak much, especially, do not oblige me to raise my voice. To-morrow I go to visit our sick or afflicted brethren, and to minister to them."

The Jew Samuel was not sorry, that he should be spared the expence of great entertainments, and was highly flattered to think, that the chief of the Hebrews should be contented with his company alone.

"You have much business on your hands," said his venerable guest; "don't let me make you neglect it. Give me one of our brethren, who can conduct me, for I wish to see the city."

In the evening, the Rabbi returned, and talked to Samuel of every thing he had heard and seen. The treasurer required an explanation of some difficult and obscure passages of the Talmud, and Moses gave him solutions that appeared extremely plausible.

"I have made many discoveries here," said the Rabbi, "and I will give you a copy of the notes I have taken, which may be useful to yourself

yourself and to all our brethren; for we are scattered among men like strangers and outcasts, whom they wish to exterminate. If we cannot make our persons respectable, we should at least distinguish ourselves by a superiority of understanding."

But Samuel remained ignorant of the contents of these notes, till the Rabbi was about to depart. The evening before he left the treasurer's house, Ilage-Cadahe came to the door of the chamber to receive orders for the journey.

"To-morrow morning," said his master, "you will have my camel in readiness." Then, turning to the treasurer, and taking a large roll of paper from under his robe, "There," said he, "is the general and particular accounts of the administration of the funds belonging to your hospitals and mosques, in which our brethren have little interest: But though they are not much concerned personally, they have an opportunity of detecting the frauds of others.

I here present you with a treasure for the King of Damascus, of which, if he can avail himself, he may be the richest prince in Asia.

"Your hospitals are highly magnificent: The vast sums allotted for their support, I regard as one of the most wonderful effects of the enthusiasm inspired by the laws of Mahomet. That instituted for lepers, * alone, might maintain an army of thirty thousand horsemen: But

* The hospital for lepers was founded by Omar-il-Achaf, successor to Mahomet. Many idle stories are told of miraculous cures performed here.

here the poor patients receive no other aid than what is derived from pure air and abstinence; nor are those belonging to the caravans, who are the immediate objects of the foundation, much better treated.

“Every thing is plundered, and the spoil divided amongst those who have the management, and their dependents. I have put into your hand the clearest proofs of their frauds, and of the artifices they use to bring the revenues belonging to the charity, into their own pockets. These accounts regard not merely their late transactions, but exhibit a view of what dilapidations they have made in a course of years; they also afford the most indisputable evidence, that the judges have connived with them, and participated in their crimes.

“The Hyatame, * the grand mosque, and all the rest, though so richly endowed, are governed in the same unworthy manner. You may thence guess the reason why the fakirs and dervises encrease the number of poor in this city, where every indigent person might find a resource in one or other of the charitable foundations.

“A King, by chastising those robbers, and making them disgorge their ill-gotten wealth, might acquire a vast treasure without injustice. And were he to put these charities into honourable hands, they might be four times more serviceable, than at present; his revenues might be doubled, and his fame extended, by means of the caravans, to the most distant mountains of

Armenia.”

After

* The name of the grand mosque founded by Omar.

After giving Samuel the roll, the pretended Rabbi embraced him: "Farewell," said he, "my flock will be impatient for my return to Saphad."

This discourse touched the avaricious soul of Samuel. He read over the memoir with the greatest eagerness. It was so short, so distinct, so conclusive, that it seemed impossible to withhold one's assent to the arguments it contained, especially as these were accompanied with such strong proofs of the facts. "What riches," said he to himself, "will now flow into the treasury under my direction! What confiscations must follow, in which I shall have part! What influence I will acquire in the new administration! and what pleasure I will find in crushing my enemies!"

With his head full of these ideas, the Hebrew took the first opportunity, when the King mentioned the low state of his treasury, to lay before him the memoir, and the proofs of the depredations that were committed in his capital; representing to him, at the same time, what great riches he might obtain, by establishing better regulations.

Zineb-il-Mourath, King of Damascus, seeing the accusations so well supported, readily fell into the snare, and called the delinquents to appear and produce their accounts. They brought false documents framed for the occasion; but the King confronted them with notes from their own books, which had been taken by subtle hands, without their knowledge.

They stood silent and confounded, unable to deny their crimes. Many heads were struck off, and

and a still greater number of the criminals were punished with the bastinado. The confiscations were immense; and houses were seen razed to the foundation in every corner of Damascus.

The reasons for such severities were affixed in writing upon the most public places of the city. The patients in the hospitals rejoiced, as much at least as we can suppose starving and emaciated wretches capable of rejoicing; and the populace, in whose eyes the rich are always odious, were delighted to behold the punishments to which they were subjected.

My great grandmother too had the pleasure of seeing the Ilnakib, with the chiefs of the fakirs and dervises involved in the same ruin.

She ran about the streets with her chaplet, exhorting every one she met, not to pray for those whom the King punished: "You see," cried she, "the vengeance of heaven has fallen on those who presumed to forbid the saints to pray in the tombs of the dead!"

The Jew Samuel triumphed, and daily brought loads of gold and other precious effects into the treasury: But while all this was going on, a storm was gathering at Bagdad, which was likely to blast the whole of his projects.

The fakirs and dervises, in a body, had carried their complaints to the feet of the Caliph. Among the latter, there were several persons of rank, and even Princes, who had joined their order; and they had got their petition signed by many of the most respectable persons in the city of Bagdad, as well as by some invalids in the hospitals.

They

They represented to the Caliph, that the rich foundations of the munificent St. Omar-il-Achab, for supporting the grand mosque and the hospitals, would be totally subverted, if a King of Damascus were permitted, on his own authority, to arrogate to himself, and dispose of the revenues which that great Caliph had allotted to them: That their charter denounced a curse on every one who dared to transgress the order prescribed for their government; the Caliph alone having a right to call to account the administrators of the religious establishments, made in favour of the faithful, throughout the whole earth.

This complaint might, of itself, have been sufficient to throw Zineb-il-Mourath into great perplexity; but what was still worse, he knew his head to be in danger; because a relation of his, who had lately espoused a daughter of the Grand Vizier, aspired at his crown..

The King had hitherto done nothing contrary to justice, and those whom he had punished were really guilty. If he had projected any thing criminal, it was not yet put in practice. He sent a true account of what had passed, to the Caliph; but the Vizier, who wished to support the complaint against him, threw aside his justification.

The storm was now ready to burst, and the destruction of Zineb-il-Mourath seemed inevitable. His friends at Bagdad gave him notice of it; but though he had fled to the remotest desert, his enemies watched him so strictly, that he could not have escaped.

Tumult now reigned in Damascus, and the people rose against the Jews, who, to clear themselves, laid the blame on Samuel the treasurer. "Who induced thee," asked they, "to undertake this enterprise?"—"Our great Rabbi of Saphad," answered he.—"Ha!" replied the Jews, "we know the Rabbi; no such man was ever in Damascus. Thou hast made us victims to an impostor."

Samuel endeavoured to justify himself; but, in the mean time, the King sent orders to strike off his head, with a view to appease the popular commotion. This sacrifice, however, was not sufficient to assure the safety of the Monarch. While he hesitated what was next to be done, my great grandmother suddenly rushed into the palace, with her chaplet about her neck, and threw herself at his feet.

I must now explain to you, my Princes, the motives that induced the old saint thus abruptly to throw herself at the feet of her unfortunate Sovereign.

She had come home in triumph, after beholding the execution of her enemies, and performing her usual tour among the tombs. She had just laid aside her veil, placed her alcoran on the table, and was about to take off her chaplet, when her pilgrim arrived.

"What!" said she, "have you returned already?"—"Yes, Madam, my anxiety to serve you, and the present favourable opportunity of success, has hastened my return. Don't put off your chaplet, my dear saint, we shall have need of it by and by. Suffer me to cut a small bit from the cord on which the beads are strung;
you

you shall learn its use in due time. Let us sit down, and talk a little.

“The King of Damascus is undone, if you do not fly to his succour. But if he will consent to bestow the hand of his son on your granddaughter, you may assure him of his life, his crown, and ample vengeance on his enemies.”

“Well, but what assurance can I give him of all this?” asked she: “I will now shew you what turn to give your discourse. You must tell him, that he has avenged you of your enemies, the Ilnakib, and the chief fakirs and dervises; that heaven has appointed you, in return, to revenge him on all who dare to oppose him.

“My prayers, Sire, you may say, and more especially this chaplet, shall be the means. These shall be an inexhaustible arsenal of thunder ready to burst on your enemies.

“I leave my chaplet in the hands of your Majesty; you may put your seal on each bead, you may bury it ten feet under the earth, and cover it with a wall of the same thickness: If, by tomorrow, I do not appear before you with the same chaplet about my neck, you may treat me as a mad woman.

“But if I shall return in the manner I have mentioned, and if you are pleased to grant me the favour I shall then ask, I will pledge my head that the prosperity of your reign will exceed your most sanguine hopes.

“This is what you have to say. Do every thing with confidence, and I shall wait here till you

you return. If they presume to treat you as a fool, answer them boldly, and with contempt."

It was after this encouragement that the old woman ventured to fall at the feet of the King. She observed every word of her lesson, and the Monarch being extremely uneasy, suffered himself to be amused by the weak ray of hope her promises afforded him. He took the chaplet, and retired to his closet, where he marked each bead in a fanciful manner, with the point of a small dagger.

When he had taken this precaution, he put the deposit which had been left with him into a gold box that had a treble steel lock; this he placed at his bed-side resolved not to let it go out of his sight even for a moment.

In the mean time, the old woman, with her pilgrim, prepared to make a hearty supper. Ilage Cadahé, inseparable from his master, attended to serve them.

My mother Yalissa was called in, and the Armenian behaved with such gallantry to her, that I have heard her say, "I cannot imagine how a man of such merit should have been in love with my old grandmother. Her sanctity said she, "must surely outweigh every other consideration." After supper, the Armenian rose from table: "My good old lady," said he, "we have a little piece of ceremony to perform, which is necessary for the advancement of our affairs. We need not send our child out of the room. Some parents wish to conceal from young people whatever they judge to be above their comprehension: For my part

I don't approve of such caution. I would rather see our fair Yalissa imprudent than ignorant.

"Bring me," continued he, "a censer with burning coals, and some perfumes. When you have kindled these, take the bit of cord you reserved at my desire, and throw it into the flame, pronouncing distinctly, and with an audible voice; *In the name of him who is all powerful here, and for the sake of our intentions, let my chaplet return hither wherever it may be!*"

While Hameney pronounced these words, of which we must all now see the import, the smook of the perfumes involved her in obscurity, and the vapours were no sooner dissipated, than she appeared with the chaplet about her neck.

The Armenian pointed out to her the marks and scratches which the King had made on the heads, that he might know them again. "You see," said he, "how much all his precautions turn out in our favour: You see how you are now armed against the enemies of your sovereign,

To-morrow morning you may return to the palace at an early hour, without fear of disturbing his rest; for he will enjoy no repose. You may explain yourself in a few words, in this manner:

"My chaplet, Sire, which you see again in my possession, may become a bow-string to strangle all your enemies. Mahomet will put it into the hands of an avenging angel: you should be acquitted with glory, of an enterprise founded on justice; for you have punished none but robbers and impostors. Would you not wish to reign

reign in peace, and transmit the crown of Damascus to your successors? Surely you would."

You may then go on thus: "I will exert myself in your service; I will assure you and your posterity of the crown; and what I ask in return, is, that you will consent to the marriage of your son with my grand-daughter Yalissa, one of the most virtuous and beautiful young women in Damascus.

"Send the chief of the eunuchs to my house, where he will find a respectable old man who is our relation. Let him inquire for Yalissa, and conduct her hither, veiled and seated in a litter, and let our aged friend be permitted to accompany her. At the same time, you will send for a cadi, and, in case the young people find it agreeable, the ceremony may proceed immediately; But the affair is of such magnitude, that I cannot engage in it, unless your Majesty will promise me this advantage.

The Armenian concluded with exhorting her to forget no part of this speech; and begged that she would leave orders with Yalissa to let him into the house next day in her absence.

The old saint punctually obeyed his directions. Zineb-il Mourath was astonished to see her appear before him in the morning, with the same chaplet, he had so carefully marked the preceding night. He cast his eye alternately on the wonderful chaplet, and on the box with treble bolts, in which he had locked it. This prodigy made him resolve to put implicit confidence in the saint of Damascus, to whom he formerly paid little regard: For he now saw that nothing less than a miracle could deliver him

him from his enemies, and from those who were envious of his crown.

He therefore acceded to whatever she proposed, and would have readily granted any thing she might have asked. A eunuch was dispatched for my mother Yalissa; and when she arrived, her appearance removed every sort of scruple toward the match. She wore her superb pearl necklace, and, as she descended from her sedan, her noble stature, and graceful motion, though veiled, gave her the air of a Princess.

The *cadi* did his office, and a fur robe was bestowed on the Armenian. This was all the marriage ceremony. Circumstances did not permit that the nuptials should be celebrated with pomp and festivity.

While the new married couple sat on a sofa next the King, making up their acquaintance, and while the *cadi*, and the courtiers who witnessed the marriage, regaled themselves at a table, the old saint, with her pilgrim, stood at a window, in close conversation.

"You see," said he, "our grand-daughter's fortune is now made; and I shall take care of the King of Damascus. You shall be convinced by my future conduct, that I consider you all as belonging to my family. But for all our services, we have no assurance of reward. Shall we be such fools as to forget ourselves? You know, that after our return from the pilgrimage, we shall be too old to expect the comfort of having children; you must, therefore, do what I now have to request of you.

"When the Prince and his young bride are put to bed, you must throw your chaplet about
their

their necks, saying, *My dear children, I thus bind you to each other, and to us, by this chaplet which has made our fortune: Grant me one favour I ask no more. Give to me, and to him to whom I am devoted, the first male fruit of your marriage, and I will remain with you to bring up the child.* When you have done this, and obtained their consent, come and let me know; for there is nothing I have so much at heart:—Then we will think of the pilgrimage.”

My great grandmother was far from refusing to do any thing required of her by one who had so entirely gained her affections. My father and mother too, when in the noose of the fatal chaplet, pronounced the words she dictated to them.

The Armentian had now no more business in Damascus: He therefore disappeared; but we shall soon see him again under a different form.

While these sad nuptials were celebrated at Damascus, the Grand Vizier at Bagdad plotted the ruin of the King Zineb-il-Mourath. He who hoped to ascend the throne, had already prepared his equipage. In virtue of the warrant which condemned and surprised the King, he expected soon to march into Damascus, accompanied by half of the Caliph's guards. None ventured to speak a word in favour of Zineb il-Mourath. All the people of Bagdad were against him, from the Mufti to the Muezzins, from the governor to the lowest officer of police.

The Caliph, though naturally merciful and disposed to equity, was unable to resist the united opinions of all about him. His attention was chiefly

chiefly occupied with the concerns of his family, and he seldom left the interior apartments of his palace. It required an extraordinary effort to rouse him to activity,

His only daughter had fallen into a weak state of health, and suffered chiefly from a defect of appetite. "My dear girl," would he say, "can you think of nothing of which you could eat a little?"

"There is nothing," answered she, "I could taste, except a karmout, and no such fish can be had."

The purveyors of the palace were ordered to set their nets in every part of the ten rivers*, and, if possible, catch the fish that suited the Princess's fancy.

The season of the karmout was now over, and every attempt to obtain one proved in vain. The purveyors were returning home after their disappointment, when they observed a tall old man, with a line on his shoulder, who stood gazing stedfastly on the stream, seemingly in profound meditation.

"What dost thou there?" asked they. "Why don't you cast your line into the water?"—

"You must first tell me," said he, "what fish you want, for all don't bite at the same bait."

"We want a karmout," replied they.—"If there is one in the water, you shall have it. But for whom do you seek it?"—"For the daughter of the Caliph, the Princess Zad-il-Driade.—

"Come then," said the fisher, "I throw in my

* The two rivers and the rivulet, that water this beautiful country, are divided into ten streams near the city of Bagdad.

my line in the name of the Princess Zaidi-Draide."

In a minute or two, the line began to shake, and the fisher immediately drew to land a most beautiful karmout. The purveyors expressed much surprise at so unexpected a sight.

"You need not wonder at the beauty of the karmout," said the old man; "if any one of that species, be found at this season, it must be a fat and lazy fish, and consequently in excellent order."

The purveyors offered to pay the fisherman. "No, no," said he, "if the Princess wishes to have another, you will find me here to-morrow; we will try our luck, and, if we succeed, you can pay me for both together."

The officers of the palace retired with the fish, happy in the idea of procuring such a satisfaction to the Princess, without reflecting on the old adage, *Never receive a gift from an unknown hand*. My great grandmother used frequently to repeat this proverb; for her discourse was often wiser than her conduct.

"As for this fisher, it is easy to see that he must have been the same personage with the Armenian and the Rabbi Ben-Moses."

"He no sooner left the water-side, than he went to the palace, where he arrived, though under a new disguise, almost as soon as the fish he had caught."

He now assumed the appearance of a little man, of a grotesque figure, with a face expressive of mirth and drollery. In short, from his look, he seemed to be one of those facetious pedlars or quacks, who follow the caravans, and whose chief employment is to amuse the travellers

vellers with their merry tricks, and to cure the camels, or other beasts of burden, when sick.

“This strolling quack, who knew the world, had made his way into the first court of the palace, by means of a piece of gold bestowed on the guard. He had no sooner entered, than he cured a broken winded horse, cut the ears from two dogs, the tails from two cats, and relieved a parrot from the falling sickness.

An old eunuch who had the toothach, begged him to draw out three stumps. The operator instantly performed his part, and holding them up in his hand, cried out with a malicious sneer, “Who has got too many? I’ll take them out. Who has got too few? I’ll put them in.”

“While the fish was shewn to the King, and afterwards put into the hands of the cook, the facetious mountebank had made his way into the third court, where the young pages were at play.

“His odd appearance soon attracted their attention. They threw their balls, to him, which he nimbly caught in the air, and put them into his cap; they came on pretence of taking them back, and hung a long plume of feathers, on his shoulder. He no sooner observed it, than he laid hold of it, balanced it erect on his face, making it leap between his nose and forehead, and still escaping from these who endeavoured to take the balls from his cap.

The laughter which this occasioned, was heard in the palace, and the report of his singular talents soon spread. In a few minutes, a black eunuch pulled him by the sleeve, and led him through

through a small door, into a richly furnished apartment. There he found a handsome and well-dressed female slave, who still had some pretensions to youth: "Pray thee," said she, "have you not some cases of false teeth ready made?"

"My fair lady!" answered he, "there is no charm that a woman can want, which may not be supplied from my packet: But you, my young mistress, you need none of them."—"O! my cheeks are indeed full, but a vile rheum has made me lose my teeth, and I dare not laugh, though I am naturally merry."—"I shall presently restore your usual good humour: You shall henceforth display it through a double row of pearls." Suffer me to put my finger into your mouth. How lucky it is! not a single stump remains! I never had a better opportunity of doing myself credit. Sit down on the carpet."

"He then took from his box two or three sets of teeth. "There is the one that I think will do," said he; "when I made this set, I thought of a pretty mouth like yours: You see, Madam, I have sometimes agreeable thoughts."

While he talked in this manner, he fixed the set of teeth in her mouth, which fitted so exactly that nobody could have suspected them to be false. The slave took up a mirror, looked at herself, was enchanted with the sight: "How!" cried she, "and can I eat?"—"Try; there is some fruit and some cakes upon the table."—"Ah! I can eat! I can laugh! that is charming. I shall never laugh without thinking of you!"—"I am glad of that, for few people laugh,

laugh, when they think of me.”—“ I will give you nothing at this time ; but you must promise to return immediately after dinner. You need only tell the porter, that you wish to speak with Thalide. I am the first woman slave to the Caliph’s daughter. I must leave you at present, because my mistress is just sitting down to dinner, where it is my duty to attend her.”

Money was not the object of this crafty dentist. His plan was to obtain access to the interior apartments of the palace ; and he had contrived it so artfully, as you will find in the sequel, that he was not only to be admitted, but called upon.

When Thalide returned to the presence of her young mistress, dinner was already served, and the karamout was upon the table. The slaves talked to the Princess of the dexterity and skill of the strolling doctor, who had amused the young people all the morning with his jests and pranks. When they came to mention the balancing the plume of feathers, Thalide, who stood opposite to her mistress, burst into a fit of laughter, and displayed at once, the bright ornaments which now embellished her mouth.

“ What ! Thalide,” said the Princess, “ have your teeth sprung up since last night ? ” “ They have not sprung during the night. Madam, but in broad day.”—“ Come hither, how ! are they really teeth ? Here, bite my finger. Ha ! hold, you hurt me ! this is extraordinary, indeed ! Tell me, how it has happened.”—“ The man of whom they pretend to make a jest, Madam, made me this rich present in a moment. This is surely better worth being told, than his balancing

lancing the feathers they had hung on his shoulder."

The Princess would, no doubt, have proceeded farther in her inquiries; but, as the karmout pleased her taste, she had eat with too much avidity, and, at that moment, a bone of the fish struck across her throat, which obliged her to rise from the table.

Nature, at first, made violent efforts to throw off the foreign body, but in vain. All the ordinary methods put in practice on such occasions, were next tried, without success.

The eunuch surgeon, who waited on the Princess, then exerted all his address, and tried a variety of instruments; these occasioned much pain, but all was to no purpose. At last, the Caliph himself, attended by the whole faculty, came in. All the resources of art were found insufficient. When the Caliph was in despair at the prospect of losing his favourite daughter, his spouse, the mother of the young Princess, arrived, and, by her distraction, added to his sufferings.

"Ah! Madam," said Thalide to the mother of the fair Princess, "the dentist who came to the palace this morning promised to return in the afternoon; were he here, he would soon relieve my dear mistress, and dissipate all our fears."

"Why dost thou talk so, Thalide?" said the despairing mother: "Does he know more than all the physicians of the palace? With what instrument would he attempt the operation?"

"With

“With his hand, Madam; it is so delicate, he could turn it in an egg; his fingers are so slender, he could pass them through a needle’s eye.”

“But where is this man to be found?” asked the Sultaneſs. “It is four hours ſince he left this place,” answered Thalide, “and his intereſt will ſurely make him punctual in returning. But he may perhaps be ſtopped at ſome of the palace-gates; I will run and make inquiry.”

She flew out of the chamber, and returned a few moments after, leading the artiſt by the hand. He was ſtill the ſame ſlender, ſpruce figure he appeared in the morning, though he had now aſſumed a gravity of face, that announced a deep and penetrating mind.

“Is this the man you ſpoke of?” demanded the Caliph. “Yes,” answered Thalide, “he will ſave my miſtreſs, I’ll answer for it with my head.”—“Let this ſurgeon, ſince he pretends to be one,” returned the Caliph, “answer for it with his own.”

“Sire,” ſaid the ſtranger, “my head is an object of importance to me, though I ſeem to be merely a buffoon in the eyes of thoſe who do not know me. Your Maſteſty will ſuffer me to approach the Princeſs, and examine the depth to which the fiſh-bone has deſcended.”

“When you have ſeen it,” answered the Caliph, “you will be of the ſame opinion with the reſt.”—“Commander of the Faithful!” returned he, “I will declare my own opinion, I never copy others.” The ſubtile ſtranger then looked

at

into the throat of the Princess, and returned to the Caliph.

"If I shall engage my head to the most powerful Monarch on earth, that I shall in a moment save his only daughter, I hope, from his princely goodness, that he will grant me an equivalent, by saving the life of him whose head is as dear to me as my own?"

"Most willingly," cried the Caliph, "though the guilty person had even lifted his hand against myself."

"Far be it from me," said the pretended surgeon, "to ask the life of a criminal: But, sublime Monarch, if I shall relieve the Princess from her present distress, and if she shall recover her wonted health, and fresh complexion, with her appetite and cheerfulness, will you refuse to admit to your good graces, a man who has lost your favour only by means of envy and intrigue, and of whose innocence I can produce the surest documents?"

"I don't understand you," cried the Caliph, with impatience, "cure my daughter, and I will grant whatever you please."

The Prince of Damascus here interrupted his narrative, that he might address his discourse more particularly to his companions. "You may easily guess," said he, "that the artful operator found no difficulty in withdrawing the fish bone from the place where, by his enchantments, he had introduced it: For, when we know that he was the fisher who sent the karmout into the palace, we may venture to conclude, that he had some hand in the accident which now

gave him an opportunity of displaying his skill and dexterity."

In a moment, the unlucky bone was in his hand, and the Princess declared she felt not the smallest pain while he extracted it. A glass of water, into which he put three drops of a powerful elixir, terminated the operation. A piece of linen, moistened with the same liquor, and applied to her eye lids, removed, in a short time, the inflammation and bloated appearance of her face, and restored the natural bloom of her complexion.

The Princess instantly recovered, felt her appetite return, and, in a short time, became more beautiful than ever. Thalide triumphed in the success of her favourite. The Caliph and the mother of the Princess felt an enthusiasm of pleasure, and the physicians of the palace retired in confusion.

Every one, in short, shewed an extacy of joy, except he whose skill had been the occasion of it. He waited till the Caliph had embraced his daughter, and congratulated her on her deliverance; as soon, however, as he could do it without causing embarrassment, he fell at the feet of the Monarch.

"Commander of the Faithful!" said he, "You have promised me the pardon of one man, and, in granting my request, you will not do violence to justice; your Majesty will be convinced of that, by looking at the justification of the person accused. These are copies of the papers sent to your Grand Vizier; but that minister wishes to dispose of the crown of Damascus in favour of his son-in-law.

"In

"In fact, Sire, the King of Damascus has done nothing else than inflict a merited punishment on the fraud of those who plunder the charitable foundations made by munificent Caliphs for the relief of the poor, and the embellishment of the mosques. He was under the necessity of seizing the records, and calling those to account who had abused their trust; and they have taken this opportunity to calumniate him. You will find the signatures of some of his most violent accusers, at those original writings, which afford the surest proofs of their guilt.

"Justice! sublime Sovereign! Grant me justice to my master the King of Damascus! The humblest of thy slaves, happy in having rendered thee a service, asks no other recompence!"

The Caliph was struck with astonishment: He expected to see a buffoon; this buffoon had taken him bound upon his word. He had promised the crown of Damascus to the son-in-law of his Vizier; and he who held it could only lose it with his life.

He began to reflect, that he had given this promise rashly. He looked over the papers, and observed many things so gross and so palpable, which had never been explained to him, that he resolved to look farther into the affair. He stepped into his apartment, and commanded the stranger to follow him.

He began with asking his name. "Sire," said he, "my name is Bekamar. I am a slave, and surgeon to Zineb-il-Mourath."

"Why has he sent you,—why has he entrusted papers of such importance to his surgeon?"—

"My master did not send me, Sire, nor did he

entrust me with the papers. I was surgeon to the Jew treasurer named Samuel. The people rose against him, and when he saw himself about to fall a sacrifice to appease the popular fury, he put into my hands this memoir and these papers.

‘The King,’ said he, ‘has copies of them; but keep them, they may, one day, be found useful.’

“When I first heard, that my master’s enemies had accused him to your Majesty, I rested easy on a firm belief of his innocence and your justice; but their proud and insulting behaviour soon shewed, that they expected to triumph over him.

“When I came here, I assumed a disguise which might serve to introduce me every where: I have now happily been enabled to perform a service to your Majesty; and if you are pleased, at my request, to receive my worthy master Zineb-il-Mourath again into your good graces, I shall think myself rewarded beyond my merit or my hopes.”

“Bekamar,” said the Caliph, “your Sovereign may think himself very happy in having so able an advocate, and so affectionate a subject: If your attachment to him will permit you to accept a place at my court, I here offer you every advantage you can desire. You need not fear that I will hurry my decision as to the complaints against your King. At any rate, I will see my divan purged of the corruption which has crept into it; and I will inform the King of Damascus of your friendly conduct toward him. In the mean time, what order shall I give you on my treasury?”

“The

"The least valuable ring that has been, at any time on your Majesty's hand will suffice," answered Bekamar: "any other recompence would diminish the satisfaction I feel in having done you this piece of service."

The Caliph took from his finger a valuable brilliant, and presented it to Bekamar. "O Commander of the Faithful!" said he, with a profound bow, "a less beautiful one would have contented me; but the richness of the gift shews me the use I ought to make of it." He then retired.

Thalide stood at the door of the Caliph's apartment, impatient to congratulate him on his success, and to make herself better acquainted with him. "Lovely young lady!" said he, with a gallant air, "the Caliph, after granting what I desired, made me a noble present, which I must put into the possession of her who really saved the life of the Princess. It was you who saved her,—I only lent my hand; the ring, therefore, is yours."

While Thalide contemplated the magnificence of the diamond, her benefactor disappeared, and went to an obscure corner of Bagdad to wait the event of his stratagem.

The Grand Vizier being convicted of breach of trust, lost his head. One of the officers of the palace was dispatched to Damascus with letters that conveyed very agreeable news to the Sovereign, and an order for the execution of all those criminals who had formerly escaped punishment.

One letter, in particular, mentioned in high terms the zeal and ability of the surgeon Bekamar.

mar. The King of Damascus could not guess who this Bekamar might be, of whom the envoy from Bagdad told so many wonderful stories. The ambassador's servants also brought the surgeon a letter (no doubt a tender epistle), from Thalide, but were unable to find the person to whom it was directed.

My father and mother mentioned it to the old saint, who was not sufficiently acquainted with her pretended pilgrim: nor did she know that he could assume so many forms. It would have been dangerous to his projects to have shewn her all his disguises. She could not, however, help saying, "This Bekamar, of whom the King talks so much, my pilgrim, myself, and our children,—we are all one family. The King is restored to the favour of the Caliph: Everything has been granted without our asking it: This surgeon would not even accept the Caliph's gift,—that was a sure mark."

The King of Damascus, thus delivered from his enemies, hoped to owe the re-establishment of his fortune to the prayers of my great grandmother. He therefore gave her a lodging in the palace, near the apartment of her granddaughter, and permitted her to attend funeral processions, and pray among the tombs as much as she thought proper.

She was now doubly zealous in her exercises of devotion, and received eagerly whatever alms was offered to her, which she afterwards distributed among the poor. A crowd collected about the saint, whenever she appeared in the street. These petty triumphs, and the hope of the pilgrimage by the next caravan, made her the

the happiest woman in the world. Every day would she go to the *kan* to watch the arrival of her dear pilgrim.

In the meantime, my mother became pregnant, and was safely delivered of me,—born doubtless under a malignant star, since I was, from that moment, devoted to our wicked enemy! My great grandmother was more assiduous in attending my cradle than even my nurse, and muttered prayers over me without ceasing.

As soon as the first dawn of reason appeared, she presented to me every object that might allure my fancy, and captivated my ears with a hundred little pleasing stories. In short, she made so much of me, that we were inseparable. By this time, I had several brothers and sisters, for my father's family, received an addition to its increase. The attention of my parents was chiefly engaged in the care of their other children, and I was left to the sole disposal of my great grandmother. She taught me to read, and also to write; for being accustomed to transcribe verses of the alcoran on slips of vellum, she had acquired great skill in writing. She now considered herself as a widow. "Alas! my poor pilgrim," would she say, "he was very old, he has taken too much fatigue. You have lost a worthy grandfather, my child, who could have taught you many fine things." "But," said I, "from the stories you tell me, I find the magicians can do as he did. Pray is he not a magician?" "No, no, child, magicians never show honourable love for women, as this dear man has done toward me. He was so respectful, he

and when I was in the *kan*, he would search

scarce ever took the liberty to touch my hand; besides, those people you speak of never make a pilgrimage to Mecca: They know they are accursed by the alcoran."

When I was able to follow the old saint in her peregrinations, if I happened to be unable to press through the crowd at funeral processions, she ordered my nurse, under the protection of two stout slaves, to hold me up in her arms, that I might admire her talents in counterfeiting grief. She then led me to the tombs, where she made me repeat with her the *Ilfathea* and *Ilcathme*.

Being naturally heedless, I paid little attention to these ceremonies; but at our return home, she entertained me with a variety of stories, in which I took great delight; and to these I am chiefly indebted for any small cultivation my mind has received.

The old woman's temper was however cruel and tyrannical to every one about her, except toward my mother and myself. We were never in the wrong; but her own slaves could scarce live under her. As I daily heard the rabble call her a saint, you may believe I formed an odd idea of faintship.

The period at last arrived when my eyes were to be opened, in part, on my lot; and when my father and mother were to be punished for their folly in having abandoned me, without knowing how, or to whom. I was now in my fifteenth year, regarded by the court of my grandfather, as one of those Princes who are devoted to religion: Nobody thought it worth

while

while to pay the least attention to me, and I was left to the entire guidance of the old saint. She and I were one day alone within a tomb, when a terrible apparition started up before us. It was the Armenian, whom I instantly knew from the description I had heard of him from my great grandmother; but his physiognomy appeared to me extremely suspicious, notwithstanding his white beard, and venerable appearance.

At this sight the old saint almost fainted away. "It is a ghost! it is a ghost!" cried she with terror. "No, I am no ghost," said the false Armenian, seizing her rudely by the arm; "but I may perhaps soon make yourself a ghost, if you do not take care!"

"Ha, wretch!" cried the enraged saint, "after leaving me in expectation for fifteen years, would you at last deceive a virtuous woman like me?"—"Silence, thou raving fool, or I will, in a moment, rivet thy tongue to thy palate. I have no time to waste here: I come to demand my son."—"Thy son! when didst thou espouse me, villain, so as to have a son by me? Come, do me justice before the cadî, and thou shalt have the child."—"Espouse thee! old decrepid hag! vile monument of antiquity, sprung from the filth of the deluge! give me my son."—"Thou shalt have my life sooner; I will order thee to be seized, audacious wretch! and have thee crucified as an assassin." While she pronounced these words, she threw her arms about me, and held me fast.

Terror had by this time rendered me motionless. The looks of the Armenian were instantly changed, his eye seemed to flame, and his beard

beard to smoke : He gave the poor old woman a blow, which threw both her and I to the ground. To my astonishment, I now perceived that my great grandmother was transformed into an osier basket, in which I lay ; her legs and arms forming the bands that fixed me down, and her chaplet, divided into two parts, serving for the handles.

Our persecutor now gave the basket a violent kick with his foot, and we mounted into the air, and never left that element, till we tumbled headlong into the fatal fountain.

By my fall, I thought every part of my body shattered in pieces ; but as much life still remained as enabled me to perceive the mangled body of the poor old woman, covered with blood, and hung on a tree as a prey to the ravenous birds.

Soon after this, I lost all sensation ; and I believe, my dear companions in misfortune, I should only add to your affliction were I to recite all the cruelties I endured from the hand of our tyrant. After bringing me to this place, he kept me for three weeks in a state intermediate between life and death, and made me endure inconceivable tortures, on pretence of curing the hurts I had received by my fall. Under the mask of compassion and paternal affection, too, he took every method to persuade me that he was my real father, and had removed me from the hands of those who had given me a bad education, and made me imbibe false principles. In short, he represented the severities I had undergone as necessary to purify me from defilement, and, as it were, new-model my whole nature.

He

He talked in this style in my hearing, while he pretended to speak only to himself: At the same time, he expressed his sorrow for what he had been obliged to make me suffer, adding tears and the bitterest lamentations. He watched me day and night, dressed my wounds, and served me with the greatest shew of tenderness and affection; but I could not become the dupe of his artifice; the fate of my poor great grandmother had already made the monster known to me.

I find, from what I have heard from you, that my education has been much neglected: But one good effect resulted from it; for, being unacquainted with the least contradiction, I never changed an opinion I had once formed; nor was my mind capable of the least restraint. From this, you will readily conceive in what manner I would requite all his pretended care of me. As soon as I recovered, he tried every method to conquer the obstinacy of my temper, but in vain. If he indulged me, I became peevish; if he chastised me, I seemed insensible to my sufferings.

"He commanded me to study, but I would not. 'I am the son of a King,' said I; 'why should I trouble myself with working accounts? Others will do it for me.'"

He gave me a blow: "Give me another," said I; "or treat me, if you will, as you did my poor great grandmother. Don't you remember that you was her pilgrim?"

His resolution was already taken ; for, without hesitation, he answered, " I shall do thee justice ; thou art no better than she was, and shalt be treated as thou deservest."

He then struck me to the ground with one blow ; and while I lay in a state of insensibility, dragged me into his abominable pit.

My case is the same with some of yours, my Princes ; for I cannot speak with certainty as to the time I remained in that dreadful state. But as I had no heard when I was thrown into the pit, and I now have one of considerable length, my sleep has surely been pretty long. I find that my unhappy trance has not deprived me of my faculties. My mind only presents to me the ideas of my childhood, but I no longer view them as a child. Every fact you have mentioned, has excited some new reflection in my mind ; and, in two hours, I have acquired more experience than by my, perhaps, six years abode in this place. I see in what particulars all our parents have been deficient, and I shall particularly notice that of my great grandmother.

She was transformed into an osier basket, in which I was laid ; her legs and arms bound me down, while her chaplet formed the handles. This image shews that I had been bound over hand and foot to Maugraby, and that the chaplet of my great grandmother had been the means. The old woman muttered over words and sentences, which were the cause of her destruction ; which demonstrates that there is nothing so dangerous as to make signs, or pronounce

nounce words, without clearly comprehending their import.

To conclude, my dear Princes, since we are thus united in one misfortune, common to us all, I think we should not despair, but hope that we may now escape from the hands of our tyrant, were he even to return armed with all his vengeance. After what heaven has already done in our favour, may not we fix venture to oppose him in the name of Mahomet? May we not prevail against him, and be at last restored to our families? The Prince Habel-il-Rouman has told us, that a hara chained by the foot, sent him to our relief: Let us hasten to give what assistance we can to that benevolent counsellor, who may still give us good advice, and will no doubt join with us against our common enemy.

Habel-il-Rouman and the rest of the company gladly complied with the proposal of the Prince of Damascus. They went into Maugraby's apartment, entered the aviary, and surrounded the hara, who testified its joy at the sight of them.

They attempted to take off the chains from its foot: "That is impossible," said the generous bird; "but I can bear my situation, if you will carry me out of this disagreeable prison. When we are all in a convenient place, I will shew you the true means of availing yourselves of our tyrant's absence, and of relieving us from our present unhappy situation."

The six Princes, bearing along with them the hara, seated on its perch, went into the pavilion

lion of fountains. There they sat down, placing the hara in the centre. The bird thus began a recital of her adventures:

*History of the Amours of Maugraby with Auhita-
Kaouakib * Daughter of the King of Egypt.*

I am a woman, and was born a Princess. My father was Sovereign over the great kingdom of Egypt. His government was equitable and mild; but he was so devoted to the service of Baal, that he exhausted his treasure in building a magnificent temple to that god, in his palace; and the gigantic image of the false divinity which it contained, was formed of solid gold, and covered with precious stones. The eyes were two rubies, set round with diamonds of inestimable value. Every day did the altar of Baal smoke with the blood of fresh victims.

I was the only child that survived of my father's family. At the age of nine years, I lost my mother and my governess. That old lady, who had been entrusted with my education, was, in her heart, a faithful Mahometan. She secretly shewed me the beauties of that religion, and taught me its precepts.

When she found her end approaching, "My dear child," said she, "it is with regret I leave you exposed, as you are, to all the abominations of idolatry. Accept from me this book; conceal it as I have done; and when you think

* This Arabian name signifies, *A Sister of the Planet.*

of me, read a chapter of it as privately as possible.

I took the alcoran, and locked it in a closet of which I kept the key. But, unhappily, I soon lost all desire for examining the truths which it contains.

The place of my governess was immediately supplied by a Persian slave, who possessed many accomplishments, and who had been lately purchased by my father. She was remarkably assiduous about me, and endeavoured to gain my affection while she instructed me. By means of her diligence, I became, at the age of twelve, what is called a prodigy, in every branch of female education.

Happy would it have been for me, had she stopped there! But she excited my curiosity for the science called geomancy, and, by her address, inspired me with a taste for that dangerous art.

I had complained to her of being troubled with frightful dreams. She told me that nothing was easier than to procure the most pleasing dreams imaginable, by a very simple method, and without the use of medicines.

"You need only compose a nosegay *," said she, "and arrange the flowers in the manner I shall direct you. I shall teach you the value and meaning of each flower, and how to place one below another, so that the lower one shall be in a state of subjection to the other. At night, you must present your nosegay to the image of

A a 2

Baal,

* The symbolic method of expressing the thoughts by means of flowers, is very common in some parts of Asia.

Baal, passing through the door of your chamber, which communicates with the temple. I shall accompany you: We must burn incense, and pronounce some words together, which will be grateful to the divinity. You must return to your chamber with the nosegay, place it under your pillow, and go to bed, where you will not fail to have delightful visions. What is still more curious, my Princess, next morning I shall tell you every particular of your dream. There is, however, nothing very extraordinary in this; the divinity you invoke, will only make you see and hear the things represented by the nosegay which you present to him.

After you have once tried the experiment, I shall instruct you how to compose a nosegay in such a manner as to express your thoughts by it as clearly as by writing. This method of signifying our thoughts by means of such charming characters, affords a very pleasing amusement; and we women of Persia sometimes drop a nosegay from a window into the hands of our lover, when we wish to tell him our mind.

The Persian slave, by communicating this secret to me, shed the deadly poison into my heart. I was full of impatience to try the effect of the nosegay, which I found to answer beyond my expectation.

Next morning my governess came to my bedside, I was in raptures at having passed the night so agreeably. She laid her hand on the pillow, and took from under it the nosegay which I had put there. After considering it attentively for some time. "This is your dream," said she:

she: "You imagined yourself seated on the flowery turf, upon the banks of the great canal, near Masser. Your eyes were pleased with the sight of the vessels passing and repassing along the canal. A large pear-tree formed a shade over your head, and the rich load of delicious fruit made the branches bend down to your hand. You gathered some of the fruit, eat it, and found it exquisite.

"Near you stood a bee-hive, from which issued two swarms; they rose into the air with a loud humming noise, and engaged in battle, which afforded you much amusement; and when the fight was ended, you waked."

You may easily imagine with what pleasure I listened to a recital of all the circumstances of my dream. From that moment I became the slave of my slave. I eagerly learned whatever she taught me; and, under the pretence of acquiring the art of geomancy, I became a very expert magician, and could have readily explained such books as you have seen here, or performed the operations indicated in them. Every day I composed a nosegay that might assure me of happy dreams on the succeeding night. But I have, alas! paid dearly for those trifling gratifications. I suffered myself to be led on, step by step, in the dangerous path pointed out to me by my insidious governess. My heart, as well as my ear, was captivated by the stories she told me of men-genies. At last I suffered my foolish curiosity to carry me so far, as to place in one of my nosegays, some flowers that had the virtue of making one of those beings appear to me; and

and this fatal composition I presented at the feet of the idol.

It is impossible to describe the illusions I experienced, after committing this piece of dangerous imprudence. Among other visions, I beheld a being, whom I might have taken for a man, had he not been resplendent like the sun, and so beautiful, that my senses were entirely overpowered. He threw himself at my feet, and presented me with a nosegay, in which the most tender sentiments of love were expressed. I deranged the flowers, in order to make a suitable answer; but in a moment, they combined of themselves in such a manner, as to signify a still more ardent expression of passion and esteem than formerly.

I waked, desperately in love with the fantastic being, whom I had invoked at the shrine of Baal; and I could think of nothing else through the whole day. I intended to make another composition of flowers, which might procure me the pleasure of a second interview; but, in the mean time, I happened to lie down without a nosegay under my pillow, and I had a dream of a singular and frightful sort. I imagined that my ancient governess stood before me with an angry countenance, and, seizing all the books that the Persian slave had put into my hands, threw them into a pit, from which issued flame and smoke; then, taking me by the hand, she led me to my closet, and commanded me to take up the alcoran. I looked on the book, but could not read even the first line. The old governess lifting her eyes to heaven, cried out:

“Thou

"Thou art undone, my child! Thou hast devoted thyself to Baal!"

The Persian, at the moment I waked, came into my chamber, and observing that I was much agitated, and in a cold sweat, asked what had befallen me. I told her my vision, which she treated with ridicule: "O my dear Princess," said she, "this is one of Nakaronkir's tricks that vile slave of the bloody Mahomet who has massacred half the people of the world, under the pretence of converting them."

"When persons like you and I, my Princess, seek to rise to a superior state of existence, by means of an alliance with mediating spirits, they are always exposed to the attacks of the demons of Mahomet, and especially of this Nakaronkir, who wishes, by frightful dreams, to turn us from the right path."

"I shall assist you in composing a nosegay that will defend you from all his future attempts; and since you have, as you tell me, an alcoran, let us burn it at the feet of Baal; it will be more grateful to him than the most fragrant perfumes."

As I suffered myself to be led implicitly by my dangerous governess, I allowed her to compose the nosegay, without troubling myself about its meaning. I also put my alcoran into her hands, without even opening the book; and we proceeded directly to the temple of the idol.

When I entered the fatal place, I felt myself shudder with horror, but I imputed it to the damp and coldness of the situation. We laid our flowers at the foot of the altar, and my im-

pious

pious mistress made me throw the book which contains the holy Mussulman law, into a pan of burning coals.

"Come," said she, "join with me in cursing Mahomet: Cursed be all his sect, and may they evaporate like the smoke of this book, which is the repository of their absurd whims." Alas! I complied.

While the book burned, it diffused a most agreeable odour. "You see," said the audacious Persian, "how acceptable our offering is to Baal." When the smoke ascended to the head of the idol, the earth suddenly shook under my feet.

"Our success is sure," said my deceiver; "when a divinity nods in token of consent, the earth quakes: The victory is ours."

My blind submission to the will of this woman prevented me from perceiving the forced meaning and false gloss in her speeches, while she explained the events we witnessed. I recollected several instances afterwards, which had not struck me at the time. One was, that when I took up the nosegay I had laid at the feet of the idol, I found it faded. I hastened, however, to put under it my pillow, and it procured me the vision that entirely perverted my mind.

I had no sooner shut my eyes in sleep, than I beheld a tall man seated on a sort of throne; he had on his head a large turban, of fine linen. One arm rested on a vast pile of books, the other on a heap of sabres naked and bloody.

By his side, stood a mule tied to a stake, and a variety of persons, in different habits, kneeled

kneeled before him : To each of these, he gave a book and a sabre, and dismissed them with a fierce look, intimating, that they should, by means of these, spread terror and destruction through the earth. Each book was marked on the back with the word *Alcoran*. This scene seemed involved in a cloud : But, all at once, a vivid light shone from the east ; and the glorious object which produced it, was the genie who had appeared to me in a former vision.

At his approach, the person who sat on the throne appeared uneasy. He rose up with precipitation ; and his turban falling off, discovered his head quite bald.

He untied his mule, mounted, and endeavoured to escape ; but through his hurry in mounting, he turned his face to the creature's tail, and beat its hollow sides with his heels. A black slave advanced and spat in his face ; in short, the loud shouts of derision that arose from all sides, roused me from my sleep, and still resounded in my ears after I was fully waked.

Notwithstanding this disturbance, I soon fell asleep again, and my imagination presented many pleasing visions. One was, that the fantastic lover I so much admired, presented me with a nosegay, composed in a style that gave me great delight, and then mounting a sort of triumphal car, ascended into the air, and disappeared. In the morning, when I looked for the nosegay which I had placed under my head, it was gone, and that of my lover substituted in its place. I need not detain you, my Princes, with further examples of my seducer's artifice.

She

She conducted herself with infinite skill and address, watching an opportunity of finally making herself mistress of my person and liberty. This unluckily soon offered.

The King my father having no other child besides myself, hoped to bestow my hand on one who might be worthy to ascend the throne of Egypt. He cast his eyes on my cousin, a man of experience, and esteemed over the whole kingdom for his courage, prudence, and agreeable manners. He hoped, that by my union with him, he might soon be eased of the cares of government.

My cousin's character was too serious to have attracted my affections; but I had no reason to disesteem him. His figure, though noble, rather inspired me with respect, than love: And in the dangerous situation I then stood, by means of those visions, I would not have given my hand to the handsomest young Prince on earth.

When I heard that my marriage with my cousin was resolved on, I threw myself, bathed in tears, into the arms of my governess. The Persian soon consoled me. "Is it possible, my fair Princess," cried she, "that you who are the favourite of spiritual beings, and under the particular protection of the god Baal, should be disposed of like an ordinary woman?"

"I will now perform an operation that may more fully discover this heavenly lover who has attached himself to you; and discover his views. Perhaps I may by and by convince you, the crown of Egypt is an object far below your notice.

"Let

"Let us compose a nosegay, and present it to the image of Baal. I shall place it under my pillow, and it will procure me a sight of your lover. Perhaps he may disclose to me many things, which the purity of his views, and the delicacy of his love will not permit him to explain so freely to yourself."

I fell blindfold into the snare; and the next day my governess came at an early hour, and seated herself on my bed-side, with joy in her countenance: "Hear, hear!" cried she, in a transport, "never was there a mortal on earth so happy as you! No, though I presumed every thing from your charms, your accomplishments, your virtues, yet could I not have flattered myself, that you would have attracted the love of the most powerful being upon earth. Could you believe it, my dear Princess! the invincible Maugraby, the only son of the heavenly Yandar, grand-daughter of Kokopilesof Sovereign of all the genies that govern the earth, is your faithful and passionate admirer!

"When you offered incense at the shrine of Baal, and presented a nosegay to attract a celestial spirit, this powerful being, who partakes at once the nature of a genie and of a man, intreated of Baal, that he might have the happiness of appearing to you.

"He felt the flame of love on your account long before you knew it: And if you will devote yourself to him, he will also be yours. Your nuptials must be celebrated at the altar of Baal. You must be conducted thither according to the custom of the country, and be presented to the high priest by the two Princesses
your

your aunts, attended by a train of virgins. You must appear crowned with flowers; but I will compose the crown. Your cousin, who expects you for his bride, will come attended by a brilliant retinue, made up of all the courtiers: But, before he advances, your lover will appear at your side, will present you with a garland of flowers, which you must accept, and give him your crown in exchange.

“The garland which Maugraby gives you, will signify, that he binds himself to you by indissolubilities; your crown will infer a similar obligation on your part. Baal himself will confirm your union. You will then both disappear from the eyes of the assembly, and we three shall soon after arrive in the happy country where you are eagerly expected.”

The persian entertained me from morning till night with stories of enchantments. I became familiarized to the little prodigies we performed together, and no longer doubted of the possibility and success of the plan proposed for carrying me off. While preparations were making for my nuptials at court, I was privately assisting in preparing the fatal crown, which was to be the symbol of my entire submission to my ravisher.

At the moment, when I stood at the altar of Baal, ready to engage my faith to the Prince, Maugraby suddenly appeared at my side. We exchanged our flowers; and the garland I received from his hand, made me rise into the air with as much ease as if I had been a feather. I found myself seated in a celestial chariot resplendent with azure, gold, and rubies. My
ravisher

ravisher, who sat by my side holding the reins, appeared as brilliant as the morning-star. Our six horses seemed to be of fire, and were conducted by the persian, who had now, by the power of a charm, been furnished with a pair of large white wings. We thus proceeded with inconceivable rapidity to the foot of the mountain where you have all been. The luminous chariot bore me through the subterranean passage without any visible aid, and its bright rays made my path in the cavern as clear as if it had been noon-day.

When I arrived at the palace, I was shewn into an apartment, the splendour of which dazzled my sight, how much soever my eyes were accustomed to the magnificence of my father's court.

As the doors and windows of that chamber have been shut ever since I was removed from it, you cannot have seen it, though it once had a communication with the aviary in which you found me.

A superb repast here awaited me; the husband I had chosen made me sit down on a rich sopha, over which was spread a canopy of dazzling lustre. I remarked that we were alone. "You need only signify your will," said the magician, "and you shall be served by invisible hands. You have no reason to fear solitude in your present situation, especially, my dear Auheta, while I am with you, and while I shall regard you as the whole world to me."

I need not repeat to you, my Princes, the flattering speeches which my betrayer made use of to deceive me; you know his arts already.

However, he continued for some time to strew flowers in my path, and keep up the fatal delusion.

I happened to say, in the course of conversation, that I loved music. In a moment, a melodious concert struck up, which seemed to proceed from the united voices of men and women singers in the adjacent apartment, accompanied with symphonies of instruments in an exquisite taste. He seemed to be in raptures at finding that I took so much pleasure in listening to the concert. From time to time, I observed him turn a slender wand round his finger, which seemed to whirl about of its own accord. I had one similar to it in my pocket, but I did not pretend to produce it then, nor to compete with him in his art.

In this manner, he entertained me, till the nuptial couch was prepared. I suffered myself to be led to it, and was undressed by invisible hands, and saw the curtains drawn upon us.

I need not mention to you, my Prince, the professions of love and esteem which this monster made to me; for they were all false; there is nothing natural to him but malice. As soon as I had shut my eyes, I fell into a very extraordinary dream, if I may call it a dream. I found myself transported into a place of such strength and grandeur that imagination can scarce represent any thing equal to it. As soon as my husband and I arrived at the gate, a great number of persons in elegant dresses came up, and received us in a respectful manner. They conducted us through several large halls, where a multitude of men and women richly dressed sat on sofas,
amusing

amusing themselves in conversation. They rose from their seats, and saluted us politely as we passed.

I need not describe the magnificence of the apartments we traversed, before we reached the great hall in which the throne stood. A being in the human form sat on this throne; but his face was so resplendent, that one could no more look on it than on the meridian sun.

His crown was covered with diamonds, and shed a lustre equal to that of his face. The whole spacious hall was illuminated by his presence. I looked up to the vaulted roof, which seemed to be composed of rainbows crossing each other, and producing a pleasing mixture of various coloured light.

Before we came to the foot of the throne, Maugraby took me aside: "This is not," said he, "the image of Baal: It is Baal himself. Let us kneel before him." Then, leading me to the throne, and kneeling by my side: "Master of the world!" cried he, "thou who hast power over all spirits, behold the wife thou hast given me."—"Maugraby," said the pretended god Baal, "thou art my Vizier on earth, and the first of my subjects: I desire thy wife to put herself in a condition to participate with you in the power I have granted you. Your marriage must be celebrated by rejoicings in my court. The ceremonial on your part being completed, we will now express our joy at your happy union with the object of your love."

This indulgent Sovereign then rose from his throne, and clapped his hands. Every one imitated his example. The men and women rush-

ed out of this apartment into the ten other halls; in a tumultuous manner, and gave a loose to indecent conversation, and loud peals of laughter. My husband observed my astonishment. "You must not expect here," said he, "to see the grave and formal manners of your father's court. Those who reign over men must observe pomp and ceremony, in order to inspire respect. Our great Sovereign is above all restraint and fear, and wishes that we should be so too. Joy and liberty are the bands by which his subjects are attached to him: But we are now to sit down to table."

We then approached an immense table, which exhibited a vast variety of meats. The Sovereign sat under a superb canopy, and was served by himself: Maugraby and I were placed at the head of the common table, one on his right hand, the other on his left. Never did I behold so luxurious a feast. Every one eat as fast as possible, yet the plates were never emptied. For my part, the view of so many unknown dishes excited my appetite; but I found they were fitter to please the eye than to fill the stomach; whatever I eat, seemed dissipated as soon as I had swallowed it. The wine had as little effect, and I gave way to the same intemperance as the rest of the company. I was, however, surprised at their noisy conversation, and their frequent unmeaning fits of laughter.

After the courses had become so numerous, that I lost account of them, and the guests had trifled, talked, and laughed for a long time, I began to be uneasy, and wished the entertainment at an end. At last, the Sovereign rose up,

up, clapped his hands, and all the company followed his example.

Adjacent to the great hall was a long gallery prepared for dancing. My complaisant husband led me into it by the hand, and I was shocked at the indelicacies that passed between the men and women, both in words and behaviour. I found my situation so disagreeable, that I could not help expressing my disgust.

"Decency," said my husband, "is a law made to restrain dangerous or improper inclinations; here such a law would be useless. These are all married people, like you and I, whose freedoms need give offence to nobody. We enjoy ourselves here without disquiet or remorse; we mutually rejoice in each other's happiness. Modesty, too, is a mere chimera, where there is no vice. How happy you are, you poor children of humanity, with you decency and such whims! Come, my charming Auheta, come, let us dance and be merry." "Alas!" answered I, "I can scarce walk a step; the air of this place is surely bad, for I am almost suffocated."—"No, no," returned he, "you have been fatigued by your journey yesterday; it is that has hurt you. Let us return to bed again."

When he had said this, I awaked with a start, and found myself in bed. My husband was by my side, and seemed asleep. I remained motionless, being wholly accupied with the thoughts of my supposed dream.

It would only excite your disgust, were I to describe all the arts he employed to sooth me, and the amusement he prepared to divert my mind.

mind. One circumstance is, however, worthy of mention, as it was the sure indication of my future misery.

We all know my Princes, that our tyrant has no physiognomy peculiar to himself. He assumes that which is suitable to the passion which governs him at the moment. When fury, anger, or vengeance inspire him, his face shews the most horrible expressions of those passions. When he has committed an enormity, his look is that of the demon of mischief. It is long since his terrestrial body has decayed through age, but his impure soul passes continually from one phantom of his own creation to another.

My supposed dream had a most disagreeable effect upon me, contrary to the intention of him who was the occasion of it. I was educated with a view to be a queen, and my father was careful, that such principles should be instilled into my mind, as were suitable to my high birth. Licentiousness shocked me in the most sensible manner; and he who appeared as a god, seemed in my eyes, only to possess the exterior of a divinity. When I was left alone in bed, I put my hand under the pillow to search for the nosegay that had procured me a vision so extraordinary; but I found none: I therefore imputed my dream to a disordered imagination, and resolved to communicate it to no person whatever.

The magician, with a tone of tender affection, asked me how I had passed the night? "Not well," answered I: "I have been tormented with disagreeable dreams."

When

When I said this, his eye kindled, and I saw malice and discontent in his looks ; but he soon composed his features. " Oh ! " said he, " it is the effect of your fatigue yesterday. But what displeased you in your dreams ? "

While he asked this question, he, with his hand concealed his eyes, which were rivetted upon me. I answered, with as great an air of sincerity as possible, " that my recollection on the subject was confused, but that I thought I had eaten and drank too much. In my infancy, I was very subject to dreaming, accompanied with pains in my stomach ; but happily, that is not my present case. " " Rest, " said my hypocritical tyrant, " and an airing, with some light food, will restore your health. "

" I go to send your governess to keep you company. I am preparing the rewards I intend to bestow on her, and, in the mean time, you may enjoy her conversation ; for I will afterwards send her away. She is a magician, and all other powers, except yours and mine, are suspicious here : We ought, therefore, to act in concert. " During this discourse, I cast down my eyes, that I might not shew my uneasiness at the prospect of being separated from my governess. I still passionately loved my seducer, and was desirous of submitting to his will in every thing.

The Persian soon came to my bed-side. " You must rise, my Queen " said she, " and breathe a little of the fresh air in this pleasant country. " " But you are going to leave me, " said I. — " Yes, " answered the Persian, " prudence requires it ; but I hope we will not be for ever separated,

separated. I should be sorry if I did not hope to have frequent opportunities of meeting you. But every thing here is subject to you, and you will have no reason to regret my absence.

"I am told you have had an uneasy night. You know I can read dreams; pray tell me yours."

It was upon my tongue's end, when I recollected, that as I had refused that piece of confidence to Maugraby, I could not, with propriety, bestow it on another.

"I don't remember it," said I; "it passed like a cloud, and vanished from my mind: Nor do I wish to recall things so false and disagreeable." The Persian shewed some degree of surprise; and I have since had opportunity enough to see the reason of it. She who had undertaken my seduction, had missed her aim of leading me into absolute depravity. My head and my heart had been perverted; my senses confounded; but the poison had not penetrated to my soul; and I was preserved from utter ruin in a manner beyond what I merited.

When I was up, I had my choice of twenty handsome morning dresses. I took the one I liked best. "How beautiful you look, my Queen," said the Persian; one could not guess you had passed the night disagreeably. But order your carriage and horses, to take an airing. Remember, that there are an hundred thousand arms here ready to serve you, and that the very walls have ears.

I gave the order accordingly, and immediately a shrill, but sweet voice repeated distinctly, "A carriage and horses for our Queen." In
a moment

a moment the carriage was at the door? but I saw nobody with it. "Pray, who will drive it," said I. "The reins lie on the necks of the horses," answered the Persian, "ready to conduct them wherever you command."

"I wish to take the air," said I carelessly. The reins seemed of themselves to rise up, and the chariot flew across the fields which were extremely pleasant. I saw several large buildings, and demanded their use. "That," said the Persian, "is the place for the elephants; that for the camels; and those are the stables."—"But," said I, "if there are no human creatures here, to what purpose are all these brutes?"

"There are here," said she, "as many men as other creatures: but they are not under their natural form. That is only restored to them occasionally; at other times, they remain disguised, some under the form of one animal, some under that of another."

"How barbarous!"—cried I. "Hold, my Queen," interrupted the Persian, "you are now elevated to the rank of a genie: you must learn to regard mankind in a very different light from what you formerly did. Consider, that three fourths of them are happy in being guided by a sure instinct, while, in their transformed state; and are thus enabled to avoid the miseries into which their false reasonings might have led them. Under their borrowed shape, too, all their wants are supplied; they are delivered from reflections on the past, the torments of the present, and the fears for the future. They are not troubled with thought; there is no state of existence tolerable, except that of a genie, or
of

of a downright brute. Intermediate creatures are in a weak, miserable condition,—the objects of pity to superior natures.”

While my mind was perplexed to distinguish between the truth and falsehood blended in this artful discourse, my seducer, beautiful as the sun, appeared on a noble courser, which he rode with peculiar grace. He alighted, and sprung nimbly into the chariot between us. My foolish fondness for him was not yet abated, and he redoubled his flattering discourse and manners; so that I soon forgot my reflections and my dream, and gave myself up to the enchantment I was under.

We returned to the palace. Though I had eat so plentifully during the night, I found I had then a good appetite, and partook heartily of the exquisite dishes that had been provided for us. The entertainment of the night I now regarded as an illusion.

My reason was blindfolded, and I gave myself wholly up to my fatal and unhappy passion: But the remainder of that day, and the night following, terminated all my visionary prospects of happiness. Thenceforth I was to expiate by my sighs and tears, the fault I had committed, and to pay dearly for the momentary pleasure it afford me.

Next morning, my tyrant informed me, that the Persian was gone; at the same time, he acquainted me, that he was under the necessity of absenting himself for two days. He ran over the various pleasures and amusements I might enjoy. I was mistress of the house; my voice
could

could animate every object about me, and, if occasion required, even make a statue speak.

"It is your duty," said he, "to second me in my labours. These books will instruct you in the means. As you are already in part acquainted with our art, a slight degree of application will be sufficient to complete your knowledge. During my absence, remember, that we belong to each other: You must do nothing without me; and every thing is here in your power through my name."

We passed a part of the day together, and, about sun set, he disappeared. I felt the earth tremble, and heard a noise like subterranean thunder, as when we beheld the passage open through the bowels of the mountain. When I saw myself left alone, I had not the courage to make use of my power and authority. On the contrary, I found my situation very suitable to my present state of mind, and I gave a loose to melancholy reflections, which I had hitherto banished from my thoughts.

I could not comprehend what motive of prudence had induced the Persian to leave me. "What danger could there be," thought I, in allowing one magician to keep me company, and afford me comfort in the absence of my husband; especially, as he appears to be all-powerful in this place?"

I then came to consider that part of the Persian's discourse that was intended to make me condemn my humanity, of which she had formerly impressed me with the highest ideas. I recollected all the occurrences I had beheld in my

my dream, and, among others, the circumstance of Baal having declared Maugraby to be his Vizier upon earth. I called to mind the discourses I had heard, the indecencies I had witnessed, and the excuses my husband offered for them. "Happily," thought I, "this was all false, as well as the feast, which certainly was imaginary, since I could eat so heartily next morning."

I perceived, however, a certain connection between the supposed dream, and the discourses I had heard, which was a subject of great embarrassment and uneasiness to my mind.

Fatigued with conjectures, I threw myself upon my bed, and endeavoured to suspend my trouble, for a little, in sleep, still keeping in my remembrance the strange sinister look of Maugraby, when I expressed my dissatisfaction at my dream.

The images that presented themselves to me in my sleep were, at first, the effects of my disordered imagination. I saw Maugraby brilliant like the sun, and ardent in his love to me. I seemed to yield to his caresses; but he bit my cheek. I complained of the pain I suffered, and, turning to reproach him with what he had done, I saw before me a hideous spectre, whose looks frightened me terribly. He first changed into a tiger, threatening to devour me. In a moment after, he became a horrible serpent, which twisted itself round my body, and wounded me in a hundred places. My terror was inconceivable, and my blood seemed frozen in my veins. While I was in this miserable plight,
my

my old governess appeared to me. "Ah, unhappy Princess!" said she, "thou hast undone thyself! thou hast burnt the alcoran, and devoted thyself to thy cruelest enemy! Remember the first line of that sacred book; *There is but one God who is God, and Mahomet is his Prophet.*" When she had pronounced these words she disappeared.

I repeated them after her, and was delivered from that frightful vision. When I waked, I found my whole body covered with a cold sweat.

Amid my terror, I was about to call for help; but, recollecting that I was surrounded with enemies, I contented myself with pronouncing the words of which my old governess had reminded me; and, after repeating them several times, happily fell asleep again.

I arose as soon as it was day, put on any dress that lay readiest to my hand, and endeavoured to walk into the fields without assistance, having no other resource left but my magic-wand which I now intended to use.

"Maugraby," thought I, "has forbidden me to do any thing without him; but the prohibition of an enemy is no more to be regarded than his counsels. Whatever I have to fear, I will try every expedient to relieve myself from the dangers into which my imprudence has plunged me.

My skill in the art of magic had enabled me to subject to my power a spirit of the earth; but he was of a nature so feeble and contemptible, that I only employed him to collect the flowers that composed my nosegays. "All I

shall ask of him," said I, "is to carry me out of this place: It will be no difficult task for a genie to execute, and I don't think him malicious, but rather obliging." My resolution being thus taken, I went to a retired place, and, taking out my wand, pronounced with an audible voice, "If there are eyes and ears about me be it known to them, that *There is but one God who is God, and Mahomet is his Prophet*

I heard a sort of buzzing sound in the air, intermixed with groans. I judged from this, that my conjuration had operated, and I formed great hopes of success.

I marked out a circle about me with my wand. I inscribed the words which I had pronounced audibly. Placing myself in the centre, I traced a lesser circle round the spot on which I stood, calling thrice on the name of Kathety, and turning the wand in my fingers. Impatient at not being obeyed, I stamped with my foot, and raised my voice.

I redoubled my efforts; but in vain. At last I conjured the rebel spirit by the name of Mahomet. I then saw a cloud gather above my head, which, descending, burst at my feet with a noise like thunder. From the mass of black vapour, which fell within the circle I had traced, came forth Kathety in his ordinary shape, but with a haggard look, and his hair standing on end with terror.

"Disobedient spirit," cried I, "why art thou become deaf to my voice?"—"My sweet mistress," answered the trembling being, "I have not willingly disobeyed you. I have been brought here by a superior power. How could

could I have forced those barriers, which are inaccessible to all, except the spirits subjected to Maugraby. How could I think of exposing myself to the hazard of falling into his odious hands, after escaping from the cruel captivity in which I was held by his mother?—Imprudent and unhappy Princess, how could you devote yourself to such a monster?”

Astonished to hear this discourse from Kathety, whom I thought to be incapable of connecting two ideas, “Wretch!” cried I, “why didst thou not tell me this, when the Persian persuaded me to make those nosegays which have undone me? Why didst thou not apprise me of the danger to which I was exposed?”

“I might have been delivered over by her to the detestable Maugraby. Dost thou not know that she is his slave? She, like you, is the daughter of of a King, and was entrapped in the same snares into which you have fallen: For my part, I thought it best to counterfeit imbecillity in her presence, that I might escape her inquiries.”

“Well,” since you are safe,” said I, “bear me immediately out of this place, in the same way you came hither yourself.”

“The slaves of Mahomet,” returned the genie, “wrapped me up in a cloud, and threw me down on the spot where I now stand; by my nature, I can depart alone; but I cannot carry a single straw pertaining to Maugraby with me.

“Princess,” added he, “my servitude will henceforth be useless to you, but the advice I can give you may perhaps turn to your advantage

tage I was present when the foundation of this place was laid. I was, at that time, the slave of Yandar, genie-mother of Maugraby. If I cannot remove the dangers which threaten you, I can at least explain them, and encourage you to support them with fortitude, since it appears that you are not forsaken by mahomet, like so many others in your situation.

“Restore to me my freedom; and I shall engage to make a good use of it. I am weary of doing mischief, and unwilling to expose myself to the perpetual torments which are the just reward of wickedness. My long and cruel imprisonment afforded me enough of time for reflection; and I had scarce escaped from it, when you cast your eye on my sign, and repeated the conjuration which subjected me.

“Generous and unfortunate Princess! my true name is not Kathety, but Kardash. Strike my forehead with your wand, and pronounce aloud: *Kardash! I restore thy liberty, and commit thee to the care of those who brought thee hither.* When you have done this, I shall be at freedom to reveal the secrets necessary for your deliverance.”

As I was prejudiced against necromantic art; which had been the cause of my ruin, I did not hesitate to grant the genie what he required. I struck Kardash on the forehead with my wand, and repeated the words he dictated.”

“I will now,” said the genie, “give you a proof of my gratitude. In the first place, my Princess, it is peculiarly fortunate, that you called

called me hither on a Friday, a day on which Maugraby and his slaves have little power, for what reason I cannot tell. He will not return to his retreat till to-morrow, since he is out of it; for he cannot, this day, do violence to nature, by opening a passage through the mountain, as he commonly does. I have, therefore, time to fulfil my promise, and I shall begin with an account of his birth.

History of the Birth of Maugraby.

“ In the city of Herenay in Africa, there lived a young orphan, who possessed a moderate fortune. His person was handsome and agreeable, nor had he the dark complexion common among the Africans.

“ He delighted to study, was of a retired temper, and shewed little attachment to women. His amusements were confined to the cultivation of his garden, and of his paternal inheritance. He possessed a small country house, about half a day’s journey from Harenay, where he had a large plantation of olives, in the dressing of which he took much pleasure.

“ Twice a-week did Hal-il Maugraby mount his camel in the morning, and carry provisions with him for the day. He spent his time there in giving directions to his slaves, who dressed the trees, and gathered the fruit. When he happened to be incommoded by the heat of the day, he retired to rest in an arbour shaded by a vine, and having a copious spring of pure water collected in a deep basin in the centre.

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“ Twice a-week did Hal-il-Maugraby mount his camel in the morning, and carry provisions with him for the day. He spent his time there in giving directions to his slaves, who dressed the trees, and gathered the fruit. When he happened to be incommoded by the heat of the day, he retired to rest in an arbour shaded by a vine, and having a copious spring of pure water collected in a deep basin in the centre.

One day, while he enjoyed repose in this cool retreat, a young lady of amazing beauty appeared to him in a vision, and her charms struck him the more, that such fair ladies are seldom to be seen in Africa. This enchanting creature advanced with a smiling countenance, and, inclining over him, seemed to embrace him, which produced such a sudden effect on his imagination, that he started up through his sleep, and followed the lovely stranger, that he might return her careffes. He waked by the effort he made to lay hold of his prize; but he found he was embracing the air, and only perceived a small evanescent flame, which floated before his eyes for a moment.

“From that instant, the heart of Hal-il-Maugraby was inflamed with love, and he could no more withdraw his thoughts from the adorable object that had captivated his soul.

“Thou dost exist!” cried he, “divine creature! thou art not a deceitful illusion! Your beautiful arms were stretched out to embrace me, and your bright eyes testified your love! Thou hast inspired me with a passion that will soon deprive me of life, if thou dost not deign to return.”

“Hal-il-Maugraby’s camel pastured in the meadow, while its master lost all desire for food. He often stood motionless, with his eyes fixed on the place where the small flame had appeared, and addressed the enchanting phantom in the most passionate language, which was frequently interrupted by his sighs and tears.

“Three days had passed since he had taken the least nourishment, or shut his eyes. At last, he

he fell into a sort of trance through excess of fatigue. While he lay in that state he heard a sweet and clear voice pronounce, 'Yandar, Queen of the genies, cannot shew herself to a worshipper of the false prophet Mahomet. Curse the alcoran, and throw it into the fire: Adore the great Kokopilefob, from whom I am descended, and who is the most powerful being on earth. Swear that you will be faithful to me as long as you live, and I may become your spouse.'

"Hal-il-Maugraby no sooner recovered the use of his senses, than he cried out, 'Yes, adorable object! I will obey thy commands! From henceforth, cursed be Mahomet, and all his works!'

"Well!" returned the voice, in accents that that thrilled to his heart, 'Well, my dear Hal-il-Maugraby! return to Herenay erect an altar in your house on Friday, and sacrifice a heifer to the great Kokopilefob; throw the alcoran into the hottest part of the fire; promise to be faithful to your beloved Yandar; and as soon as the ashes of the cursed alcoran are scattered to the four winds of heaven, she is yours.'

"The African now found sufficient strength to rise from the couch where he lay, and eat up his remaining provisions with avidity. He then returned, with all possible expedition, to Harenay, reared an altar in the most private place in his house, where he performed the sacrifice he was commanded to make; and scarce had he thrown from his hand the last portion of the ashes, than he found himself transported into a magni-

magnificent palace, where he was received as the husband of Yandar.

“The application he was accustomed to give to study and agriculture had made him capable of great exertions; and his pursuits being now wholly directed by Yandar, he soon became one of the most dangerous magicians on earth. Never had we served such cruel superiors as him and his wife; never had Kokopilefob two more faithful servants. I myself know it by fatal experience. Though born a wicked spirit, I was punished for not being sufficiently malicious.

“Such my princes, were the founders of the formidable Dom-Daniel of Tunis, that school of magic, whose rulers tyrannise over all the wicked spirits that desolate the earth, and which is the den where those monsters are engendered that have over-run the country of Africa. The labours of the cruel Yandar and her husband, would not, however, have been sufficient to compleat the dreadful plan of the Dom-Daniel, the chief roots of which lie concealed under the waters of the ocean, had they not been assisted in the work by their son Maugraby, whom you have chosen for a husband.

“He has, in his character, a superior degree of malice, united to the falsehood and other detestable vices he inherits from his parents. Whatever belonged to them, descended to him; and he took every precaution to secure himself in the possession of the heritage, as I will shew you by and by. I had, unhappily, an opportunity of knowing their secrets, especially after the death of Hail-il-Maugraby, and re-
joiced

joiced that I may, in some measure, revenge the ill treatment I suffered, by revealing those secrets to you, in the hopes that it may one day, be in your power, protected as you are by heaven, to overthrow this vast edifice of iniquity.

“Whatever efforts Yandar made to preserve the life of a husband who was so worthy of her love, she could not prolong it beyond the appointed time. She had already made him master of the half of Africa. She caused his funeral to be celebrated at Harenay, then become his capital, with royal pomp, and made his ashes be preserved, that they might be mingled with those of her own body, which she was about to restore to the earth; she having only assumed it through her love to him.

“In the mean time, she commanded the genies subjected to her, to construct a magnificent tomb, for the reception of the urn which was to contain the mixture of their ashes.

“I had the ill fortune to be one who had a chief hand in the work. When it was nearly finished, I happened to commit a trifling fault, by which I incurred the displeasure of my unworthy Sovereign, who inflicted on me a dreadful punishment.

“She tried the temper of an urn similar to that which had been prepared for preserving inviolable the mixture of their ashes. She forced me to enter into it, and having sealed it with the signature of Kokopilefob, ordered me to be thrown into the Persian gulf, where I might have remained confined for ages, in a situation dreadful beyond conception; but by good fortune I was found by some pearl-fishers, who took me
up

up from the bottom of the sea, broke the urn and restored me to the light, at a time when I had lost all hope.

“ My first business was to enquire what had become of my cruel enemy and her son. Other spirits who had been assistants in the work, informed me of the pains that had been taken to complete it, and the precautions they had used to assure to Maugraby that power which he, at this day, possesses, unhappily for yourself and so many others. I understood, that he had just finished this magical establishment in which we are at present : That he was already master of almost the whole of Africa, the Kings of which were merely viceroys under him ; and that he had it in view, if he was able, to subject the whole earth to his power. I was also made acquainted with the principal enchantments of this place, with their uses, and the means by which they were formed.

“ He takes every method to engage the Kings of the earth to part with their first-born sons to him, that they may become powerful instruments in his hands : But that he may have slaves of every description, he prowls about the houses of those who are discontented. If a father, for instance, be displeased with his son, and happen to curse him, he seizes the child ; if, on the other hand, the son should curse his father, still the child is made his prey. When a husband maltreats his wife, Maugraby does not interfere ; but waits patiently till the unhappy man has cursed himself.

“ But what do I say ? If a caravan set out for Upper Egypt, with an intention to pass through the

the sandy desert; the magician mounts on the wind Schirak, that he may make it commence sooner than usual, in order to destroy them. When that unfortunate company are reduced to the last extremity, he appears to them as a benefactor, ready to relieve them from the danger that threatens them, on condition that they shall surrender themselves soul and body to him, to Zatanai and the great Kokopilefob. The caravan arrives in his retreat, and, instead of two or three hundred beasts of burthen, there are now above four hundred; for all the merchants and other persons are metamorphosed into brutes.

“When he has seized the son or the daughter of a King, if he can make them as wicked as himself, they are his slaves. His slave Cadahé, his Megina, his Persian who served you, are children of Kings; and I could name several others. Those whom he cannot corrupt, are thrown into a sort of well, of which I shall explain the enchantment when I describe the others.

“In short, my princess, though he was handsome in his youth, his person is now become a mass of deformity, as well as his mind. His decrepitude is such as may be expected from his great age, which exceeds a century and a half. His human body is a mere chimera; he can, however, assume every form he chooses, and nothing discovers him but the sinister expressions of his eye.

“Such, my Princess, is the abominable portrait of the monster into whose hands you have fallen, and from whom you may look for the
 cruelest

cruelest treatment ; But I have some hopes in your benignant star, and in your own fortitude, which may, at last, enable you to avenge us all on our tyrant."

Here Kardash made a pause, and then informed me, with great exactness, how I might destroy all the magician's enchantments. in case I were ever fortunate enough to find proper assistants. He requested, that I would suffer him to depart : But I wished he would explain to me more fully why he had concealed his name, and always till now appeared so stupid.

" Princess," answered he, " I was struck with terror, when I found myself conjured by a pupil of Neakia, formerly Princess of Aderbigian, now the slave of Maugraby.

" Had she discovered me, and acquainted her master, that an accident had restored my liberty, he would again have confined me in some situation more dreadful than that from which I escaped. I am sure he is afraid of me, because he knows I can reveal his own and his mother's secrets, as I do at this moment.

" You accidentally, in turning over your books, cast your eye on my sign. You marked out a circle, and conjured the spirit attached to that sign to appear before you. I was forced to obey ; but that I might escape the danger which threatened me, I assumed the name and appearance of Kathery, one of the weakest among the genies, whose only employment is to creep on the earth, and fabricate dreams for those who have not memory or imagination sufficient for that purpose. I counterfeited stupidity so well, that Neakia, to whom you mentioned me, was the

the dupe of my artifice. You was at that time, employed with your governess in composing nosegays; and she thought me a proper hand to collect the flowers, but ordered me not to interfere with her directions to you as to their arrangement?

“That unhappy creature has done you much mischief. You may remember the crown she made you give to Maugraby, and the garland which he bestowed on you; he has secured them, as the symbols of the fatal tie that binds you to him; these you may soon have occasion to see again, and you can then remark what use he makes of them.”

“But Kardash,” said I, “can you not teach me the means of escaping from the enchantments with which I am surrounded?”—“No, my Princess, because it is impossible to foresee what the cruel magician may do.”

“As to the enchantments here, and those formed by his mother and himself near the city of Harenay, I shall explain their nature, and point out the means by which they may be destroyed. Make me repeat two or three times whatever appears difficult to remember, rather than run the risk of forgetting any thing; for every word is essential.”

He then recited all the mysteries of this place, and the great enchantments near Harenay. At the discovery of each step taken in this great work, worthy, indeed, of the grand Vizier of the Prince of darkness, my heart quaked with horror. At last, however, I took courage, and questioned him as to my dream, in which I had heard and seen such extraordinary things.

"This has been no dream," answered Kardash; "the magician has transported you into the caverns under the sea, adjacent to the Dom-Daniel of Tunis. You have seen Asmodeous a spirit under Kokopileseb, with an assembly of magicians, such as they usually hold at the wane of the moon. His intention has been to initiate you in their infamous rites, and inspire you with a taste for their society."

Kardash had now spoken for a long time, during which I had stood on my feet; and I felt myself ready to drop down with fatigue. "You are weary, I perceive," said Kardash; "but, my Princess, you must call up all your courage. We are certain that our interview has a hundred thousand witnesses, though they hear nothing of what we say, because the circle you have marked out permits not the sound of our voices to pass its limits, and reach their ears: You may expect to be betrayed by the slaves of Maugraby; and I myself would be involved in destruction, were it not in your power to save me. Acquit yourself then of your promise, by pronouncing aloud these words: *Spirits, slaves of the great Mahomet! who have, by force, brought hither Kardash, conduct this slave to the foot of the throne of the great Solomon!* When I am gone you may break your circle, and also your wand, which would, at any rate, be snatched from you."

I performed, without hesitation, every thing Kardash had required of me; and I beheld him carried away in the same cloud which had brought him hither. I effaced my work, broke my wand in pieces, returned to my apartment,
repeating

repeating all the way the first line of the alcoran, which my old governess had recalled to my mind.

Perhaps my imagination was disordered; but I could not help believing, that in my way home, I heard a confused buzzing noise, expressive of murmur and insult. I entered my chamber, threw myself on a bed, dressed as I was, without calling for assistance. There, I endeavoured to ease my grief and bitterness of soul, by lifting my thoughts to God and his great Prophet: But still the idea of my infidelity was such a burden on my mind, that I sunk under it, unable to raise my eyes, or stretch out my arms to heaven. In a short time, I was surrounded by the shades of night, which never before appeared so horrible to me. The awful silence of the place contributed to increase my terror: In short, all nature seemed to have abandoned me to my fears and remorse. The barbarities I have suffered since that time have, no doubt, been horrible; but nothing was ever equal to that cruel night. When day appeared, I felt a slight change in my situation. My senses were, in some degree, cheered by the diversity of objects around me; but when I began to reflect, that the riches I beheld might have already contributed to the perversion of so many others, I resolved to strike every thing about me with my wand, to convert my chamber into a sepulchral cavern inaccessible to the light, and my bed into a tomb, that I might anticipate the vengeance of my tyrant. When I was about to rise, that I might put this resolution in practice, I recollected that I had broke

my wand. But one reflection, at last, brought me some comfort. Kardash had entrusted me with secrets, that might enable me, one day, to contribute to the vengeance of heaven and earth, by hastening the destruction of the monster.

“Let me brave,” said I to myself, “all the cruelties of my tyrant, since I may hope at last to be the instrument of his overthrow! Let me rivet every syllable of what I have heard on my memory, so that nothing may be able to efface the impression.”

During that whole day, I employed myself in repeating the instructions of the genie; and such was my application, that, before evening, all the words of conjuration formed but one train of thought in my mind, so that the remembrance of any part, at once recalled what went before and followed after. While I was occupied, in this manner, the trembling of the earth intimated to me the approach of Mangraby.

I expected that he would have flown to meet me with the rapidity of lightning: But I was mistaken; he was, no doubt, stopped by his spies, who would give him an account of what they had seen.

At last he arrived. Nothing could form a more complete contrast than the beauty and lustre he affected to assume in his signre, compared with the haggard and furious look his present passion had given him. “Faithless wife!” cried he, “thou art in league with my enemies! Thou wouldst trace circles, and bring into my territories the impure spirits of Mahomet! Receive from my hand the punishment due to thy crimes!”

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He then threw about my neck the crown of flowers which I had bestowed on him on the day of our fatal nuptials, and about my leg the garland he had presented to me. I was unable to make the least resistance. He needed only to breathe upon me, and I was changed into a bird, such as you now see me. The crown formed this collar of green and yellow feathers about my neck; the garland, that chain on my foot, by which I am fettered.

My tyrant led me by the chain to his apartment, and having struck the statue on the cheek, entered the aviary, and fixed me to this perch. From my skill in the art of magic, I know it is impossible for me to recover my natural form, except by the death of our enemy; such is the consequence of my having, of my own accord, rendered him sovereign over my person.

As he loved me, he resolved not to deprive me of reason, like the other unfortunate beings in this aviary: He hoped that the horror of my situation would at last make me consent to live with him as an obsequious wife, and ask pardon for the offence I had given him.

When Maugraby had left me alone in the aviary, I would have gladly praised God and Mahomet for having delivered me from the hateful presence of my tyrant; but I could utter no sound, except the cry natural to the bird whose form I bore, and pronounced audibly the word *hara*, which all the birds in the aviary repeated after me.

I, at first, thought my feathered companions endowed with intelligence like myself, notwithstanding

standing what Kardash had told me: I have, however, been since convinced, that no other faculty remains with them, but that of repeating any words they hear, or have been most accustomed to pronounce.

Confined on my perch, I began to reflect on my condition. Except my fetters, I saw nothing in my case worse than in that of the poor creatures around me; and, at any rate, I thought it far preferable to the situation into which my terror had plunged me. "How much better is this," said I to myself, "than to be exposed to the horrible caresses of such a monster!" But alas! even in this I was deceived.

Two days had passed since my eyes had been shocked by the sight of my persecutor: At the close of the third day, he came into the aviary, and presenting himself under the same disguise which he had formerly employed to seduce me, "My dear Auheta," said he, "you are very deficient in your duty to me, and unfaithful to the god Baal; but my heart is broken by the severities I am forced to inflict upon you. I restore you to the human form. Come, share my bed with me; behave as a submissive wife; and when you have acknowledged your errors, and promised to renounce the counsels given you by your vile old governess, I will intercede for you with the god whom you have offended." When he made this harangue, he burnt some incense upon a censer, and unloosed the chain which bound me to the perch. In a moment, I found myself standing naked before him. "Cruel Maugraby!" cried I, "speak not to me of thyself or of thy Baal, who had delivered me into thy

hy hands! Restore me to my father, and let me, if possible, blot thee out of my remembrance!" At this answer, my tyrant was enraged: "Follow me," said he, "unkind and cruel wife!" At the same time, he led me along by the chain which remained about my foot. I wished to make what resistance I could, but he almost strangled me with another chain I had about my neck. In this manner, I was dragged, with incredible tortures, to his bed.

He approached to embrace me, and I endeavoured to spit in his face; but all my powers were suspended: I possessed none of my faculties, except sight, smelling and hearing; and all these were shocked in a hideous manner.

The most frightful spectre that delirious fancy can represent, was not comparable to the monster that stood before me. His looks were infectious, and my ears were stunned with a torrent of curses and blasphemies. In this deplorable situation, was I subjected to the detestable caresses of the barbarian to whom I had, by my folly, devoted myself a victim.

This scene of horror has been renewed almost every night, during these five years, with every possible circumstance of aggravated cruelty; nor have I enjoyed the least respite, unless during the time he was employed in the pursuit of his odious projects, or when he went to bury himself under the sea, and indulge in debauchery with the abominable Asmodeus.

As often as the trembling of the earth announced the arrival of my persecutor, I wished
that

that my bill had been a sword, that I might have plunged it into my heart : But I this day see the goodness of Providence, which had removed from me the means of destroying myself ; since I am now enabled to put invincible arms into the hand of the young Prince Habel-il-Rouman, our deliverer, and the messenger of Mahomet.

“ Young man ! destined by heaven to avenge humanity,” said the Princess of Egypt to the Prince of Syria, “ you are soon to become master of that urn which contains the ashes of Halil-Maugraby and Yandar, deposited under the plain near the city of Harenay, in the east. Notwithstanding its great distance from this place, I will now shew you the means of transporting yourself and companions thither with the utmost expedition.”

In the orchard here, there is a bird called Fessefzé. Solomon, of old, sent it into the forest of Lebanon to fetch him a branch, from which he might form his rod of command ; and ever since, that creature has been favoured by the Prophet, who has been pleased to bestow certain properties on its heart, its flesh, and its feathers. The bird is naturally dull, and, like the ostrich, is destitute of defence. Let the five Princes, your companions, assist you in surrounding it, pronouncing all with one voice, *In the name of Solomon, let thyself be caught, for the service of the Great Prophet.* It will instantly come into your hands. Do not hesitate to kill it ; for, being brought hither by enchantment, its life is insupportable. Keep the feathers : Burn the body and the heart separately,

rately, and carefully preserve the ashes. These of the heart, thrown on flaming amber, will open you a passage through the mountain. You must reserve a portion to be used at your return; and take care of the ashes of the body.

When the mountain has opened, you must each take into your hand a feather of the tail, two feathers of the wing, and two of the head.

You must all six present them at the same time, amid the smoke of the perfumes, while Haded-il-Rouman pronounces aloud, *Feathers of the messenger of Solomon, conduct the labourers of the Prophet to their work.* You will then be transported to the entrance to the city of Harenay, and set down in the plantation of olives formed by Hal-il-Maigraby. You will remark one solitary olive-tree taller than the others, and there you must stop. The entrance to the enchanted cavern is under its root; but, by a precaution of Yandar's, the passage shifts every moon, so as to make the place of the enchantments almost inaccessible.

You must trace a circle of thirty feet diameter about the tree: Stand at equal distances on the circle, each holding a pan with burning perfumes, on which you are to throw a little of the ashes of the bird's body. The earth will then tremble, and open at the entrance to the cavern.

Haded-il Rouman will appoint one of you to guard the opening, with a drawn sabre in his hand, saying, *Soldier of Mahomet, defend this passage!* Then you must, with one voice, again command the feathers of the bird to do their duty. Let not the variety of natural beauties,

or

or the riches which you may observe in your passage, attract your attention for a moment; nor listen to the melodious notes of the birds. Though you should be afflicted with an immoderate thirst, approach not the apparently pure stream that may tempt your eye. Every thing you see is dangerous.

The Prince Habel-il-Rouman will march at your head, till you at last arrive, with your sabres drawn, at an eminence, where stands the lofty dome, under which is deposited the fatal urn, the object of your enterprise.

This eminence is surrounded by a ditch of a hundred feet broad, and so deep, that you cannot perceive the bottom. The feathers of the bird will enable you to pass over this gulph. You will then see four stairs of which only one is solid. To discover this, you must burn on the first step of each, a little perfume, sprinkling on it a pinch of the ashes of the bird's body. While you all five perform this operation, Habel-il-Rouman must say, *Snare, discover thyself!* and the solid stair will remain, but all the others will disappear.

When you arrive upon the eminence, you must pass round the building, without paying regard to the ornaments of architecture, or the false splendour by which it is embellished. There are four gates on the temple. You must first secure that which faces the east; and, in order to distinguish it, the Prince Habel-il-Rouman must burn perfumes at each, scattering a portion of the ashes of the bird on the flame. These gates at first will shine like gold; but after this operation, they will assume different colours.

lours. That which corresponds to the east will become white; the west red. A black colour will distinguish the south, and a yellow the north.

An armed sentinel is to be placed at each of these gates; but first the Prince Habel-il Rouman must advance to the eastern one. He must strike it thrice with the blade of his sabre. A frightful spectre will present itself to oppose his passage. Whatever its form may be, he needs only conjure it by the *twenty-four books of Hana-nias* *, and it will vanish. He will then place the sentinel on the threshold of the gate.

Next he will proceed to the red gate; and as soon as it is opened, the terrible objects that may present themselves will disappear, when conjured by *the powerful seal on Solomon's ring*. Here another sentinel is to be placed, while he goes on to the black gate. Here all dangers may be opposed by the *inscription on the sabre of Mahomet*. The conjuration for the fourth door is by the *power of Moses's rod*.

“ Prince of Syria, when you have made yourself master of the four gates, you must enter alone by that on the east. You will then be in the tomb of Yandar and Hal-il-Maugraby. The urn which contains the mixture of their ashes, is impressed with the seal of Kokopilesob, and placed on the knees of a gigantic statue of that Sovereign of the spirits that have rebelled against God and his Prophet.

“ The statue holds in his hand a golden bow, ready bent, and armed with a fiery arrow. The conjuration

* The books of the Prophets,

conjunction against this danger, the most formidable of the whole, must be, by the *sacred characters inscribed on the breast-plate of the High Priest of the Jews*. The arrow will evaporate into smoke, and the statue remain disarmed. From its finger you will take the ring, which was Yandar's, and put it on the little finger of your left hand. Then take the small golden urn from the knees of the statue, and put it into your bosom. You will thus be master of the power of Maugraby.

"You need but touch it with your ring, and this colossus of gold, with the throne on which it is seated, will evaporate into the air. You may then perform the operation which will break my fetters: Take three feathers pulled from my collar, throw them into the smoke of a perfume, and say *Human creature, in the name of Mahomet I restore thy liberty!* When that is done, command the feathers of the bird Fessiezé to bring you to me. You will find me free, waiting with impatience for your safe return.

"Remember, my Prince, every thing I have said. I regard it as a peculiar favour of heaven, that I have been able to retain in my memory every part of Kardash's instructions: But ever since I was reduced to the miserable state in which you now see me, I have repeated them morning and evening; and the hope, that they might at last be serviceable to myself and to the whole human race, has been my chief consolation."

Habed-il-Rouman was happily endowed with a memory as capacious, as his judgment was clear and penetrating. Every thing he had
heard

heard remained deeply impressed on his mind. He knew the risk they run from the power of Maugraby, and that there was no time to be lost.

He and his companions went in pursuit of the bird Fesseszé, which they soon caught. Having killed it, they divided the feathers among them; burnt the heart and the body separately; and reserved the ashes for the purposes indicated by the hara. They armed themselves, provided perfumes, and whatever else they needed, and went to the foot of the mountain, where they forced the earth to open, and afford them a passage. When they had got through the mountain, they commanded the feathers of the bird Fesseszé to bear them to the place of their destination, and they were instantly conveyed through the air with astonishing rapidity.

They were at last set down near a great city, which they perceived to be situated in the midst of a plain; and they took their station in the centre of that plantation of olives which had been described to them. Habad-il-Rouman readily discovered the olive-tree, where their work was to be begun. The entrance to the enchanted cavern appeared: It was covered with a square black marble slab, in which was a ring, by way of handle, to lift it up.

The Prince of Syria here placed a sentinel, and led his other companions through the dark subterraneous path, still assisted by the feathers of the bird Fesseszé. Every now and then they called to each other, and found that all were present, except he who guarded the entrance of

the cavern. After they had proceeded in this manner for some time, a bright light succeeded to the darkness, by which they were surrounded; and they found themselves in a fine country, and under a serene sky. The cravings of hunger and thirst began to be violent. On each side of their path flowed streams of clear and fresh water: Rich melons were spread on the verdant banks: Delicious citrons and oranges hung over their heads; and the branches, bent down by the rich load of fruit, opposed their passage.

“Soldiers of Mahomet!” cried Habel Rouman, we came not hither to eat and drink; the appetite we feel, and the means offered to gratify it, are snares set for our destruction. Desire not the tempting waters: Trample under your feet that dangerous fruit! We have learned to suffer; let us bear this evil with fortitude. Another species of torment was now added to what they already suffered. Their path was upon dry sand, and the sun appearing at that time vertical, each step seemed to be on red hot coals. On the right and left, they saw two paths under the shade of trees, and covered with soft moss and flowery turf, tempting to the weary traveller.

“Despise those false comforts!” cried the Prince of Syria; “they resemble the deceitful caresses of our cruel tyrant.” The young Princess had need of all the encouragement their valiant leader could give them, in such a trying emergency.

The last trial they had to encounter was equally unforeseen and dangerous. They now found

found their path strewed with poppies, and sleep oppressed their eye-lids. The young Prince of Syria no sooner perceived this new enchantment, than he cried out, "Soldiers of Mahomet, let us trample under foot those pernicious flowers, in his name." They did so, and the drowsiness left them. At last they discovered, in the midst of the plain, the dome of the edifice they had undertaken to destroy.

We need not stop to describe the magical beauties of the place; for these were mere illusions: But let us follow Habed and his companions in the pursuit of their enterprise.

No sooner had they arrived at the terrible ditch, than they passed over to the eminence, by means of the feathers of the bird. They remarked the position of the gilded gates; and when these had assumed their natural colours, Habed knocked at the white one, which opened with a tremendous noise. A giant of a hideous form presented himself, and lifted his lance to strike the Prince; but, on being conjured by "the twenty-four books of Hananias," he was converted into a thick vapour, and disappeared. Habed-il-Rouman, after having placed a guard on this gate, proceeded to the second. Two lions, with open mouths, there stood ready to fly upon him; but at the name of "Solomon's seal," this vision also evaporated into the air. A three-headed serpent, which kept the third gate, was conjured by the "inscription on Mahomet's sabre." An enormous ax, which was ready to fall on the young Prince's neck, as soon as the fourth gate was opened, lost its

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edge and its weight, when conjured by "the rod of Moses."

Being thus master of all the avenues that led to the formidable statue, and having placed sentinels at each, (on whose fidelity he could rely, since they were so deeply interested in his success) he gave orders, that on hearing the least noise they should lift their sabres in the name of Mahomet: Nor was the precaution unnecessary; for no sooner had the young Prince set his foot within the white gate, than the spirits of the four elements were let loose to assist the statue of Kokopilefob. Had the avenues been left open, these spirits would have rushed in, and carried off the statue, with the urn containing the ashes of Hal-il-Maugraby and Yandar.

Habed-il-Rouman now stood before the splendid throne, on which was seated the golden colossus, whose head almost touched the roof of the lofty dome. The eyes of this enormous statue were like lightning pent up in a cloud, and struggling to make its escape. The burning arrow was pointed at the breast of Habed-il-Rouman; but when conjured by "the sacred inscription on the breast-plate of the high priest of the Jews," it fell to the ground; and the bow also dropped from the hands of the statue. The Prince of Syria leaped boldly on the throne, and took from the gigantic hand of the image, the powerful ring, which suddenly contracted to the size of his own little finger. He then seized the golden urn, the ultimate object of his enterprise. In the moment of enthusiasm, he struck the statue with the back of that hand on which he had put the ring. "Vile image of the most wicked
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of all beings," said he, "be thou destroyed as thou wert formed!"

The statue of Kokopilefob had been constructed by the slaves of the ring; and they were forced by this command, to destroy their own work, which they did with horrible murmurs and noise. The crashing sound that announced its destruction, was accompanied with total darkness, which heightened the horror of the scene.

The whole force of the enchantments resided in this statue. As soon as the talisman was destroyed, all the illusions that adorned those dreadful subterraneous cavities vanished with it; this change was not effected without a concussion of the earth, which might have overwhelmed Habled and his companions in arms, had not one of their number guarded the entrance of the cavern.

Habled-il Rouman recommended himself and his brethren to the protection of God and the Great Prophet, displaying the greatest firmness and presence of mind, amid all the darkness, tumult, and confusion that surrounded him.

He observed, that the diamond of his ring shed a ray of light. He rubbed it that it might be still brighter. The diamond sparkled, and a spirit, in the human form, appeared, leading with him four others; one like a tiger, another a fish, another a bird, and the last a salamander. "Command the four elements," said he, "thou who art master of the ring of the great Kokopilefob!"—"Let this place be lighted," cried Habled firmly, "that I may know where I am,

I am, and where the Princes, my companions, are."

"Salamander," said the spirit, "do thy duty!" In a moment the immense cavity was illuminated with a thousand flambeaux, stuck in the crevices of the rocks; and the six Princes, who had been for some time separated, joined company, and resolved instantly to set at liberty their benefactor, the Princess of Egypt. Habel-il-Rouman burnt some perfumes, threw into the flame the feathers with which he had been intrusted, and pronounced the words necessary for destroying the enchantment. The aromatics he scattered in the flame diffused so pleasing an odour, that all the Princes drew the happiest presage of the success of the operation. At last he proposed to make themselves be transported into the magician's retreat, by the same means they had used at their departure. "What!" said the other Princes, "shall we expose ourselves to the danger of falling a second time into the hands of our inexorable enemy? Think that the feathers of the bird Fessefze will transport each of us into our father's kingdom! Think that the ring you possess can command the four elements!"

"Could I only deliver the Princess of Egypt," answered Habel, "I should think it my duty as a true Mussulman to fly to her relief; and that though I were merely actuated by principles of humanity, independent of the ties of gratitude. But, my brethren, the feathers of the bird of Solomon can only be of use to the servants of the Prophet. The ring of Kokopilefob best becomes the finger of a vile magician."

magician. I use this resource only to turn the powers of magic against itself, and I should hold myself criminal, were I to employ such means with any other view. From what we have already done, my Princes, I think our duty is apparent. We are possessed of the talisman, on which depends the power of Maugraby, and we ought, if possible, to make ourselves masters of his life. We would be culpable, were we to let him escape, and sooner or later would suffer for the crime; perhaps he himself might be made the instrument of heaven to punish us. It is, without doubt, our duty to relieve the unfortunate men who are changed into brutes, and to demolish all his works of enchantment.

The Princes were somewhat abashed at the superior generosity of the young Habel-il-Rouman, and they all engaged to assist him, to the utmost of their power, in so honourable an enterprise.

They then agreed to transport themselves instantly, by means of the feathers of the bird Bessetze, to the relief of the Princess of Egypt. The feathers were obedient to their orders, and bore them, with great rapidity, out of the vast caverns which had been the theatre of Yandai's enchantments. The magical light, by which they were now illuminated, presented every object in its natural form. At last, they arrived at the entrance, and found themselves again in the open fields.

Though it was night, Habel-il-Rouman resolved that they should immediately depart. He commanded the feathers of the bird to bear them to the retreat of Maugraby. In a moment, Habel

bed and his companions were lifted from the earth, and conveyed through the air. About day-break, they arrived at the fountain in which each of them had been plunged. "There," said the Prince of Damascus, "there is the very tree on which the monster suspended the mangled corpse of my poor great-grand-mother, but not a vestige of the body now remains!"

The five Princes, while they contemplated a place where they had all suffered so severely, felt a revival of their hatred and resentment against Maugraby. The young Habed, in the mean time, was occupied with the care of returning to execute vengeance on their common enemy. He kindled a fire, burnt perfumes, and threw on them the ashes of the bird's heart; the mountain opened a passage, into which he entered, and his companions followed.

The dawn now began to appear, when the Princess of Egypt, who had passed the night on her perch in the bottom of the palace, felt the concussion of the earth usual on forcing a passage through the mountain. Free from her chain, she joyfully flew out from a window, to meet her deliverer. Nor did she fear the approach of Maugraby; for the liberty she enjoyed was sufficient evidence that Habed-il-Rouman had triumphed.

She however, took the precaution to rise high enough in her flight to distinguish the persons who should come out of the cavern. She soon had the satisfaction of seeing the six Princes arrive. When they cast their eyes about them, they observed a bird hovering over their heads, and heard a voice which seemed to descend

scend from heaven, and which addressed Habel-il-Rouman in well-known accents: "Prince of Syria, have you the urn and ring?"—"Here they are," answered the young Prince, while the bird alighted by his side. "Well," replied the hara, clapping her wings with joy, "you must now rub the ring and command the spirit who shall appear to you, to bring you the oldest and most scabbed sheep in the flock that feeds in this place. It must be made a sacrifice. In the mean time, we may return to the palace, where you and your companions may refresh yourselves without disquiet, for you are absolute master of every thing here. You have in your bosom the talisman in which the whole power of Maugraby resides, and you shall soon also be possessed of that to which the life of the monster is attached."

For two days before, the Princes had received no nourishment, yet they felt a reluctance to eat the flesh of the animals belonging to this place. "How can we be assured," said Habel, "that we are not depriving some unhappy human being of life? but, fortunately, the fruits and roots are not suspicious."

"You may freely use all the beasts and birds that are wild," said the Princess of Egypt. "They are real brutes, as well as those contained in the poultry yard. You may either command here by the ring on your finger, or by the talisman in your bosom. All is in subjection to you."

Habel-il-Rouman touched the urn, and, in an instant, a tall negro, with a golden collar, presented himself. "Ha!" cried the Prince of

Tartary,

Tartary, "it is Hage Cadahé. Say, thou detestable black, who once used me so barbarously, why hast thou forsaken thy infamous master, whom thou hast served with so much zeal!"—"I have no other master," answered the black, "than he who possesses the urn to which I am subjected: My master is here, and I wait his orders." Then addressing the Prince of Syria: "What are your commands to the slaves of the ashes of Hal-il-Maugraby and Yandar?"—"Let us have dinner slave," said the Prince. "You shall be obeyed," replied the black, and retired.

At that moment, the slave of the ring brought in an old scabbed sheep, on which there scarce remained a pile of wool. Its four feet were tied together; one of the hind legs appeared shorter than the others, and on that side the thigh was inflamed. "Ah! the cursed beast," cried the genie, "though inclosed on all sides, I thought we should never have been able to catch it! Yandar, when she put into its thigh the talisman to which her son's life is attached, rendered it enchanted. It run forward, backward, to the one side, or the other, with equal speed; a fly could not have passed through openings which served for its escape; and the strokes it gave with its head and feet were enough to have split a rock."

"Genie," said Habed, "I command thee to kill the beast."—"I cannot," answered the spirit, "you must strike it with your ring." The Prince of Syria did as the genie directed, and the creature uttered a terrible groan, and expired.

Habed-

Habed-il-Rouman then touched the inflamed thigh with his ring, and commanded the talisman to come forth. The thigh opened, and a plate of gold appeared covered with magical characters. The young Habed considered them attentively, and remarked, that they were the same with those inscribed on the ring which he had on his finger.

Being thus master of the power and of the life of their enemy, he began to consult with the company on the means he should employ to rid the world of the monster. Scarce had he explained his intention, when the trembling of the earth announced the return of the magician.

Maugraby had been apprised of his disaster by the infidelity of his wand. He happened, at the time, to be at Mossoul, occupied with one of his infernal projects, and wished to command something essential to his purpose to be done by Megina; but the wand, in place of turning round in his fingers, fell from his hand and broke to pieces.

He was seized with terror, and resolved instantly to fly to the centre of his enchantments, that he might consult his books.

His particular power was destroyed; but as the means he employed to transport himself to his retreat, did not depend on him, they answered the purpose he desired.

The impious magician used the feathers of the birds Fessetzé, conjured them by the name of Solomon, and they bore him to the foot of the mountain, which opened a passage on performing the usual ceremony.

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When he entered his territories, no one came to meet him ; not even Ilage Cadabé, the most devoted and timid of his slaves. He wished to stop for a little, till he should reflect what was to be done ; but the feathers hurried him along, and threw him in by a window upon the floor of the apartment where the Princes sat at dinner, deliberating on his fate.

The Princess of Egypt, seated on her perch, happened to be opposite to the window. She was surprised to see a horrible figure tumble on the floor like a package ; but notwithstanding the oddity of his disguise, she recognised him by the smell : Ha !” cried she, “ it is the monster !”

While Maugraby was at Mossoul, he had disguised himself in the garb of a fakir. A bare sheep's skin, rent in several places, was wrapped about his middle ; his shoulders and back were covered with bloody wounds and cicatrices : His hair was red and bushy, his beard of the same colour, and besmeared with filth : Nothing, in short, could be more disgusting than his appearance. His eyes were those of a demon ; and his looks were at once expressive of rage, terror, and despair. He held in his hand the knife he had employed to mutilate his body, and wore about his neck the chaplet that once belonged to the great grand-mother of the Prince of Damascus, which he had, no doubt, intended again to use for some vile purpose. But what were his projects at Mossoul, or whom he prepared to seduce, we know not : His appearance, however, was such as might have terrified persons of less fortitude than the company

pany before whom he was now forced to present himself.

He made a shift to rise, notwithstanding the severity of his fall; and, looking on his wife, whom he knew, with a threatening aspect, lifted the knife he held in his hand: "Feathers of the bird Fessefze," said he, "bear me to that base forceress!"

Habed-il-Rouman rose from his seat, and waving his hand, cried out: "Spirits of the ring, I command you to chain this madman!"

"Ah! viper that I have cherished in my bosom!" returned the magician, "Is it thee who art armed against me?"—"Cease, wretch! cease thy threats and invectives," said the Prince of Syria, "the measure of thy iniquity is full, and death will bring thee to the chastisements thy crimes deserve. Let present terror begin thy punishment. Tremble to think that however wicked thou art, thou shalt by and by fall into the hands of a spirit more wicked than thyself! For my part, vile magician! the great Prophet hath made me master of thy power and of thy life!"

"Curse on thy Prophet!" cried Maugraby, foaming with rage. "Spirits of the ring," said Habed, coolly, "put a gag in the mouth of this blasphemer. Let him be carried into the middle of the palace-yard; let him be bound with four chains, and let faggots be collected around him, that he may be burned alive. I command you by the ring which I possess, but in the name of Mahomet; and I will severely punish the least mark of disobedience."

At this command, the spirits, trembling at their own danger, carried off Maugraby, and bound him with four chains to an iron stake in the centre of the palace-yard.

As soon as the magician was out of sight, Habel il Rouman thus addressed the Princess of Egypt: "Madam," said he, "would it not be proper, that we should relieve all the human creatures about us from their degraded situation, that they might have the satisfaction of beholding the death of their tyrant?"

"Prince," answered Auheta, "in order to destroy the enchantments of this place, you must have the ashes of Maugraby mingled with those contained in the urn. Let his body, therefore, be consumed in such a manner as to keep his ashes separate from the wood which composes the pile. You will be at a loss how to dispose of the immense multitude of human beings you will find here. However ample the stores of provisions may appear, these will be no more than barely sufficient; nor would they support the vast army of people a day longer than is necessary for their return into their respective countries; for the nearest habitable places are at least twenty leagues from this mountain. The men and women who are here, have no idea of the violence they have suffered, and a sight of the criminal's punishment might terrify, but could not instruct them. Nor can their eyes be opened till the whole enchantments of Maugraby are destroyed. Many of them, my Prince, have left their families destitute; but by generously distributing among them a part of the immense riches you here possess, you may

may enable them, at their return, to relieve the distresses of their friends."

When the Princess of Egypt had said this, the slave of the ring came to inform them that the pile was ready. "Let it be kindled," said Habed; "but don't take the gag from the mouth of the criminal. I wish that his blasphemies should remain concentrated in his own breast."

"You will be under the necessity," said the Princess, "to augment his punishment by your presence. You must, with your own hand, throw the talisman to which his life is attached, into the hottest part of the fire: I advise you to add to it the ring;—one need not regret being divested of so dangerous a power. Could it effect the destruction of the Dom Daniel, I would entreat you to preserve it; but that great work is reserved for the powers of Mahomet. Go, with the Prince your companions in arms, collect the magician's books, and throw them into the fire, that his works may be destroyed before his face,—and may his wicked art perish with them."

The Prince of Syria followed these wise advices. The talismans, the books, the elixirs, the instruments, all things, in short, subservient to his vile art, were thrown into the fire that blazed around the magician: But his life was not extinguished till the moment the golden plate taken from the sheep's thigh, was fused by the force of the heat.

As soon as the ring was dissolved, the palace, and all the other buildings evaporated into smoke. The quadrupeds and birds which were

confined in them, escaped, and joined the wild animals in the fields: But a superior instinct made all the transformed human beings assemble about the Princes their deliverers. They were astonished to see around them, horses, camels, elephants, and even lions and tigers divested of their ferocity.

The body of the magician was, at last, reduced to ashes: But the excessive heat of the pile made it impossible instantly to approach the spot where they lay. In the mean time, the Princess of Egypt, availing herself of the form she still held, mounted into the air, and examined the crowd of creatures thus newly assembled.

"Prince," cried she, "these are the unfortunate beings whom you are about to restore to their countries, to their families, and to their existence! They may become less manageable when they return to their natural form than they are at present; but you are destined to command them by your star, and by the will of Mahomet. They wait here till the ashes of Maugraby, mingled with those of his father and mother, shall serve finally to destroy all the enchantments here. Come, my Princes, since you cannot for a little time proceed to that consolatory operation, I shall lead you where you may behold the vast treasures amassed by the rapine of the magician. Some part will be claimed by those who are present, when they have resumed their natural form; but what is not owned, belongs in property to the Prince of Syria."

The Princes followed the bird, and saw vast store-houses filled with the most precious commodities;

modities ; innumerable vessels of gold and silver ; a vast number of purses filled with pieces of gold, built up like a pyramid ; vases heaped with diamonds and precious stones of the greatest beauty. Besides this, such a quantity of provisions as seemed sufficient for the equipment of a great army. "These, my Princes," said she, "are objects which might wake the avarice of souls less noble than yours. Each of you will here find subjects. The Prince Habed-il Rouman will command every individual to obey his chief, and establish good order. Before we return to the magician's funeral-pile, I beg leave to take my part of the booty. The Princess then, with her bill and her talons, took up a piece of gauze, and again ascended into the air.

The Princes now returned to the spot where the ashes of Maugraby lay ; Habed-il Rouman took them up, broke the golden urn he had in his bosom, and made the mixture. "All is not yet done," said the hara, sitting on the piece of gauze she had brought. "You must burn a perfume, my Prince, and throw upon it all the feathers of the bird Fessetze which you and your companions have reserved. You must command them, in the name of Solomon, to scatter the ashes which you are about to throw into the air, to the four winds of heaven." The Prince of Syria obeyed her directions, and scarce had the last portion of ashes escaped from his hand, when a strange noise saluted his ears, — it was the voices of ten thousand persons who had unexpectedly been restored to the human form.

Habed-

Habed-il-Rouman lost not a moment, but cried out: "Syrians, range yourselves by my side! Tartars, this is your Prince! Chinese, this is yours! People of Damascus! people of Cinigae, join your chiefs!"

At this mandate, which was delivered with a clear and firm voice, the people in this vast assembly began to rub their eyes, as if newly waked from sleep, and obeyed the command they had received with wonderful alacrity, and good order: When they had taken their places, the Princes informed their subjects that their departure was fixed for next day, and required them to prepare for the journey.

Nothing was now to be seen but a general commotion. The men run about the fields in pursuit of their horses, their camels and their elephants; the women were busied in examining the features of their children, whom they scarce knew again, and in providing themselves with clothes. In two hours, every one had ascertained his property, and a general subordination was established. The people at last began to ask each other, "where are we?" but none could answer, though all were convinced that they had come there only the night preceding.

Habed-il-Rouman found himself master of thirty elephants, sixty camels, and an immense number of horses and mules. His own subjects prepared to load the beasts of burden with the treasures of Maugraby. The women and children were inclosed in towers, and placed on the backs of the elephants; the six Princes were provided

provided with beautiful horses of the noblest breed.

Amid the general commotion, they had lost sight of the hara. Habed el-Rouman, however, espied near him a woman with a long veil, seated on the earth, with her back against a tree.

"Who are you, Madam?" said he.

"A poor Egyptian," answered the woman. Habed knew her voice, and wished to call the Princes his companions that they might join him in doing homage to their benefactress.

"Great Princess!" exclaimed he—"No," interrupted she, "my disobedience has made me lose my right to the crown, and what I value still more, the tender esteem of my father! I have been, by my own choice, the wife of Maugraby! I dare not lift my eyes to heaven, nor open them to the light without confusion. Shame is my portion,—repentance my only resource.

"You, generous Prince, you must support me, when all other means are wanting. Command that I should be put into one of those towers, and numbered among the humblest of your slaves, for I am at the disposal of my deliverer. Be kind to the Egyptians who are here,—alas! What have I to do with Egypt?

"Would to heaven that my father should remain for ever ignorant of my dreadful lot! But I left him amid the blindness of idolatry: I will fly to Mecca, and live there as a penitent till I obtain from the great Prophet the favour of delivering the respectable author of my life from the abominable errors into which he has fallen!

Habed-

Habed-il-Rouman was greatly affected, and shed tears at this discourse. The young Prince had never before conversed with any woman except his mother, so that his heart was entirely a stranger to love. The recital which the Princess of Egypt had made of her adventures, while it interested his heart, inspired him with the highest esteem for her character. Her wisdom, knowledge, and virtuous conduct, of which she had given such proofs, added fresh lustre to her other amiable qualities. In short, without having seen her, and without knowing it himself, he was already in love with her.

"Great Princess," said he, "be assured that thou art sovereign over every thing here! When the people have composed their thoughts for a little, they shall not remain ignorant of the hand that has sent them relief: Nor can any one of us entertain other sentiments toward you than those of admiration, respect, and gratitude!

"The tower in which you travel shall be the object of our sincere homage, and most scrupulous attention: Your least desire shall be to us commands, and our obedience unbounded."

"Ah, my Prince!" answered Auheta, "consider that you speak to one, who, yielding to her foolish passion, has had the imprudence to violate the most sacred of all duties! But the more the fair Princess of Egypt humbled herself, the more she appeared exalted in the eyes of Habed-il-Rouman. The young Prince, however, did not suffer his new born passion to make him unmindful of his duty. He was to lead a sort of army, and was occupied with the thoughts

thoughts of preserving good order in their march, and providing for their wants.

The ashes of the bird, he knew, would open a passage through the mountain; but he could not imagine how elephants loaded with towers, were to pass through the caverns. He trusted, however, to the goodness of Solomon, who, he hoped, would favour the escape of this numerous company who were under the protection of Mahomet. The Prince of Syria communicated his doubts to Auheta before she retired to her tower, and also stated another difficulty. The temperature of the climate had already changed, and the wind began to bring down the sand from the mountains, which would, in a short time, overwhelm the plain, and render it sterile. Many wild animals would thus inevitably perish for want of food; he therefore wished, that means could be found to save them.

The day passed in this manner; and when night was come on, the sound of martial instruments in the six little camps, announced the departure of the army next morning at break of day. At last they began their march. The Syrians, commanded by Habel-il-Rouman led the van. The Prince, when he had mounted his horse, went off at full speed, that none might witness the ceremony necessary for opening a passage through the mountain. The severe shock the earth received, alarmed the whole company; but the Princes, who rode among them, soon allayed their fears. One thing, however, surprised themselves; the vast torrents of sand that descended from the mountains, and drove all the wild animals from their retreats. The creatures,
thus

thus terrified, naturally followed the little army.

The Prince of Syria had commanded the mountain to open a commodious passage. He was obeyed; nor did any one meet with the least obstruction, even amid the darkness of the cavern. They at last arrived at the once terrible fountain; and while they refreshed themselves there, the Prince Habed-il-Rouman, in the name of Solomon, commanded the passage to remain open, till all the wild creatures should escape.

The path which the princes pursued, led to the frontiers of the kingdom of Taflet: But they had to pass through twenty leagues of the desert, before they could reach any inhabited country; and from thence, to Nareka, the capital and seat of the Sovereign, required three days more. They, however, happily performed this journey in five days, without meeting with the least cross accident.

The King of Taflet was informed of the arrival of the most numerous and most singular caravan that had ever appeared in his kingdom. He sent officers to meet them, whom Habed-il-Rouman loaded with presents, requesting permission to encamp his little army, and deposit the merchandize they guarded, in some place without the walls of the city.

The Princes agreed to say that they came from the Kingdom of Tombut, and were bound for the sea-coast, in order to embark. The noble behaviour of the leaders, particularly of him who received the King's messengers, the sight of the rich armour worn by the troops, and so many
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tame elephants loaded with towers, astonished the ambassadors, and impressed them with the highest respect for this company of strangers.

When they arrived at Nareka, the Princes paid the usual compliments to the Monarch, telling him that they travelled for their improvement. This declaration they accompanied with a rich present, such as assured their welcome. After resting here a few days, they pursued their journey to the sea-coast. There each Prince provided vessels for his own subjects, and prepared to separate. Habel-il-Rouman loaded his companions with riches, and made all under them participate of his bounty, especially those who were most deserving and needy. The wise and charitable Auheta had carefully inquired into the situation of every individual in the caravan, and, by her counsels, directed the Prince's liberality.

Though she always remained veiled, yet she guided the Prince of Syria in almost all his actions, and taught him to relish the pleasures of beneficence; while she daily felt that his merit made a deeper impression on her heart, and saw, with satisfaction, that he was jealous of her esteem.

The princes took an affectionate leave of each other, and promised to maintain a mutual friendship as long as they lived. They embarked for their respective countries, where their return would, no doubt, occasion the most agreeable surprise to their fathers, and be accompanied with many happy events. It is not, however, our present purpose to pursue the fortunes of each

of each separately, but only recount the adventures of the Prince of Syria, and the means he used for the destruction of Maugraby.

As the Prince Habed-il-Rouman needed not to exercise parsimony, he soon bought twelve vessels for the accommodation of himself and his followers. He carried with him none of the animals he had brought from the magician's retreat, except the elephant on which the Princess sat, and his own horse. After a prosperous voyage, they arrived on the coast of Syria.

As soon as Habed-il-Rouman had landed, his first care was to dispatch a noble Syrian with a letter to his father, advising him of his arrival; for he was aware of the danger of too suddenly surprising his affectionate parents.

The details in which we have been engaged, have led us so far from the court of Syria, that since we left Habed-il-Kalib and Elmenhour overwhelmed with grief at the loss of their son, we have been unable to cast a look on what passed there, after that event. Many tears were shed; but the counsels of the virtuous Cheik saved those tender parents from absolute despair. He advised the Monarch to institute public prayers; and there was no hour passed of the day or night in which some worthy Mussulman did not prostrate himself in the grand mosque, and implore the protection of Mahomet for the young and unhappy Prince.

"Sire," said the Cheik, "there are certain hours in which Zatanai has great power on the earth. If you oppose him by continual prayers
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he will not find one in which he can injure your on and you will at last triumph."

The King passed three fourths of the day in the grand mosque, and the Queen would gladly have remained there day and night, to assure the safety of her dear son. Such was the situation of the court of Syria during the absence of the Prince ; and nothing occurred that could afford the shadow of hope, till one day, when the buffoon was exposed to uncommon ridicule on account of his preposterous nose, he was surprised to find, that the ugly wart suddenly dropped off. The news of this event soon spread ; and the old Cheik, as soon as it came to his ears, waited on the King. "Sire," said he, "a piece of good fortune seldom comes single. Maugraby, without doubt, intended to do your eunuch an injury by disfiguring his face ; and since we cannot suppose the malice of that odious being to have ceased, we may presume that his power is diminished. Let us go and give thanks in the mosque." A month after, Habel-il-Kalib received his son's letter.

He instantly commanded four thousand horsemen to go to meet the young Prince. Mourning was laid aside in the palace, and in the city. Ilmenour was in a transport of joy ; and the Vizier her father, took the command of the detachment that was to escort his grandson. The venerable Cheik prepared to follow on his camel.

The guard sent to receive the Prince of Syria were surprised to see him so nobly attended. He himself, mounted on a beautiful charger, appeared at the head of his troop : But he no

sooner saw his grandfather and his governor, than he dismounted, and flew to embrace them. The whole party then took their way to the capital.

The people came out in crowds to meet the presumptive heir to the crown, receiving him with acclamations of joy, and throwing flowers in the way, as he passed to the palace. His reception there, was such as might be expected from a father and mother who regarded him as the sole object of their affection, restored to them by a peculiar favour of heaven. They shed tears of joy and tenderness, which were mingled with those of their beloved son.

As soon as the tender emotions of the young Prince permitted him to speak, he requested his mother to send the chief of the eunuchs with a litter to meet the Princess of Egypt, and begged she might receive her as the person, who, under God and Mahomet, had been the cause of his deliverance. When the King and Queen, the Vizier and the Cheik, were assembled in the palace, he recounted his adventures, and those of the interesting Auheta-il-Kaouakib, *sister of the Planets*. During the recital, they, by turns, shed tears of pity and of tenderness.

Elmennour made haste to meet the Princess at the moment of her arrival, and conducted her to an apartment suitable to her dignity.

The fair Auheta now laid aside her veil for the first time since she left the summits of Mount Atlas. She had not uncovered her face even to the Syrian women whom the Prince had appointed to serve her. She was unwilling that her extraordinary beauty should be known. El-

mennour

menmour, who tenderly embraced her, was so struck with her charms, that she could not help gazing on her with silent admiration.

"Ah, Madam!" said the Princess with a deep sigh, "praise not that which has undone me! Without that fatal gift of nature, I might have remained submissive to my father, respected, virtuous: I might have been the daughter of a King, destined to reign; but now I am the miserable, the guilty widow of a monster, devoted, for the rest of my life, to grief and repentance. Favour me, Madam," said this inconsolable penitent, "with the means of sending a letter to implore the forgiveness of my father; let me have one of your couriers. The honour of your protection is the only thing that could have inspired me with boldness enough to take such a step; but I wish to do it soon, that I may be eased of the heavy load that lies on my heart."

Elmenmour was much affected by this discourse, and assured the Princess of her readiness to comply with her request. The charming Auheta instantly wrote the following letter to her father:

To the King of Egypt.

"SIRE,

"A disobedient slave, who no longer claims the right of calling you father, implores your pity. Her misfortunes, and dear-bought experience, have made her sensible of her errors. She has embraced the Mahometan faith, and has by the peculiar favour of the Great Prophet, been delivered from the misery into which her
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own imprudence had plunged her. She now requests your permission to visit the holy tomb of Mahomet.

I was ravished from you, Sire, by my own fatal consent, yielding myself up to a magician, —a vile monster, to whom the wicked god Baal was an accomplice. I have since had occasion to know other false divinities like him, and also their favourites and servants. I make bold to write you thus, that you may be on your guard against those who have ruined me, and also seek your destruction. Should the sorcerers, whom you gave me as a governess, ever appear, let her be burnt, together with the image of her god. I write you, my father, from the court of Syria, whose Sovereigns have loaded me with more kindness than I deserve. I here wait your commands: But, above all things, I conjure you to get an alcoran: There is no truth but in that book; those of your priests contain only falsehoods. One line of that sacred volume saved your poor guilty daughter from the most horrible and afflicting situation imaginable. May you read it with conviction: *There is but one God who is God, and Mahomet is his Prophet.*"

Auheta committed this letter to the care of Elmenmour. The fair Queen and her royal husband also wrote to the King of Egypt, and immediately dispatched the courier.

In the mean time, preparations were made in Tadmor for the pilgrimage of the Princess of Egypt. Ten thousand horsemen, selected from the whole troops of the nation, were appointed to attend her; and Habel il-Rouman, influenced

ced by motives of devotion, as well as of tender esteem for a Princess whom he had never seen, nor even hoped to see, intreated to have the honour of commanding the escort.

Elmennour was better acquainted with the state of her son's heart than he was himself; nor could she blame him, when she considered the charms of the fair Auheta. Nothing gave her uneasiness, but the fear, that her son might be unable to make the Princess break the resolution she had formed of devoting the remainder of her life to penitence. "Ah, Madam!" would she say, "how can you think of burying yourself alive at the age of twenty-one years? Would you deprive the world of so precious an ornament? Would you disappoint the hopes of your father, after his joy at finding you so unexpectedly, and at the moment when he prepared to raise you to your native dignity? You condemn yourself too severely, my dear Princess: Your youth, your inexperience, the supernatural, and almost invincible means employed to seduce you, all conspire to justify you."

"No, Madam!" answered the Princess, "were I to entertain such ideas, I would surely appear as despicable in your eyes as in my own; for I myself was accessory to the corruption of my heart. I feared that the husband whom the King my father intended for me, might be of a morose humour, although I knew him to be worthy of my esteem, and well qualified to hold the reins of government. In short, Madam, at the moment I had devoted myself to my seducer, I felt my heart revolt, and my

blood run chill in my veins; nor did I consider it as the warning of heaven. I abandoned myself to magic, and to a vile magician, in spite of the wise admonitions I received in my sleep, and a secret impulse of my heart, which made me tremble at what I did.

"Ignorance might, no doubt, be some excuse; but I was not ignorant. The abuse of the gifts of nature, and the favours of heaven, is the cause of my present shame and confusion. Besides, what Prince, possessing a spark of magnanimity, would stoop to espouse the widow of Maugraby, the most detestable being that ever lived on the earth?"

"O! my charming Princess!" said Elmenour, "give me that fair hand; suffer me to lay it on my heart! Were all the people in the world to examine themselves as you do, they would not have much to fear from the judgment of heaven!"

The departure of the illustrious pilgrim occasioned a great stir in the city of Tadmor. She was attended by an innumerable multitude of followers. The Syrians, who had escaped from the hands of Maugraby by the favour of Mahomet, thought themselves bound in duty to perform the journey; and fifty thousand of the subjects of the King of Syria joined their brethren, impelled by motives of gratitude to heaven for restoring their amiable young Prince.

The noise of this vast equipment, escorted by so noble a guard, commanded by the only son of a powerful King, attracted pilgrims from many distant countries. But one was eminent-
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ly distinguished above all the others;—he was the King of Egypt himself.

This Monarch, after he had lost his daughter in a manner so strange, and unexpected, finding himself deprived of his only child on whom he doated, sunk into despondency. It was in vain, that the priests of the idol he consulted, assured him, that he should regard this as the most fortunate event that could have occurred, since his daughter had fallen into the hands of the god Baal, and was admitted to all the honours and all the happiness granted to his particular favourites; for an internal feeling made him doubt their reports, and his unpleasing dreams served to augment his scruples.

It is easy to conceive the effect which his daughter's letter produced on the mind of this Monarch. His first emotion was joy,—but she confessed guilt.—Her ravisher was aided by the good Baal,—but, betrayed by her governess, she had fallen into a dreadful misfortune, and was relieved by one line of the alcoran. He read it over and over again. “All Asia,” said he, “is subjected to the laws of Mahomet, which teach that there is but one God.—Baal, then, must be a mere phantom!—but what do I say, How could a phantom participate in crimes?”

Amid this perplexity, he laid aside the letter, and opened the dispatches he had received from the King and Queen of Syria, who congratulated him on the preservation of such a treasure of beauty, prudence, and virtue,—this treasure was the charming Auheta-il Kaouakib, *sister of the Planets*, his daughter, for whom an escort was

was preparing worthy of her rank and birth. The Monarch could scarce believe himself awake. He had but one other mode of inquiry, which was, to interrogate the courier who brought the dispatches. The man told him, "That the Princess had arrived in Syria, after being delivered by the favour of God and his Prophet, together with the Prince Habel-il-Rouman, and three thousand men and women of Syria, from the prisons of Maugraby, a vile magician, the slave and favourite of all the devils in hell."

The agitation of his mind would not permit the Monarch to remain longer in Masser. His nephew now acted as his Grand Vizier: He had married him to one of his near relations, and reposed unlimited confidence in him.

He ordered his Grand Vizier to be called; and after telling him the news, communicated his design of going immediately into Syria. Preparations for the journey were therefore made with the utmost diligence.

The fair Auheta, instead of receiving an answer to her letter, saw the arrival of the King her father; and the affecting scene of their first meeting was witnessed by the King and Queen of Syria.

Ah! how easily were those faults forgiven by her kind father, which had appeared unpardonable in the eyes of the charming penitent! He embraced her with transports of tenderness, and imputed to himself all the faults she had committed.

He inquired with the greatest earnestness for the Prince Habel-il-Rouman, to whom his daughter owed her deliverance. It was then,
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for the first time, that the Prince saw the beautiful Auheta unveiled. She cast down her eyes, as soon as he entered; and the suffusion of red that glowed on her cheek, as well as on his, expressed the congenial, though secret feelings of their hearts, more eloquently than words could have done.

The King of Egypt shewed the young Prince every mark of kindness in his power; and the happiness of his fair daughter was complete, when she heard that her father was to accompany the caravan to Mecca. A pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet is attended with many advantages; and, by that means, was the lovely Princess of Egypt cured of her over-scruples on the subject of a new engagement. In short, she determined to yield her hand to the Prince Hahed, the companion of her devotions; and who could blame her, after so long knowing the merit of her *pilgrim*?

FINIS.



